CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE



OF THE

Rev. CHRISTIAN F. SWARTZ,

Missionary of Trichinopoly, and Tanjore, in India.

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CHRISTIAN FREDERICK SWARTZ was born at Sonnenburg, in Brandenburg, on the 26th of October, 1726. His mother died at an early period of his childhood: on her death-bed she declared that she had devoted her son to the Lord, and exacted a promise from her husband and her pastor, that they at least would not oppose him, should he at a future period evince an inclination to study divinity.

When Swartz was eight years of age, he was sent to the public school at Sonnenburg. His tutor, whose name was Helm, attended to the religious instruction of his pupils, exhorted them in a fatherly manner to the duty of prayer, and directed them to express their desires to God in their own words. In a memoir, written by himself, Swartz declares that at that time he often sought after solitude, and found much comfort in pouring out his heart to God; and when he had done any thing wrong, he was not able to rest till he had implored pardon of God. These impressions afterwards partly wore off, but were never entirely effaced. He derived much benefit from the public ordinances of the sanctuary, and from the instructions and the books he received from a Christian lady. Twice he was dangerously ill, and then formed resolutions to devote himself to the service of the Lord; but he afterwards forgot the fulfilment of his resolutions, they being made in his own strength.

In 1746 he travelled to Hallé, where he lodged at the Orphan House, and diligently availed himself of the instructions of the tutors of the University. He was soon appointed to the instruction of youth, and also received the appointment to hold evening prayer with the farm-servants of the Orphan House. Both these employments were followed by a blessing to his own soul. By these means, by conversation with a pious man of his country, and by the evening prayers at the Orphan House, he was established in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ, and became anxious to devote his body and soul to the service of his Divine Redeemer.

At that time preparations were making to print the Bible in the Tamul language at Hallé, and Swartz was selected to learn that language. The pains he took induced Professor Francke to propose to him the work of a Missionary. He obeyed the call, although some days afterwards an advantageous situation in the ministry was offered him. He obtained his father's consent, and, under the sanction of the Danish Mission College, he was sent to India, and arrived at Tranquebar on the 30th of July, 1750. After labouring zealously with his colleagues at Tranquebar for some years, he was directed by the college to establish himself at Trichinopoly, under the "Society for promoting Christian Knowledge." The society had various missionary stations toward the southern part of the Indian Peninsula; and, in 1766, this new one was established at Trichinopoly, and over it Mr. Swartz was appointed to preside.

In this station Mr. Swartz soon found his labours so extensive, that it became necessary to employ some promising native converts as catechists. Among these, who were eight or nine in number, Sattianaden was appointed in 1772, and was afterwards admitted to Holy Orders, in which he laboured with great eloquence and success. His name signified "Professor of the Truth." Before his conversion he was of the highest caste.

In the year 1772, Mr. Swartz experienced the signal care of his heavenly Father. The powder-magazine of the fort blew up on that day, and killed and wounded many persons, both Europeans and natives. The windows of his house were shattered, and several balls flew into the rooms, but he escaped all personal injury.

His heart was much set on Tanjore. He visited that place several times in 1772, in order to strengthen the congregation, and to try whether, by frequently preaching the word in that populous city, it might not please God to make some impression on the inhabitants. With this hope he took with him three of his catechists, who went among the people, morning and evening, laying before them the glorious truths of the gospel, and inviting them to the obedience of faith.

Mr. Swartz had several conversations with the King on the subject of religion. 'The King, understanding that he was explaining the doctrines of Christianity to his officers, desired to hear him himself. He had scarcely opened his lips, when the great Brahmin entered. The King prostrated himself before him to the ground, and afterward stood before him with his hands folded, while the Brahmin placed himself on an elevated seat. The king made signs to Mr. Swartz to enter into discourse with the Brahmin; who heard all with seeming attention, but made no reply. The King asked several questions concerning repentance, and desired the Missionary to marry a couple of Christians in his palace. He readily consented, and performed the ceremony with as much solemnity as possible. They began with a hymn, after which, Mr. Swartz preached, concluding with prayer and singing; all in the Malabar tongue. The King, and many of the people were pleased, but the Brahmins looked on it as a dangerous innovation.

In 1773, Mr. Swartz repeats his expressions of gratitude, for the divine goodness toward him and his

fellow-labourers in their preservation, as an epidemical disease was then raging round them at Trichinopoly, which had swept off above a thousand persons in a fortnight.

In 1774, Mr. Swartz went to Madras, at the desire of his brethren, to procure the grant of some ground at Tanjore for the erection of a place for divine worship; but the Nabob declined his request. His friend, Colonel Wood, dying this year, and leaving him one of his executors, this circumstance occasioned a second visit to Madras, when he renewed his application to the Nabob, but met with another refusal, accompanied, however, with a profusion of oriental compliments.

The heathen were now beginning to be more inquisitive into Christianity; and this animated him much in his preaching. The awakening, however, of some of the Roman Catholics to a sense of the importance of religion, gave rise to a spirit of persecution which occasioned him much trouble. One of the catechists having visited a sick relative of his own, an ignorant papist, the sick man entreated his instruction. The catechist explained to him the doctrines of repentance, and of faith in Christ; he lent a willing ear, and soon after died. The catechist wished, as being a near relative, to attend his funeral: but, the Roman catholics disliking this, and the popish catechist having given him a blow, all the rest fell on him, and beat him so unmercifully that the very heathens cried out against them as murderers.

Mr. Swartz found, indeed, the jesuits to be the greatest enemies of the mission. They discovered their enmity in stirring up the poor country people to raise disturbances. He met, about this period, with a very mortifying instance of this evil influence. In a country town there appeared a most pleasing prospect of a plentiful harvest, the greater part of the inhabitants having shown a willingness to be instructed. In Mr. Swartz's absence, however, the Roman catholic

priest threatened his people, and refused to baptize any children, and to marry and bury any of his congregation, unless they would enter into a covenant to obtain the removal of the protestant missionary and his catechists. He told the heathens, too, that if Mr. Swartz and his assistants gained ground, their pagodas would fall to ruin, and their feasts cease. The catechists met, in consequence, with such ill-treatment, that they were obliged to quit the place; and, as any application to the magistrates would but have increased the evil, Mr. Swartz chose rather to bear this persecution patiently, entreating God to remedy the evil in his good time.

With all ranks of heathens this man of God was accustomed to converse freely. Multitudes would hear him explain Christianity, and would even applaud. It was no unusual thing with them to reply: "True! what can avail all our images, and our numberless ceremonies! There is but one Supreme Being, the Maker and Preserver of all!" But their convictions ended with their applause!

"In one of my journeys," says he, "I arrived at a large place where the heathen celebrated a feast. I was struck with the excessive crowd which I saw before me. I stood at some distance from them; but was soon surrounded by a number of people, to whom I explained the glorious perfections of God, and remarked how absurd the worship of images was; and how they dishonoured God by all their idolatry, and enhanced their own misery. I told them, at the same time, what infinite mercy God had shewn to lost sinners by sending them a Redeemer, and how they might become partakers of the benefit of redemption. All seemed pleased; acknowledging their folly, and the excellency of this Christian doctrine. Before and after noon, new crowds came near. I spoke till I was quite exhausted."

These labours were not in vain: many of the heathen were brought to embrace the truth.

Among these converts, Mr. Swartz mentions one in particular—a young man of the higher caste, who deliberated above three years whether he should embrace Christianity. His numerous relatives had been his great obstacle. He had, however, yielded, at length, to his convictions. The heathen shunned and reviled him; while he endured their persecution with humility, yet without dejection. His countrymen, perceiving that they could not depress his spirits, acknowledged, in the end, the wrong which they had done him, and even entreated him to read to them some passages of the New Testament.

In a village not far from Mr. Swartz's residence, a whole family had been converted. On their return home, all the village was enraged against them, refusing them a share in the most common acts of kindness, and even forbidding them to walk in the public road. As they suffered all this persecution, however, with humility, and with some degree of cheerful boldness, their heathen neighbours became ashamed of their conduct, and treated them with more humanity.

In another village also, a whole family had embraced Christianity. Their son-in-law was the principal man in the village. He was incensed at the conversion of his family, and directed his father-in-law to return no more. By gentle representations, however, his rage and that of the people subsided; and Mr. Swartz began to entertain hopes of shortly seeing the whole place inhabited by Christians.

Mr. Swartz took unwearied pains with his assistant catechists. They were all employed daily in preaching the gospel over the various parts of the country, "and trying," to use his own words, "whether they might be so happy as to bring some of their wandering fellow-creatures into the way of truth."

What an abode was the house of this great and good man! He daily assembled all the catechists who were not on stations too far distant, and instructed them how to explain the truths of Christianity, and to

address the natives in a mild and winning manner, overlooking the passionate and rough speeches which would sometimes be returned for their love. In the morning the catechists joined with him in prayer, and in meditating on the word of God; after which every one was directed whither to go that day. In the evening, they gave an account of their labours, relating the encouraging and discouraging circumstances: and the day closed, as it began, with meditation and prayer.

His ministry was, in various instances, successful among the soldiers in garrison, to whom he acted as chaplain.

Poor widows, also, came in for a share of the attention of this benevolent man. A sum of money having been sent to him for their benefit, he resolved to expend it in the erection of comfortable tenements, but the design was brought to a stand for want of further funds. The young Rajah of Tanjore, however, visiting that part of the country, Mr. Swartz pleaded with him in behalf of the widows; and, succeeding in his application, completed a row of small houses for the comfortable reception of these destitute women.

Anxious to extend the sphere of his labours, he prayed earnestly for more assistance in the mission, that he might be enabled to reside some months every year at Tanjore; and, if it should be found expedient, establish himself there.

His exertions were not confined to the instruction and conversion of the adult natives and Europeans; but, with equal zeal and fidelity, he laboured for the salvation of the Europeans, both civil and military, who resided at any time within reach of his Christian charity. He opened English and Malabar schools in various places, and was affectionate and unwearied in his attention to children.

Of this part of his character, the following letter is an interesting illustration. It was written to the children of Colonel Wood, then left fatherless: they were from six to eleven years of age.

To the dear children ———
Grace, Mercy, and Peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.

Dear Children—

As the time is very near when you, as I suppose, will leave this country, I thought it my duty to write you a short exhortation, which you are so willing to receive from me your old friend.

When you leave this country, I beseech you, take none of the sins, which are so manifest here, with you. Beg of your Redeemer to forgive you all sins, and to grant you the help of his Holy Spirit, to love, fear, honour, and obey God. Learn the will of God, and practise it daily, as you have given us some pleasing ground for hope. As your age is not easily given to grief, make use of your innocent cheerfulness to gladden the heart of your mamma. You cannot please her better than by obedience, and willingness to learn to pray, and to fear God. Endeavour to please her and your heavenly Father by all this. Read every day your beloved Bible: pray heartily, and forget not to sing a song of praise to your Redeemer. Whenever your dear mamma forbids you a thing, be ready to obey: never give way to any stubbornness; and, as you know that God is highly pleased with humility, learn to be humble; entreating your Saviour to destroy all the seeds of pride, and to clothe you with humility. May the blessing of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be with you. Amen.

Remember me, and pray for me, that I may walk worthy of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that, by my poor ministry, many souls may truly be converted to him.

I remain, sincerely,
Dear Children and my Young Friends,
Your affectionate Friend
and humble Servant,
(Signed) CHRISTIAN FRED. SWARTZ.
Trichinopoly, January 16, 1775.

He was joined in the work of the Mission, in 1777, by the Rev. Christian Pohlé, whom the Danish Missionaries at Tranquebar sent to his assistance;—a man of piety, zeal, and talents; who fulfilled, in the service of the "Society for promoting Christian Knowledge," as the successor of his venerable friend, the expectations which Mr. Swartz had formed of him. He soon made himself master, by diligent application, of the English and Malabar languages, sufficiently to minister with acceptance in both tongues, and took a very active part in assisting Mr. Swartz in the whole business of the ministry and the schools.

June the 16th of this year, the Rev. J. J. Schoelkopf arrived at Madras, being sent out by the Society to assist Mr. Swartz. It pleased God, however, to remove him before he could enter on his labours. He was, almost immediately on his landing, seized with a bloody flux, and died at Madras on the 11th of July. "My grief," says Mr. Swartz, "was great; but, well knowing that all the ways of a holy God are good, I resigned my will to his wise providence. He is the Lord of his Church. May He have mercy upon us, and send faithful labourers into his vineyard!"

Mr. Swartz writes, in 1779, that among the heathen, at his two stations at Trichinopoly and Tanjore, are many thousands, even amongst Brahmins, who confess that their idolatry is a vain and sinful thing, and that nothing but fear keeps them at present from embracing the Christian religion. It is to be hoped this conviction will embolden them one day or other to shake off that inglorious servitude of sin and satan. He says that there hardly passes a day in which Brahmins do not visit his house at Tanjore; that they hear attentively what is said to them; that they frequently take up a book, in which the doctrine of the Christian religion is explained, and that they praise that doctrine as a Divine one.

A Brahmin being asked what he would now resolve upon, whether he purposed to stifle all conviction, or whether he intended to receive that Divine doctrine and to profess it, replied, that he could not deny the conviction which he had received, and accordingly had sounded some of his acquaintance, but that they all insisted upon the task as too difficult and dangerous, on account of the great numbers of the professors of idolatry.

For my part (says Mr. Swartz) I entertain a cheerful hope of seeing better days, and therefore rejoice in the present opportunity of preaching the salutary doctrine of Christ, frequently calling to my mind that there is a time of sowing preceding that of reaping. At Trichinopoly, we begin and end the day with public prayer. At Tanjore I have introduced the same custom. Very often Brahmins and other heathens have been present, observing our reading the word of God, our singing and praying. I never discourage the heathen from being present at any of our solemn acts of worship.

In 1779, the garrison at Tanjore being numerous, Mr. Swartz addressed a letter to the Governor and Council at Madras, and obtained immediately their public sanction and contributions to the erection of a Church, in which Divine service might be performed in a proper and becoming manner. The first stone of this edifice was laid by General Munro. The funds failing, Mr. Swartz addressed the Honourable Board at Madras for further aid. He was desired, in reply, to come with all possible speed to Madras. The object of this summons will be best explained in his own simple and impressive narration:

"At my arrival, Governor Rumbold told me that my request should be granted: the other gentlemen assured me of the same. Here I was acquainted with the purpose for which I was called before the Presidency. The Governor told me, that they wished to preserve

peace with Hyder Ally; but, as he entertained some mistaken notions, and evil persons endeavoured to confirm him in those bad ideas, the Honourable Board desired I would take a journey to Seringapatam in a private manner, and undeceive him by a fair declaration of their pacific sentiments; particularly as I, from my knowledge of the Moorish language, could converse with him without the help of an interpreter. The novelty of the proposal surprised me at first; for which reason I begged some time to consider it. At last I accepted of the offer, because, by doing so, I hoped to prevent evil, and to promote the welfare of the country. I thought also that I could thereby give some small proof of the gratitude which I owe to the Honourable Board for many favours, which they have bestowed on me during my residence at Trichinopoly. Besides, I saw that I should have an opportunity of conversing with many people about the things of God, who perhaps never had heard a word concerning God and a Redeemer.

I spent three months in Hyder Ally Khan's country. I found Englishmen there, Germans, Portuguese, and even some of the Malabar people whom I had instructed at Trichinopoly. To find them in that country was painful; but, to renew some part of the instruction which they formerly received, was very comfortable. A tent was pitched on the glacis of the fort, wherein Divine service was performed without the least impediment.

Hyder Ally gave a plain answer to all the questions I was ordered to put to him; so that the Honourable Board at Madras received the information they desired.

Being told that the Governor, Sir Thomas Rumbold, intended to procure me a present from the Board, I begged leave to decline accepting any; declaring, that if my journey had been any way beneficial to the public, I rejoiced at the opportunity. I signified, at the same time, that it would make me very happy if

the Honourable Board would allow to my colleague at Trichinopoly the same yearly present that they had given to me; being convinced that he would use it for the benefit of the school, and the maintenance of some catechists. This my request was granted: Mr. Pohlé receives, at Trichinopoly, yearly, a hundred pounds sterling, as I do here at Tanjore. By which means we are enabled to maintain in both places schoolmasters and catechists.

One circumstance relative to my journey I beg liberty to add. When I took my leave of Hyder Ally, he presented me with a bag of rupees for the expense of my journey: but, having been furnished with necessaries by the Honourable Board, I delivered the bag to them. As they urged me to take it, I desired their permission to appoint this sum, as the first fund for an English charity-school at Tanjore, hoping that some charitable people would increase that small fund, consisting of three hundred rupees."

Such noble conduct compelled those who know not the value of the principles which actuated to admire his character.

While Mr. Swartz was thus acting as the great and disinterested friend of his adopted country and of mankind, he forgot not his private attachments. He addressed, about this time, the following affectionate and faithful letter to the son of his former friend, Colonel Wood.

Dear John, Tanjore, Sept. 22, 1780.

I have received your kind letter, and rejoiced that the son of my much-esteemed friend, who is now in eternity, goes on in learning such things as will make him useful in society. You learn Latin, Geography, Arithmetic, French, Drawing; all which may be very serviceable to you, and beneficial to your fellow-creatures. I entreat you, therefore, to be very

diligent, and to spend your time in the best manner. I remember that, when I learnt vocal music in my younger days, I did not think that I should use it much. And behold, now, every morning and evening, when the Malabar children come to prayer, I teach them to sing in praise of their Redeemer. Every week they learn one hymn; for they are slow. Now I am well pleased that I was instructed in vocal music. All things may become useful to us and others.

But then, My Dear Friend, our intention, our desires must be well managed; or, in other words, our hearts must be truly minded. As you have spent many months and years in learning useful things, let your heart now be given over to your God: otherwise your learning will not prove beneficial; nay, which is deplorable, it may be used to your detriment.

As you are so well placed, I beseech you, by the mercy of God, my Dear John, to mind now the best, the *one needful thing*. Examine your heart; and whatever you find in it that is not agreeable to the will of God (and you will find much of that sort) acknowledge it: bewail it before your God: entreat him to wash and cleanse you from all your sins. Rest not till you find rest to your soul.

Having obtained pardon and peace through Jesus, watch and pray that you may not lose what you have gained; but that you may rather grow daily in faith, love, and hope.

In your conversation with young people be very cautious. Their thoughts and speeches are often too frothy; aye, and even dangerous. Above all, try to gain strength, divine strength, to overcome that sinful bashfulness, whereby many people are ashamed to confess or practice what they approve in their hearts. If you read your Bible, and pray heartily to God, you will get strength every day to go on and prosper in his way.

Our time is but short. Eternity, awful eternity, is at hand. Let us, therefore, not trifle away our time; but let us seek the Lord and his grace, his blessing, and his strength.

As you, My Dear John, are blessed with a pious mother, who is unspeakably desirous of promoting your welfare, I hope you will take all possible care to comfort and rejoice her heart, by your humble obedience and grateful behaviour.

Though I never have seen your schoolmaster, it is enough to induce me to revere him, that we hear he is a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. May God bless him, and all that is under his care! so wishes

Your affectionate Friend,
(Signed) C. F. SWARTZ.

Mr. Swartz paid great attention to the due celebration of Divine Worship. The church at Trichinopoly was ninety feet by fifty, and the new one at Tanjore was built on the same scale. Beside the church at Trichinopoly, which was occupied chiefly by the garrison and Europeans, the Malabar congregation used to assemble in the large fort, where Major Stevens, a worthy friend of Mr. Swartz, who was killed at the siege of Pondicherry, prepared a very convenient place for their worship. But the spot on which he built belonged to a Brahmin family, which Major Stevens endeavoured to discover, that he might secure a right to it, but in vain. The family, however, returned at length to the fort; and, refusing to sell the spot, "we were in conscience obliged," says Mr. Swartz, "to let them possess their own property." He soon procured a gift from the Rajah of a more convenient situation; and, with the aid of his friends, raised a suitable place of worship for his Malabar congregation. It lay on a rising ground, about a mile from the fort. The inhabitants lived around it. All circumstances concurred to render this house of

prayer convenient: the situation was healthy, and it was remote from noise. "Blessed be God," exclaims Mr. Swartz, "that we are so agreeably placed! May He graciously vouchsafe his blessing, that many thousands of the poor heathen may hear, embrace, and practise the truth preached in the midst of their habitations!"

The years 1781, 1782, and 1783, were years of famine and of complicated distress and misery. War raged in the Peninsula, and was attended and followed by such devastation and ruin, that all former wars seemed trifling in comparison. Some little interval occurred, but the famine soon returned.

In September, 1783, Mr. Swartz writes:—

"The last three years have been years of sorrow and anxiety. Yet we have no reason at all to murmur, or to find fault with God's ways, which are ever just and equal; and the judgments which have befallen us may, perhaps, be more conducive to the true welfare of the country than we conceive. This year God's fatherly goodness has preserved and strengthened us for his service."

His congregations greatly increased at these times; many being compelled, he feared, by the famine, to come to him for aid.

"Yet" (says he) "I have given them the necessary instruction, and this for the space of several months, during which I have also procured them some provision, though not quite sufficient for their wants, for that was beyond my power. The teaching of them was attended with much difficulty and fatigue, on account of the great decay of their mental powers: yet I could not persuade myself that it would be consistent with the will of God to abandon these poor people, many of whom afterwards died.

"The famine was so great, and of such long continuance, that those have been affected by it who seemed to be beyond its reach. A vigorous and strong

man is scarcely to be met with. In outward appearance, men are like walking skeletons."

Apprehensive of the renewal of war, Mr. Swartz bought a quantity of rice while the price was moderate, and God inclined the heart of some Europeans to send him a portion monthly. With this food he preserved numbers from actually perishing, who were lying about in the open roads.

His own feelings on these trying dispensations are expressed in the following letter.

Dear Sir, Tanjore, March 4, 1784.

Hitherto a gracious God has preserved, guided, and comforted us. This ought to be our first consideration in the midst of all the calamities which we have experienced. How many dangers have we escaped! How many of our fellow-creatures fell on our right hand and on our left! But God has hid us under the pavilion of his kind providence. The 103d Psalm should be precious to us, for it expresses and magnifies all the divine benefits which God has so richly bestowed upon us. But not only in words ought we to express our gratitude, but in and by our lives. Surely God deserves to be obeyed by us, particularly as we only reap the benefit of it: *our goodness extendeth not to him!*

I heartily wish to see you; and I entertained a lively hope, that, in my return from the Mysore country, I should meet you. But God has been pleased to lead me by another road. You know that I was desired to go to Seringapatam to join the Commissioners. I accepted the offer.

But I was stopped and detained eleven days. I wrote to Tippoo, requesting that he would permit me to proceed; but I got no answer. The Killadar was ordered to let me go back. So I was conducted by thirty horses back to Daraburm, where our people were. To this day I know not the true reason why

I was not permitted to proceed. One said, it was because Tippoo would not treat till Mangalore was in his possession. Others entertained other conjectures. I thank God for his mercy and providence over me. I should have been very glad, if I could have been an instrument in that great work of peace-making. But who knows but there might have been temptations too great for me? I entreat God to bless our commissioners with wisdom, resolution, and integrity, to settle the business for the welfare of this poor country. But, alas! we ourselves are so divided; so much wickedness and forgetfulness of God every where prevail! When I consider all, high and low, rulers and ruled, I am struck with grief, and a variety of passions. What blindness, insensibility, obstinacy, greediness, and rapaciousness! A thousand times I think with myself—"Oh, my God! must all these people die? Must they all appear before the tribunal of Jesus, the Mediator and the Judge? How little do they mind their end, and the consequences of their lives!"

My sincere wish and prayer is, that you and I may be found true disciples of Jesus; and so, at last, rejoice with him eternally.

I am your sincere Friend,
(Signed) C. F. SWARTZ.

In April 1784, he writes: "We adore the Divine Goodness, which has preserved my fellow-labourers and me in the midst of calamities. While the sword, famine, and epidemic sickness swept away many thousands, we have enjoyed health, and have been accommodated with all necessaries. May we never forget the various mercies which God has bestowed on us!"

The Fort of Trichinopoly afforded an asylum to many of the surrounding inhabitants, who fled thither to escape the unrelenting cruelty of the enemy. Daily did Mr. Swartz labour with these people, to turn them from idolatry to the living God.

"It were to be wished" (he says) "that the country people, having suffered for many years all manner of calamity, would consider the things which belong to their eternal welfare, for which my assistants pray and labour in conjunction with me. They readily own the superior excellence of the Christian doctrine; but remain in their deplorable errors for various frivolous reasons. Still I am happy in being made an instrument of Providence to instruct some, and to warn others. Who knows but there may come a time, when others may reap what we have been sowing?"

The personal piety, sound discrimination, and disinterested zeal, discovered in the two following letters of Mr. Swartz are admirable!

My dear Friends, Tanjore, July 10, 1784.

I have been prevented by illness from having the pleasure of addressing you sooner. I can hardly describe to you the nature of my weakness. I felt no pain, but such a relaxation in my frame, that speaking, walking, &c. fatigued me greatly. This I felt during April and May. When we were favoured with some refreshing showers, I felt myself a little better. I could not write before, because my hand shook so that I could not use my pen. But enough of this! Age comes upon me: therefore I have no reason to wonder at weakness. If the mind be sound, all is well: the rest we shall quit when we enter into the grave. That will cure all our indispositions. On this subject I meditate frequently. And, oh! may God grant me grace to do it more effectually, that I may number my (perhaps very few) days. Eternity is an awful subject, which should be continually in our mind.

I know, I feel, that I have no righteousness of my own, whereon I would dare to depend for eternal happiness. If God should enter into judgment with me, what would become of me? But blessed, for ever blessed, be the adorable mercy of God, which has pro-

vided a sure place of refuge for guilty man! The atonement of Jesus Christ is the foundation of my hope, peace, life, and happiness. Though I am covered all over with sin, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all mine iniquities, and sets my heart at rest. Though I am a blind corrupted creature, the Spirit of Jesus enlighteneth, cheereth, and strengtheneth us to abominate all sin, and to renounce the lusts of the world and the flesh. Though the day of judgment is approaching, the love of God comforts us so far as to have boldness to appear before our Judge; not as if we were innocent creatures, but because we are pardoned, washed, and cleansed in the blood of Christ. Oh! my dear friends, an interest in the atonement of Christ, and a participation in the graces of the Spirit—these constitute a Christian!—these cheer and strengthen the heart!—these glorify God!—these entitle and qualify us for heaven! Let us daily, therefore, come before God through the blessed Jesus. But let us, at the same time, not neglect the second point, namely, our sanctification. Our time is short. Within some days, I have sojourned in this country thirty-four years. The end of my journey is, even according to the course of nature, near. May I not flag! May my last days be my best!—Farewell! May grace, peace, and divine mercy, follow you at all times. I am, my dear friends,

Your affectionate friend and servant,
(Signed) C. F. SWARTZ.

Dear Friends, Tanjore, Dec. 30, 1784.

At present, I am so far established in health, that my labour is rather delightful than troublesome, which was not the case in April and May. May God, who has bestowed so many blessings on me, a poor sinner, grant that the last days of my life may be well spent; that I may finish my course with peace, if not with joy!

We are not only allowed indeed, but we are commanded, to rejoice in the Lord. No joy has so good and firm a foundation as that which is to be found in the Lord, who has bought us, and with whom we are blessed with all spiritual blessings. But whoever wishes to rejoice in the blessings purchased for us by Jesus Christ, must be in him, intimately united to him by faith, renouncing sin and all the false pleasures of the world. This true union and communion with Christ is the source of joy, the only source. Hence will follow a willingness to love, obey, and glorify him as long as we live. But if, instead of trusting in Christ and in his consummate atonement, we rely on our own virtue, and consequently try to stand upon our own foundation, we shall never enjoy one moment's peace of mind. Our virtue and holiness are and ever will be imperfect: we shall, therefore, always have reason to confess before God; "If thou wilt mark what is amiss, Lord, who shall stand before thee?" Let us, therefore, seek for pardon, peace, and joy in Jesus; and, having found them, let us be grateful and obedient. But, though we should be as holy as any of the apostles, let us beware lest we put our confidence in any thing except the sufferings and atoning death of Jesus Christ.

In this fundamental article of true Christianity, I like none more than good Bishop Beveridge. He forgets not to raise the superstructure of a holy life; but he lays first the foundation, in a true and lively trust in Christ, after the example of Paul: read Philippians, ch. iii. In the explanation of holiness, Archbishop Tillotson is excellent: but he does not so well, so clearly establish the foundation as Beveridge; and, more particularly, as the first Reformers.

As to the Malabar Church which I have been building in the suburbs, General Munro encouraged me, by giving me fifty pagodas. But when I found that the stones which I needed for the foundation cost

twenty-five pagodas, without chunam, I thought I should soon stop my mill for want of water. But the Rajah having given me some golden cloths from the time of Lord Pigott's arrival, lately, when the General was here, I took them to the merchants, who, to my most agreeable surprise, valued them at 136 pagodas, so that I could prosecute my plan without interruption. I hope that God, who has so graciously furnished me with the means of building a house of prayer, will fill it also with spiritual children, to the praise of his name. He is strong who hath promised us such glorious things. Read for that purpose my favourite chapter of Isaiah, xlix. ver. 4—7, 18—20.

I cheerfully believe that God will *build the waste places of this country*. But should it be done after we are laid in the grave, what harm? This country is covered with thorns; let us plough and sow good seed, and entreat the Lord to make it spring up. Our labour in the Lord, in his cause, and for his glory, will not be in vain.

I am constantly, Dear Friends,
Your obedient humble Servant,
(Signed) C. F. SWARTZ.

In February, 1785, Mr. Swartz gratefully acknowledges the assistance rendered to his designs by Mr. John Sullivan, the resident at Tanjore. On the suggestion of this gentleman, he zealously entered into a plan of establishing Provincial English Schools throughout the country, in order to facilitate the intercourse of the natives with the Europeans; that the principal natives, learning in some tolerable degree the English language, might escape the impositions practised on them; and that, by establishing good men as teachers, they might, by degrees, instil into the minds of their pupils the salutary doctrines of the gospel. He foresaw great difficulties in the execution of this plan, particularly from the want of suitable

teachers; but, trusting in God, he entered on the scheme. Several of the native princes, with the King of Tanjore, assisted him in this design. Schools on this plan were soon established at Tanjore, Ramanadaburam, and Sivagenga; and a fourth, afterward, at Cumbagonam, in 1792. They consisted chiefly of children of Brahmins and merchants. "Their intention doubtless is," says Mr. Swartz, "to learn the English language, with a view to their temporal welfare; but they thereby become better acquainted with good principles. No deceitful methods are used to bring them over to the saving doctrines of Christ, though the most earnest wishes are entertained that they may all come to the knowledge of God, and of Jesus Christ whom he hath sent."

The East-India Company directed the Government of Madras to pay £100 annually toward the support of each Provincial English School, and the same sum to every other which might be established. The Government enquired of Mr. Swartz in what manner he purposed to apply these annual grants. He conferred, in consequence, with the vestry, and sent their minutes to Government, which were highly approved. His assistants, Mr. Pohlé and Mr. Kolhoff, were proposed by him as superintendants. This suggestion was made by him, not because he intended to withdraw himself, but in consideration of his own advanced age, and with the benevolent view of rendering the circumstances of his brethren more comfortable.

The Dean of Westminster thus spoke of these Provincial English Schools, in his address to the Rev. Mr. Jœnickè, on his departure for India. "The school for teaching the English language, which Mr. Swartz has recommended to the Society, as a plan of useful tendency, and which he has already begun to establish with the concurrence of the native princes, presents a prospect of better hopes, and increasing means for the extension of the gospel.

"Some doubt has been entertained, how far, as Christians, we are authorised to adopt a system which, though mediate, is not the immediate method of dispensing Christian Knowledge. This is no time for discussing that question; but if the thing is done, and the natives understand it, as an institution for teaching the language only, never break their confidence by seeking for converts here. Our religion is not to be advanced insidiously, but proposed boldly, and the first moral principle of religion is good faith."

These Provincial Schools, as well as the English and Malabar Schools, were attended with the happiest effects. The Provincial School at Tanjore, in particular, was much frequented by children of the first families; and the improvement made by the scholars was very observable. These different seminaries furnished young men who were employed at Madras as writers, with handsome salaries; and others who obtained considerable employments.

The following letter was written in 1785, to a gentleman whom Mr. Swartz was anxious to win over to the habits of a Christian life. It discovers, at once, the delicacy and the faithfulness of a Christian counsellor.

Dear Sir, Tanjore, Sept. 28, 1785.

I am happy to hear that you will not come by yourself; you know the consequences attending a bachelor's life.

But, being now in a lawful state instituted by God himself, take care lest that state prove a snare. In itself it is lawful, and ordained by God for wise reasons. But you know that Adam resembled his Maker before he entered into that state. The husband must be filled with knowledge, wisdom, holiness, and all other divine graces; then will he be able to govern his family wisely to the glory of God. In such a gay place as Madras, where daily dissipations run away

with all time and strength, it is doubly necessary to be upon your guard. Never forget to keep up family prayer in your house: make it a house of God, and it will be a house distinguished by divine blessings.

At present, people read all sorts of novels, and other trash: if you wish to be happy, and to act wisely, I entreat you to READ YOUR BIBLE with your consort. You will soon find the greatest advantage originating from it.

Make my best respects to Mrs. ——, and tell her that I heartily wish she may be like Sarah, Abraham's wife; like Hannah, Samuel's mother; and like those excellent females, who were not ashamed to follow Jesus even when he was crucified. My best wishes attend you and your family—being

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) C. F. SWARTZ.

January 23, 1787, was one of the most solemn days ever celebrated at Tranquebar. On that day the senior of the Danish mission, the Rev. John Balthasar Kolhoff, observed his jubilee; and had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing his eldest son ordained in the Mission Church, to be assistant to Mr. Swartz. The several Missionaries, both English and Danish, proposed to the candidate questions in divinity, which he answered to their great satisfaction, proving how well he had employed his youthful years under the tuition of Mr. Swartz, who had undertaken the care of him from his eighth year. The Danish Governor, and all the European families of the settlement, together with a great number of Malabar Christians and heathens, attended the service, and a general awe was conspicuous, particularly during the ordination sermon, preached by Mr. Swartz, from 2 Tim. ii. 1, "Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." After the ordination, the young

missionary entered the pulpit, and preached a Malabar sermon with such graceful ease, that it delighted every one who understood it.

Mr. Swartz speaks very feelingly of this event in the following letter; which bears testimony, also, to the high estimation in which he was held by the native princes.

Tanjore, March 31, 1787.

My Dear Friends—

As Mr. Kolhoff writes to you, I embrace the opportunity of adding a few lines. At his ordination, which was Jan. 23d, the sight of the young man and his aged father* sitting near the altar, melted down my heart, so that I could not refrain from shedding tears. I know how you love my young friend, and he has reason to look upon you as a sort of parents. He has now his course to run. May the Spirit of God be his guide and comforter. According to the course of nature, I shall soon leave him and the world. May a gracious God lead me so that I may not be afraid of passing through the valley of death.

You must have heard that the Rajah of Tanjore adopted a son when I was at Tranquebar. I returned the 26th of January. The 29th, the Rajah called for me in the afternoon. He shewed me his newly adopted son, saying, "This is not my, but your, son. Into your hands and care I deliver the child."

I replied, "You know, sir, my willingness to serve you according to my scanty ability. But this your last wish and desire, is above my power. You have adopted a child of nine years. You know there are parties in your palace. I may see the child, perhaps, once or twice in a month. What good can this do to the child? I am afraid that the life of the child will be in danger, and your country brought into a state of confusion. You must fall upon some other method."

He said, "What method do you mean?" I

answered, "You have a brother: deliver the child to him. Charge him to become his father, to bring him up. And when the child is grown up, let your brother do to the child what a father would do in such a case. By this means you save the child's life, and preserve your country in a state of tranquillity." The Rajah said he would consider all, and so I left him. The Rajah called that evening for his mother first, and proposed the case. As she approved of the advice, his brother was called. The child was desired to call the Rajah's brother his father. The next morning Mr. Huddlestone, and the Colonel, and I myself were called. The Rajah's brother and the child were sitting under a pavilion. The Rajah spoke after the following manner: "I have followed the advice given me by Padre Swartz. I appoint my brother as father to the child. He is to govern the country; but when the child is grown up, he is to act as a father to the child. I hope the Honourable Company will confirm this my last will. You, gentlemen, are witnesses to what I have said."

I am, Dear Friends, Your's, &c.

(Signed) CHRISTIAN FREDERICK SWARTZ.

We add to the information contained in this letter, that when Mr. Huddlestone promised to send a faithful account to Government, the Rajah said, "This your assurance comforts me in my last hours."

Ameer Sing, the brother, thus appointed by the Rajah, "promises," said Mr. Swartz, "to be a father to the country, to alleviate their burdens, and to inspect the country, without leaving the whole administration to his servants.—He hopes to be confirmed by the Governor-General, according to the last will of his brother.—If so, certainly he will not hinder the progress of the Christian Religion, but, at least externally, further it."

In compliance with the promise of his deceased brother to Mr. Swartz, Ameer Sing delivered to him a written document, sealed by himself and his chief ministers, in which he made an appropriation for ever of a village of the yearly income of about five hundred pagodas, for the school, and more especially for the orphans. Mr. Swartz purposed to give it to the government of Tranquebar, on condition that five hundred pagodas annually should be paid to the school.

In this year, 1787, Mr. Swartz observed, with much pleasure, respecting the garrison at Tanjore, "that the soldiers not only attended Divine Service on Sundays, but also the working-day evening Lectures, which were frequented by great numbers, and encouraged by the officers, who all confessed that corporal punishments had ceased from the time that the regiment began to relish religious instructions."

Sir Archibald Campbell being appointed Governor of Madras, arrived at a time of great distress, and both himself and his lady became blessings to the country. Mr. Swartz expresses his obligation to them in very strong terms:—

"The Tanjore country," says he, "appeared to be in a melancholy situation. The inhabitants felt and resented oppression so as to emigrate. Whole towns and villages were left quite empty. In the months of June and July, the country was blessed, as usual, with fresh water. The rivers were full, but there were few inhabitants to turn it to their advantage. Sir Archibald, fearing that this emigration might cause a famine, ordered a committee of four persons to inspect the management of the country; of which I was desired to be a member. The Rajah, in his present state of infirmity, being unable to bear much fatigue, desired me to assure the inhabitants, in his name, of justice and equity. I did so. The inhabitants

believed the promise given them, and 7000 came in at once: others followed; and though the best season for cultivating the ground was elapsed, the poor people, anticipating better days, exerted themselves to such a degree, that the harvest of this year seems to become more plenteous than that of the preceding one.

"In these transactions, I had the best opportunity to converse with the first inhabitants about their everlasting welfare. Many began to be convinced of the folly of Idolatry: and as we have a prospect of seeing this country better managed, that is, with more justice, it is to be hoped that it will have a good effect upon the people. As Sir Archibald Campbell shewed the kindness of a father to this country, so Lady Campbell has acted the part of a mother to the poor female orphans. She has formed a plan, and begun to execute it, for educating poor daughters of soldiers, who hitherto have been miserably neglected; or, if they were educated in private schools, they were, however, left without protection, and, consequently, often fell into the hands of destroyers. Lady Campbell's plan has the sanction and protection of government. A subscription has been set on foot, and more than 14,000 pagodas are already collected. The Nabob has given a very spacious house, which he bought for 8000 pagodas, for that purpose. Twelve ladies form the vestry, and each of them is to inspect a month. Lady Campbell hopes that a similar institution, for the education of boys, particularly soldiers' sons, will soon be made. She is, however, of opinion, that gentlemen will soon find proper means of having their children educated here, without being obliged to send them to Europe.

"Though this account is but short and imperfect, yet, I am confident, it will be highly pleasing to the Society. The plan has often been made, but never put into execution till now. Every one, who takes

a delight in the welfare of his fellow-creatures, will praise God for the humane disposition he has put into the heart of Lady Campbell. This is a most comfortable sign, and an evidence that God still intends to dwell among us. When the orphans are collected, and things are put into some order, I hope, as her Ladyship has invited me to be an eye-witness, I shall then be able to transmit to you a fuller account of this matter.

"As to the provincial schools, which were to be erected, according to Mr. Sullivan's plan, in the principal places of the provinces, I heartily wish they may be established. One such school is kept in Ramanadaburam, and is carried on with tolerable success; but as to the establishment of others, the external circumstances of the districts do not seem favourable. The petty lords of districts feel too much oppression, which, it is to be hoped, will be removed, and then those institutions will be admitted without impediment. They would facilitate the connexion between the Europeans and natives, and would open a door to the Missionaries, who visited them, to converse freely with the principal people of the country; by which means, Divine knowledge might be conveyed to the natives in the easiest manner. It would not be expedient to appoint the Missionaries teachers in such schools, for, by that regulation, they would be too much hindered in their proper office of conversing with and instructing the natives, and of training up young people for these schools; and the same plan is here pursued, where ten European children and four natives learn English."

It having been sometimes objected, that few of the heathen, except those of the lower castes, were ever converted to the Christian faith, Mr. Swartz writes from Trichinopoly:—

"Both at Tranquebar and here are nearly an equal number of the higher and the lower. Here, the men and women of the higher caste sit on one side, and on the other those of the lower. I have carefully avoided all coercive measures, and thus have met with fewer difficulties. Even at the administration of the sacrament, sometimes one or other of the lower caste has first approached to receive, and it has not been taken much notice of. If you were to visit our church on a Sunday, you would with surprise observe the clean appearance of those of the lower caste, so that one might often take them for the higher. One particular, which renders those of the lower castes so contemptible, is their feeding upon dead cattle. I have always expressed the utmost abhorrence of such a custom, and declared that I would suffer no such practice; and, accordingly, I hardly know any instance thereof here. The country priests and catechists are of the higher caste. The catechist, Gabriel, indeed, is of the lower; but he speaks freely to people of the higher, as he takes care to keep himself very clean in his dress; but, in the country, such conversation is not so easy. A month ago, when I was at Timpalating, in the house of a heathen of the higher caste, the pariah-catechist came to me. I called to him—'Stop; I will come to you. The Suttirer,' that is, the people of the higher caste, 'have not yet learned to be humble: they are proud sinners yet! We must bear with them!' This they were not willing to admit of, and accordingly shewed great kindness to the catechist. In another place, in the house of a heathen, many people assembled, whom I catechised and prayed with, and we even had Divine service there on a Sunday. The owner of the house sat near, and paid attention. We preach to high and low 'Christ Jesus, made of God unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.' 1 Cor. i. 30."

The following is a letter from Mr. Swartz to some afflicted friends:

My Dear Friends— Tanjore, July, 1788.

I am just come home from taking my farewell of Mrs. ——. In human probability I have seen her for the last time in this world. She has had her share of sorrow. May we meet in a blessed eternity, where sin and sorrow cannot afflict us any more. As there is sin in this world, there is of course, and must be, sorrow; nor have we any reason to complain, since sorrow, if well managed, will produce excellent effects. Few men, unacquainted with grief, have come to a lively knowledge of themselves and their corruptions; and if so, how could they in earnest apply to Jesus Christ the Redeemer, hungering and thirsting after his righteousness? How could they fervently pray for pardon, or for the grace of the Holy Spirit? In short, I believe every sincere Christian will confess, with David, "Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word." If, then, sorrow and affliction are our medicines, let us take from the hand of the Lord the cup of salvation, and call upon his name to make it effectual to our good. On these, and such like meditations, you, jointly with Mrs. ——, will dwell, and comfort yourselves with the prospects of a better world. They are frequently my thoughts, particularly as I am so near my end. I am not sick; I go through the course of my duties——when alone, I groan a little, but, I hope, without murmuring. The 17th of this month I finish my thirty-eighth year of pilgrimage in this country, as I arrived July 17th, 1750.

In 1793, Mr. Swartz says, "The heathens observing that many of their relations wished to embrace Christianity, and that such as were baptised refused to join in their plundering expeditions, assembled and formed

an encampment, threatening to extirpate Christianity. Now all looked dismal. Many of the Christians were encouraged by their relations, who were heathens, to form an opposite camp. But I exhorted the Christians to make use of other weapons, namely, prayer, humility, and patience; telling them, in strong terms, that, if they became aggressors, I should disown them. This disturbance lasted four months, and became very serious, as the malcontents neglected the cultivation of their own fields, and deterred others from doing it. I wrote to these misguided people, (for they had mischievous guides,) sent catechists to them, exhorted them not to commit such horrid sins, and reminded them that my former endeavours, so beneficial to them, had not merited such treatment. At last, finding no opposition from the Christians, and not being willing to be looked upon as the aggressors, all went to their homes and work, ploughing and sowing with double diligence. My heart rejoiced at the kind over-ruling Providence. Surely he is a God that heareth prayer."

In the year 1793, when the Act of Parliament was depending for the renewal of the Company's charter, certain clauses were proposed in favour of Free Schools and Christian Missionaries. In the Courier of Friday, May 24th, of that year, the following paragraph was inserted:—

"Mr. Montgomery Campbell gave his decided vote against the clause, and reprobated the idea of converting the Gentoos. It is true, Missionaries have made proselytes of the Pariahs, but they were the *lowest order of people*, and had even degraded the religion they professed to embrace. Mr. Swartz, whose character was held so deservedly high, could not have any reason to boast of the purity of his followers: they were proverbial for their profligacy. An instance occurred to his recollection, perfectly in point: He

had been preaching for many hours to this caste of proselytes on the heinousness of theft, and, in the heat of his discourse, had taken off his stock, when that and his gold buckle were stolen by one of his virtuous and enlightened congregation. On such a description of natives did the doctrine of the Missionaries operate: men of high caste would spurn at the idea of changing the religion of their ancestors."

This newspaper reached India, and was put into the hands of Mr. Swartz. An answer was drawn up by him, and sent in a letter, addressed to the secretary of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. The Society, judging it to be "particularly interesting," gave it at full length in their Report for 1795, prefixing to it their own testimony, and that of the Marquis Cornwallis, to Mr. Swartz's character.

"As the Society," they say, "after forty years' experience, have had constant reason to approve of Mr. Swartz's integrity and veracity as a correspondent, his zeal as a promoter of Christian Knowledge, and his labours as a Missionary, they take this opportunity of acknowledging his faithful services, and of recommending his letter to the consideration of the public, as containing a just statement of facts relating to the mission, believing that Mr. Swartz is incapable of departing from the truth in the minutest particular."

After the testimony of Marquis Cornwallis, follows the letter itself:—

Tanjore, Feb. 13, 1794.

Reverend and Dear Sir—

As his Majesty's seventy-fourth regiment is partly stationed at Tanjore, and partly at Vallam, six English miles distant from Tanjore, we commonly go once in a week to Vallam, to perform divine service to four companies of that regiment. When I lately went to that place, the 210th number of a newspaper

called the Courier, Friday evening, May 24, 1793, was communicated to me. In that paper I found a paragraph, delivered by Mr. Montgomery Campbell (who came out to India with Sir Archibald Campbell, in the station of a private secretary), wherein my name was mentioned.

Here Mr. Swartz recites the paragraph: and then adds as follows:—

As this paragraph is found in a public paper, I thought it would not displease the Honourable Society to make a few observations on it; not to boast, (which I detest,) but to declare the plain truth, and to defend my brethren and myself.

About seventeen years ago, when I resided at Trichinopoly, I visited the congregation at Tanjore. In my road I arrived very early at a village which is inhabited by Collaries, (a set of people who are infamous for stealing; even the name of a *Collary* (or better, *Kaller*) signifieth a *thief*.) These Collaries make nightly excursions in order to rob. They drive away bullocks and sheep, and whatever they can find; for which outrage they annually pay 1500 chakr, or 750 pagodas, to the Rajah. Of this caste of people many live in the Tanjore country, still more in Tondiman's country, and likewise in the Nabob's country.

When I arrived at one of those villages, called Pudaloor, I took off my stock, putting it upon a sandbank. Advancing a little to look out for the man who carried my linen-clothes, I was regardless of the stock, at which time some thievish boys took it away. Not one grown person was present. When the inhabitants heard of the theft, they desired me to confine all those boys, and to punish them as severely as I pleased. But I refused to do that, not thinking that the trifle which I had lost was worth so much trouble.

That such boys, whose fathers are professed thieves, should commit a theft, can be no matter of wonder. All the inhabitants of that village were heathens: not

one Christian family was found therein. Many of our gentlemen, travelling through that village, have been robbed. The trifle of a buckle I did therefore not lose by a Christian, as Mr. Montgomery Campbell will have it, but by heathen boys. Neither did I preach at that time. Mr. Campbell says, that I preached two hours. I did not so much as converse with any man.

This poor story, totally misrepresented, is alledged by Mr. M. Campbell, to prove the profligacy of Christians, whom he called, with a sneer, "virtuous and enlightened people." If Mr. M. Campbell has no better proof, his conclusion is built upon a bad foundation, and I shall not admire his logic: truth is against him.

Neither is it true, that the greater part of those people who have been instructed are *pariahs*. Had Mr. M. Campbell visited, even once, our church, he would have observed that more than two-thirds were of the higher caste; and so it is at Tranquebar and Vepery.

Our intention is not to boast; but this I may safely say, that many of those people who have been instructed, have left this world with comfort, and with a well-grounded hope of everlasting life. That some of those who have been instructed and baptised have abused the benefit of instruction, is certain. But all sincere servants of God, nay, even the Apostles, have experienced this grief.

It is asserted that a Missionary is a disgrace to any country. Lord Macartney, and the late General Coote, would have entertained a very different opinion. They, and many other gentlemen, know and acknowledge that the Missionaries have been beneficial to government, and a comfort to the country. This I am able to prove in the strongest manner. Many gentlemen who live now in England, and in this country, would corroborate my assertion.

That the Rev. Mr. Gerické has been of eminent service to Cuddalore, every gentleman who was there at the time when the war broke out, knows. He was the instrument, in the hands of Providence, by which Cuddalore was saved from plunder and bloodshed. He saved many gentlemen from becoming prisoners to Hyder, which Lord Macartney kindly acknowledged.

When Negapatam, that rich and populous city, fell into the deepest poverty, by the unavoidable consequences of war, Mr. Gerické behaved like a father to the distressed people of that city. He forgot that he had a family to provide for. Many impoverished families were supported by him; so that when I, a few months ago, preached, and administered the sacrament, in that place, I saw many who owed their own and their children's lives to his disinterested care. Surely this, my friend, could not be called a disgrace to that place. When the Honourable Society ordered him to attend the congregation at Madras, all lamented his departure. And at Madras he is esteemed by the Governor, and many other gentlemen, to this day.

It is a most disagreeable task to speak of one's self. However, I hope that the Honourable Society will not look upon some observations which I am to make, as a vain and sinful boasting, but rather as a necessary self-defence. Neither the Missionaries, nor any of the Christians, have hurt the welfare of the country.

In the time of war, the fort of Tanjore was in a distressed condition. A powerful enemy was near, the people in the fort numerous, and not provision even for the garrison. There was grain enough in the country, but we had no bullocks to bring it into the fort. When the country people formerly brought paddy into the fort, the rapacious Dubashes deprived them of their due pay. Hence all confidence was lost: so that the inhabitants drove away their cattle, refusing to as-

sist the fort. The late Rajah ordered, nay, entreated, the people, by his managers, to come and help us; but all was in vain.

At last the Rajah said to one of our principal gentlemen, "We all, you and I, have lost our credit; let us try whether the inhabitants will trust Mr. Swartz." Accordingly, he sent me a blank paper, empowering me to make a proper agreement with the people. Here was no time for hesitation. The seapoys fell down as dead people, being emaciated with hunger. Our streets were lined with dead corpses every morning. Our condition was deplorable. I sent, therefore, letters every where round about, promising to pay any one with my own hands; and to pay them for any bullock which might be taken by the enemy. In one or two days I got above a thousand bullocks. I sent one of our catechists, and other Christians, into the country; they went at the risk of their lives, made all possible haste, and brought into the fort, in a very short time, 80,000 kalams of grain: by this means the fort was saved. When all was over, I paid the people, (even with some money which belonged to others,) made them a small present, and sent them home.

The next year, when Colonel Braithwaite, with his whole detachment, was taken prisoner, Major Alcock commanded this fort, and behaved very kindly to the poor starving people. We were then, the second time, in the same miserable condition. The enemy always invaded the country when the harvest was nigh at hand. I was again desired to try my former expedient, and succeeded. The people knew that they were not to be deprived of their pay; they therefore came with their cattle. But now the danger was greater, as the enemy was very near. The Christians conducted the inhabitants to proper places, surely with no small danger of losing their lives. Accordingly they wept, and went, and supplied the fort with grain.

When the inhabitants were paid, I strictly inquired whether any of the Christians had taken from them a present? They all said, "No, no; as we were so regularly paid, we offered to your catechist a cloth of small value, but he absolutely refused it."

But Mr. M. Campbell says, that the Christians are profligate to a proverb. If Mr. M. Campbell was near me, I would explain to him, who are the profligate people who drain the country. When a Dubash, in the space of ten or fifteen years, scrapes together two, three, or four lacks of pagodas, is not this extortion a high degree of profligacy? Nay, government was obliged to send an order that three of those Gentoo Dubashes should quit the Tanjore country. The enormous crimes committed by them, filled the country with complaints, but I have no mind to enumerate them.

It is asserted that the inhabitants of the country would suffer by Missionaries. If the Missionaries are sincere Christians, it is impossible that the inhabitants should suffer any damage by them; if they are not what they profess to be, they ought to be dismissed.

When Sir Archibald Campbell was governor, and Mr. M. Campbell his private secretary, the inhabitants of the Tanjore country were so miserably oppressed by the manager, and the Madras Dubashes, that they quitted the country. Of course, all cultivation ceased. In the month of June, the cultivation should commence; but nothing was done even at the beginning of September. Every one dreaded the calamity of a famine. I entreated the Rajah to remove that shameful oppression, and to recall the inhabitants. He sent them word, that justice should be done to them, but they disbelieved his promises. He then desired *me* to write to them, and to assure them that he, at my intercession, would shew kindness to them. I did so. All immediately returned; and first of all the Kallers,

or, as they are commonly called, Collaries, believed my word, so that 7000 men came back on one day. The rest of the inhabitants followed their example. When I exhorted them to exert themselves to the utmost, because the time for cultivation was almost lost, they replied in the following manner :—"As you have shewed kindness to us, you shall not have reason to repent of it; we intend to work night and day to show our regard for you." Sir Archibald Campbell was happy when he heard it; and we had the satisfaction of having a better crop than the preceding year.

As there was hardly any administration of justice, I begged and entreated the Rajah to establish justice in his country. "Well," said he, "let me know wherein my people are oppressed." I did so. He immediately consented to my proposal, and told his manager that he should feel his indignation, if the oppression did not cease immediately. But, as he soon died, he did not see the execution.

When the present Rajah began his reign, I put Sir Archibald Campbell in mind of that necessary point. He desired me to make a plan for a court of justice, which I did; but it was soon neglected by the servants of the Rajah, who commonly sold justice to the best bidder.

When the Honourable Company took possession of the country, during the war, the plan for introducing justice was re-assumed; by which many people were made happy. But, when the country was restored to the Rajah, the former irregularities took place.

During the assumption, Government desired *me* to assist the gentlemen collectors. The district towards the west of Tanjore had been very much neglected, so that the water-courses had not been cleansed for the last fifteen years. I proposed that the collector should advance 500 pagodas to cleanse those water-courses. The gentlemen consented, if I would inspect

the business. The work was begun and finished, being inspected by Christians. All that part of the country rejoiced in getting 100,000 kalams of grain more than before. The inhabitants confessed, that, instead of one kalam, they now reaped four.

No inhabitant has suffered by Christians; none has complained of it. On the contrary, one of the richest inhabitants said to me, "Sir, if you send a person to us, send us one who has learned all your ten commandments." For he, and many hundred inhabitants, had been present when I explained the Christian doctrine to heathens and Christians.

The inhabitants dread the conduct of a Madras Dubash. These people lend money to the Rajah at an exorbitant interest, and then are permitted to collect their money and interest, in an appointed district. It is needless to mention the consequences.

When the Collaries committed great outrages in their plundering expeditions, Seapoys were sent out to adjust matters, but it had no effect. Government desired *me* to inquire into that thievish business. I therefore sent letters to the head Collaries. They appeared. We found out, in some degree, how much the Tanjore and Tondimans and the Nabob's Collaries had stolen; and we insisted upon restoration, which was done accordingly. At last, all gave it in writing, that they would steal no more. This promise they kept very well for eight months, and then they began their old work; however, not as before. Had that inspection over their conduct been continued, they might have been made useful people. I insisted upon their cultivating their fields, which they really did. But if the demands became exorbitant, they have no resource, as they think, but that of plundering.

At last, some of those thievish Collaries desired to be instructed. I said, "I am obliged to instruct you, but I am afraid that you will become very bad Christians." Their promises were fair. I instructed them,

and, when they had a tolerable knowledge, I baptised them. Having baptised them, I exhorted them to steal no more, but to work industriously. After that, I visited them, and having examined their knowledge, I desired to see their work. I observed with pleasure that their fields were excellently cultivated. "Now," said I, "one thing remains to be done: you must pay your tribute readily, and not wait till it is exacted by military force;" which otherwise is their custom. Soon after that, I found that they had paid off their tribute exactly. The only complaint against those Christian Collaries was, that they refused to go upon plundering expeditions, as they had done before.

Now I am well aware that some will accuse me of having boasted. I confess the charge willingly, but lay all the blame upon those who have constrained me to commit that folly. I might have enlarged my account, but, fearing that some characters would have suffered by it, I stop here. One thing, however, I affirm before God and man, THAT IF CHRISTIANITY, IN ITS PLAIN AND UNDISGUISED FORM, WAS PROPERLY PROMOTED, THE COUNTRY WOULD NOT SUFFER, BUT BE BENEFITED BY IT.

If Christians were employed in some important offices, they should, if they misbehaved, be doubly punished; but to reject them entirely is not right, and discourageth them.

The glorious God, and our blessed Redeemer, has commanded his Apostles to preach the gospel to all nations. The knowledge of God, of his divine perfections, and of his mercy to mankind, may be abused, but there is no other method of reclaiming mankind than by instructing them well. To hope that the heathens will live a good life without the knowledge of God, is a chimera.

The praise bestowed on the heathens of this country, by many of our historians, is refuted by a close (I might almost say, by a superficial) inspection of

their lives. Many historical works are more like a romance than history. Many gentlemen here are astonished how some historians have prostituted their talents by writing fables.

I am now on the brink of eternity; but to this moment I declare, that I do not repent of having spent forty-three years in the service of my Divine Master. Who knows but God may remove some of the great obstacles to the propagation of the gospel? Should a reformation take place amongst the Europeans, it would, no doubt, be the greatest blessing to the country.

These observations I beg leave to lay before the Honourable Society, with my humble thanks for all their benefits bestowed on this work, and sincere wishes that their pious and generous endeavours to disseminate the knowledge of God and Jesus Christ, may be beneficial to many thousands. I am sincerely,

Rev. and dear Sir,
Your affectionate brother,
and humble servant,
(Signed) C. F. SWARTZ.

Mr. Swartz was never married; and, though this circumstance may induce some persons to attach less weight to his sentiments on the subject of a Missionary's marriage than they deserve, yet the following remarks justly claim the serious consideration of all whom they may concern.

Adverting to information which he had received of the arrival of a Missionary in India with his wife, he writes as follows:

"I confess, dear Sir. I was grieved at it. I assure you that I honour the state of matrimony as a divinely instituted state; but, if a new Missionary comes out, he ought to be unembarrassed. His first work, besides

an attention to his personal religion, is the learning of some languages, which requires great attention, and unwearied application. I will not say that a married man is unable to learn languages; but, this I know from experience in others, that the work goes on very slowly. Besides, a new Missionary who comes out in the married state, wants many things to maintain his family decently, which may distract him. If one should enter into that state after he had become qualified for his office, the difficulty would be less; and, even then, he ought to be well assured of her real piety, otherwise she will be a sore impediment to him in the discharge of his duty."

But the labours of this eminent man were now drawing to a close It has been already shewn how habitual was his expectation of death, and his preparation for the great change

In a letter, part of which has been given before, he says, "How many thousand benefits have I received from a merciful God! How grateful ought I to have been! But, alas, I must say, 'Forgive, forgive all my multiplied iniquities, for the sake of Jesus Christ.'"

Whether I shall write again is uncertain. One thing only is certain, that we must die. But if we die in the Lord, united to Jesus Christ, being interested in his atonement, and renewed, at least in some degree, by his Spirit, and having a well-grounded hope of everlasting life, all is well. Death has lost its sting, that is, its power to hurt us. O blessed eternity! there I hope to sing the praises of God and our Redeemer with you. Till then, let us "fight the good fight of faith, laying hold on eternal life," till we enjoy it. Remember me to —— and ——; and tell them I wish to be with them in the house of my heavenly Father. I am now on the brink of eternity. Oh!

when shall I see God and praise him for ever? When shall I be perfectly wise, holy, and happy? When shall I live for ever?

I am, sincerely, to the last breath of my life,
Dear friends,
Your most obedient humble servant,
(Signed) C. F. SWARTZ.

The following is another of his letters:—

My dear Friends, Tanjore, April 10, 1795.

As Mr. Kohlhoff has given you an account of his present welfare, I will add something concerning my own health. I praise God for his mercy, which he has bestowed upon me. Though I am now in the sixty-ninth year of my age, I still am able to perform the ordinary functions of my office. Of sickness I know little or nothing. How long I am to stay, my Creator and Preserver knows. My only comfort is in the redemption made by Jesus Christ. He is, and shall be, my wisdom: by him, I have received the salutary knowledge which leads me to the favour of God. He is my righteousness: by his atonement I have pardon of my sins: being clothed in his righteousness, my sins will not appear in judgment against me. He is likewise my sanctification: in his holy life, I best learn the will of God; and, by his Spirit, I shall be daily encouraged and strengthened to hate every sin, and to walk in the way of the commandments of God. He is, and I hope he will be, my redemption: by him I shall be delivered from all evil, and made eternally happy.

Others may glory in what they please: I will glory in nothing else but Jesus Christ, and him crucified. Should I presume to rely on my own virtue, I must soon despair. Though I heartily wish to obey God, and follow the example of my Saviour; though I will stedfastly endeavour, by the grace of God, to subdue

my inclination to sin; yet, in all this, there is and ever will be imperfection, so that I dare not stand upon so rotten a ground. But to win Christ, and to be found in him, in life, in death, in the day of judgment, was St. Paul's wish, has been the wish of all genuine Christians, and shall be mine as long as I breathe. This was not a peculiarity in St. Paul's character. No: he admonishes all to follow him in this point. This close adherence to Christ will not make us indolent in our obedience. It will rather impel, strengthen, and cheer us in the pursuit of true and Christian holiness.

As this may very possibly be my last letter to you, I cannot but earnestly entreat you to follow St. Paul, that excellent pattern of true goodness. By doing so, you will easily withstand and overcome the temptations of a vain world: you will live and die in peace; and, at last, be received into glory.

We have known one another a long time on earth. May we know one another in a blessed eternity, where sin and sorrow shall never disturb us! Watch and pray, that ye "may be accounted worthy to stand before the Son of man," your Redeemer.

I am, my dear friends, your affectionate friend,
(Signed) C. F. SWARTZ.

Such sentiments are the characteristics of a mind maturing for heaven!

Among the various trials and difficulties of Mr. Swartz and his brethren, "it was their great and mutual consolation," to use the words of the Danish Missionaries when writing on this subject, "that they were as of one heart and one soul, assisting one another in their work, giving to and receiving advice one from another, mutually sharing in sorrows and joys, receiving and giving thanks for one another's gifts, and praying for one another: often deeply wounded, sometimes by

the inefficacy of their well-meant endeavours, and at other times by sad disappointments respecting individuals—however, they are comforted again, and comfort one another."

Is it a subject of wonder, that the Great Head of the Church should prosper such men? When was it that the Lord added to the Church daily, such as should be saved? Was it not, when the primitive preachers of the word exhibited the admirable pattern of disinterestedness and concord, the spirit of which these brethren so deeply imbibed? When all that believed were together and had all things common, and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men as every man had need; and, continuing daily with one accord in the Temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favour with all the people.

But the time was now come, when this venerable man was to exchange the society of saints on earth, for that of the spirits of just men made perfect.

The following affecting narrative of the closing scene of his life was drawn up by his pupil and assistant, the Rev. John Caspar Kolhoff, and is dated Tanjore, Dec. 31, 1799.

From the beginning of January to the middle of October, 1797, Mr. Swartz pursued his labours in his ministerial office, and in his studies, with great fervour, under all the disadvantages of his advanced age. He preached every Sunday in the English and Tamul languages* by turns, and on Wednesdays he preached a lecture in the Portuguese language, for the space of several weeks, and afterwards in the German language to the privates, who had been made prisoners on the island of Ceylon, and having taken to the service were incorporated in his Majesty's 51st regiment, stationed in this place. He made likewise a journey

to Trichinopoly, and several times visited Vellam, (a town six miles from Tanjore,) in order to preach the word of God to some companies of the 51st regiment, stationed at that place, and to invite the heathens to accept the blessings of the gospel.

During the course of the week he explained the New Testament, in his usual order, at morning and evening prayers, which were begun and concluded by singing some verses of a hymn, and he dedicated an hour every day for instructing the Malabar school-children in the doctrines of Christianity. He was very solicitous for their improvement in knowledge and piety, and particularly for those whom he had chosen and was training up for the service of the Church; for whose benefit he wrote, during the latter part of his life, an explanation of the principal doctrines of Christianity, an abridgment of Bishop Newton's Exposition of the Revelation, and some other books.

Though his strength and vigour were greatly impaired, yet his love to his flock constrained him to deny himself a great deal of that ease and repose which his great age required, and to exert all his remaining strength for their improvement in true religion. He took a particular delight in visiting the members of his congregation, with whom he conversed freely upon the subjects relating to their eternal interests. He told them plainly whatever was blamable in their conduct, and animated them, by every powerful argument, to walk worthy of their Christian profession. It was a most pleasing sight to see the little children flock to him with such joy as children feel on meeting their beloved parent after some absence, and to observe his engaging and delightful method to lead them to the knowledge of God and of their duty.

He heard almost every day the accounts delivered by the catechists, of their conversation with Christians, papists, and heathens, and the effects produced

by it, and embraced every opportunity of giving them directions for a wise and faithful discharge of their office. His strength was visibly on the decline during the last year of his life; and he frequently spoke of his departure, to which he looked forward with delight.

The commencement of his illness, which happened on the 7th of October, 1797, consisted only of a cold and hoarseness occasioned by a check of perspiration. Dr. Kennedy, who was a particular friend of Mr. Swartz, gave him an emetic to remove the phlegm which was collected in his chest; but he received no benefit from it, for, after taking the emetic, he was afflicted with vomiting four or five times every day, so as to be almost suffocated by it, and which lasted till the 27th of November following. It was very afflicting to see the sufferings of our venerable father, and every remedy rendered fruitless which was tried by that humane and excellent man, the late Dr. Stuart, who acted for Dr. Kennedy during his absence, and who was very attentive to Mr. Swartz during his illness. My affliction would have proved insupportable, if a merciful God had not strengthened and comforted me, through the unexpected arrival of the Rev. Mr. Jænické, on the 4th of November, 1797.

Under all his severe sufferings, he never uttered a single expression of impatience—his mind was always calm and serene. Once, when he suffered very severely, he said, "If it be the will of the Lord to take me to himself, his will be done. May his name be praised!"

Although his strength was quite exhausted, and his body extremely emaciated through the frequent vomitings, yet, under all this calamity, he desired that the school-children, and others who usually attended the evening prayers, should assemble in his parlour, where, after singing, he expounded a portion of the Holy Scriptures, in a very affecting manner, and concluded it with his fervent and importunate prayers. It was

always his custom to hear the English school-children read to him a few chapters out of the Bible after evening prayer, and to hear them sing some of Dr. Watts's hymns. During his illness, he seemed particularly pleased with that excellent hymn which begins with the following words:—

> Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
> Let my religious hours alone:
> Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
> I wait a visit, LORD, from thee!

He called it his beloved song, and desired the children to sing it frequently to him.

He earnestly exhorted and entreated the heathens, who visited him in his illness, to forsake their idolatry, and to consider betimes the things which belong to their peace. When one of them began relating what wonderful things occurred in the town, our venerable father answered, "The most wonderful thing is, that, after hearing so often the doctrines of Christianity, and being convinced of the truth of it, you are, notwithstanding, backward to embrace and obey it." In conversing with another heathen of consequence, he expressed his great regret at leaving him in his idolatry, when he was entering into eternity; and added the following words: "I have often exhorted and warned you, but you have hitherto disregarded it: you esteem and honour the creature more than the Creator."

On the 23d of November, he was visited by Serfogee, the present Rajah, then presumptive heir of the kingdom of Tanjore, and to whom the Rev. Mr. Swartz was appointed guardian by the late Tulja Maha Rajah. On being informed that Serfogee Rajah wished to see him, he let him know that he should come immediately, as he doubted whether he should survive till the next day. On his arrival, he received him very affectionately, and then delivered to him his dying charge, by which, though

pronounced in broken language, the Rajah seemed to be deeply affected. The tenor of the speech was as follows:

"After God has called me hence, I request you will be careful not to indulge a fondness for pomp and grandeur. You are convinced that my endeavours to serve you have been disinterested; what I now request of you is, that you would be kind to the Christians:—if they behave ill, let them be punished; but if they do well, shew yourself to them as their father and protector.

"As the due administration of justice is indispensably necessary for the prosperity and happiness of every state, I request you will establish regular courts, and be careful that impartial justice be administered. I heartily wish you would renounce your idolatry, and serve and honour the only true God. May he be merciful and enable you to do it!"

Our venerable father then inquired, whether he sometimes perused the Bible; and concluded with very affecting exhortations, to be mindful of the concerns of his immortal soul.

The resident, Mr. Macleod, who had been on a visit to Trichinopoly for some weeks, hearing, on his arrival, the ill state of Mr Swartz's health, had the kindness to send for Dr. Street from Trichinopoly. The doctor arrived here on the first of December; and, after consulting with Dr. Stuart, he recommended the tincture of steel to be taken with an infusion of bark, which, by the blessing of God, put a stop to the vomiting, with which he had been afflicted since the 17th of October.

On the 3d of December, the first Sunday in Advent, very early in the morning, he sent for the Rev. Mr. Jænické and myself, and desired the Lord's Supper to be administered to him, which was accordingly done by the Rev. Mr. Jænické.

Before he received the Lord's Supper, he put up a

long and affecting prayer. To hear this eminent servant of Christ, who had faithfully served his Redeemer very nearly half a century, disclaiming all merit of his own, humbling himself before the footstool of the Divine Majesty as the chief of sinners, and grounding all his hopes of mercy and salvation on the unmerited grace of God, and the meritorious sacrifice of his beloved Saviour, was a great lesson of humility to us.

Our joy was great on his recovery; but, alas, it was soon changed into sorrow, when we observed that the severe attacks of his illness had in a great degree affected the powers of his mind, and which he did not perfectly get the better of till his last illness, a few days before his departure out of life, notwithstanding all the remedies which were tried. It was, however, surprising to us, that though his thoughts seemed to be incoherent when he spoke of worldly subjects, yet they were quite connected when he prayed or discoursed about divine things.

After his recovery, he frequently wished, according to his old custom, that the school-children, and Christians, should assemble in his parlour for evening prayer; with which we complied, in order to please him, though we were concerned to observe that these exertions were too much for his feeble frame.

The happy talent which he possessed of making almost every conversation instructive and edifying, did not forsake him even under his weak and depressed state. One morning when his friend Dr. Kennedy visited him (after his return) the conversation turning upon Dr. Young's Night-Thoughts, which was one of Mr. Swartz's favourite books, he observed to the Doctor, that those weighty truths contained in it were not intended that we should abandon society, renounce our business, and retire into a corner, but to convince us of the emptiness of the honours, the riches, and pleasures of this world, and to engage us to fix our

hearts there where true treasures are to be found. He then spoke with peculiar warmth on the folly of minding the things of this world as our chief good, and the wisdom and happiness of thinking on our eternal concerns.

It was highly pleasing to hear the part which he took in his conversation with the Rev. Mr. Pohlé, who visited him a little after his recovery, and which generally turned on the many benefits and consolations purchased to believers through Christ. He was transported with joy when he spoke on those subjects; and I hope I may with truth call it a foretaste of that joy which he is now experiencing in the presence of his Redeemer, and in the society of the blessed.

On the 2d of February last year, our venerable father had the satisfaction of seeing the Rev. Mr. Gerické, Mr. Holtzberg, and his family. Little did we think that the performance of the last offices for him would prove a part of the duty of our worthy senior, the Rev. Mr. Gericke; and I bless and praise God for leading his faithful servant to us, at that very time, when we were most in need of his assistance and comfort.

On the second or third day after the Rev. Mr. Gericke's arrival, Mr. Swartz complained of a little pain in his right foot, occasioned by an inflammation; to remove which repeated fomentations were applied; but a few days after, we observed, to our inexpressible grief, the approach of a mortification. Dr. Kennedy tried every remedy to remove it, and would perhaps have effected the cure, if his frame had been able to support what he suffered. He was an example of patience under all these calamities. He did not speak, during the whole of his illness, one single word of impatience.

The last week of his life he was obliged to lie on his cot the greatest part of the day, and as he was of a robust constitution, it required great labour and exer-

tion to remove him to a chair, where he would sit up. These exertions contributed to weaken him more and more.

During his last illness, the Rev. Mr. Gerické visited him frequently, and spent much of his time with him in conversing on the precious promises of God through Christ, in singing awakening hymns, and in offering his fervent prayers to God to comfort and strengthen his aged servant under his severe sufferings, to continue and increase his divine blessing upon his labours for the propagation of the gospel, and to bless all the pious endeavours of the Society, and all those institutions established in this country for the enlargement of the kingdom of Christ.

He rehearsed with peculiar emphasis (whilst we were singing) particular parts of the hymns expressing the believer's assurance of faith, and of the great love of God in Christ. His fervour was visible to every one present whilst Mr. Gerické was praying; and, by his loud Amen, he shewed his ardent desire for the accomplishment of our united petitions.

A few days before he entered into the joy of his Lord, the Rev. Mr. Gerické asked him whether he had any thing to say to the Brethren. His answer was, "Tell them that it is my request, that they should make the faithful discharge of their office their chief care and concern."

A day or two before his departure, when he was visited by the doctor, he said, "Doctor, in heaven there will be no pain." "Very true," replied the doctor; "but we must keep you here as long as we can." He paused a few moments, and then addressed the doctor with these words, "O! dear doctor, let us take care that we may not be missing there." These words were delivered with such an affectionate tone of voice, that they made a deep impression on the doctor, and on every one present.

On Wednesday, the 13th of February, 1798, which

closed the melancholy scene, we observed, with deep concern, the approach of his dissolution. The Rev. Messrs. Gerické, Jænické, Holtzberg, and myself, were much with him in the morning; and in the afternoon we sung several excellent hymns, and offered up our prayers and praises to God, in which he joined us with fervour and delight. After we had retired, he prayed silently; and at one time, he uttered the following words: "O Lord, hitherto thou hast preserved me; hitherto thou hast brought me; and hast bestowed innumerable benefits upon me. Do what is pleasing in thy sight. I deliver my spirit into thy hands; cleanse and adorn it with the righteousness of my Redeemer, and receive me into the arms of thy love and mercy." About two hours after we had retired, he sent for me, and looking upon me with a friendly countenance, he imparted his last paternal blessing in these precious words: "I wish you many comforts." On offering him some drink, he wished to be placed on a chair; but, as soon as he was raised upon the cot, he bowed his head, and without a groan or struggle, he shut his eyes, and died between four and five in the afternoon, in the seventy-second year of his age.

Though our minds were deeply afflicted at the loss of our beloved father, yet the consideration of his most edifying conduct during his illness, his incredible patience under his severe pains, his triumphant death, and the evident traces of sweetness and composure which were left on his countenance, prevented the vent of our sorrows for the present, and animated us to praise God for his great mercies bestowed on us through his faithful servant, and to entreat him to enable us to follow his blessed example, that our last end might be like his.

His remains were committed to the earth on the 14th of February about five in the afternoon, in the chapel out of the fort, erected by him near his habitation in the garden given to him by the late Tulja Maha Rajah.

His funeral was a most awful and very affecting sight. It was delayed a little longer above the limited time, as Serfogee Rajah wished once more to have a look at him. The affliction which he suffered at the loss of the best of his friends, was very affecting. He shed a flood of tears over the body, and covered it with a gold cloth. We intended to sing a funeral-hymn, whilst the body was conveyed to the chapel; but we were prevented from it by the bitter cries and lamentations of the multitudes of poor who had crowded into the garden, and which pierced through our souls. We were of course obliged to defer it till our arrival at the chapel. The burial service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Gerické, in the presence of the Rajah, the Resident, and most of the gentlemen who resided in the place, and a great number of native Christians, full of regret for the loss of so excellent a minister, the best of men, and a most worthy member of society. O may a merciful God grant, that all those who are appointed to preach the gospel to the heathen world, may follow the example of this venerable servant of Christ! And may he send many such faithful labourers, to answer the pious intention and endeavours of the honourable Society, for the enlargement of the kingdom of Christ! May he mercifully grant it, for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ! Amen!

Mr. Gerické gives the following account of the last days of Mr. Swartz:—

'I returned to Tanjore, from a short journey, on Feb. 7, 1798. To me it was a great benefit to witness in our dying friend an awakening example of faith, of patience, and of hope. When spiritual and heavenly things were spoken of; when he prayed, exhorted, and comforted us; and when he spoke of the repose and peace of mind which he enjoyed by the mercy of God, through Christ, no failure in his power of recollection could be perceived. He often introduced

texts of scripture, or verses of a hymn, which were very appropriate, and was continually engaged in conversation with those around him. Until the Friday evening, he often said, that he did not consider his end as so near, and that it would not take place till after much suffering. But, after that, he sometimes said, I shall now soon depart to my heavenly Father. Being asked whether he had the hope that, after his death, the kingdom of God should extend in this land, he replied, "Yes; but it will be through affliction and trouble." At another time, when he was asked if he had any thing to say concerning the congregation, he answered, "Assist them to come to heaven." He said, at another time, "There is in many a good beginning of Christianity, but some one will say, it is not yet perfect; then let him first examine himself." When a person remarked, with joy, his patience and contentment, he replied, "Human affliction is common, and I really suffer very little." He often repeated these words:—"The faithful God helps us out of trouble, and chastens us in measure." He would say:—"How would it be if he should deal with us according to our sins? But there will be no affliction *there*; and for that we have to thank the Lord Jesus." To his Malabar helpers, who faithfully attended him, he was very grateful; and often said to us, "For the poor people's sake, who certainly do all they can, you ought not to sorrow much, lest their services should be made painful."

On the 12th of February, 1798, I wished to set out on a journey, and Mr. Swartz gave me leave, saying, "You will then depart to-day: Greet all the brethren, and tell them all always to look at the main object. I shall now soon depart to the Lord Jesus. That he has received me, forgiven me my sins, and has not entered into judgment with me, but has dealt with me according to his tender mercy, is well for me, and I will praise him. He might reject us for

our very works' sake, because sin cleaves to them all." He then praised God for permitting him to depart out of the world in the society of faithful brethren, and that God had so ordered it that I had been brought to visit him in his great weakness, to commend him to Jesus, the only Saviour, as the Resurrection and the Life. "Now," he added, "pray yet once again."—I complied with his request.

I was advised not to leave him in his weak state. In the evening, I visited him again, when he suffered much; but his patience and contentment did not abate; not a complaint was heard; sighs only testified what he endured. I said, among other things, God grant that we may, in our last conflict, be able to await our end in such peace and in such confidence as, to our consolation and joy, are imparted to you. He replied, "May it be so, abundantly!" Our hearts were moved by the affectionate emphasis with which he pronounced this wish.

In the night of the 13th, he had, during the intervals of pain, a little sleep; and, afterwards, he was attacked with lethargy. We expected that he would thus slumber away his life; but at noon he was lively again. We sung the hymn, "Christ is my life," &c. when he began to sing with us. He then spoke very humbly of himself; he extolled his Redeemer, and wished to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. He remarked, "Had it pleased Him to spare me longer, I should have been glad. I should then have been able to speak yet a word to the sick and poor; but his will be done! May He, in mercy, but receive me! Into thy hands I commend my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O, thou faithful God. After this the Malabar helpers sung the verse of a hymn, he often joining in with them: he then rested a little; after which, he desired to be raised up, and then expired, in the arms of his faithful Malabar fellow-labourers.

We shall now close our life of Mr. Swartz, by various testimonies in honour of his character and labours.

1. The first attestation will be that of the HEATHEN PRINCE UNDER WHOSE AUTHORITY HE LIVED—a witness, of all others, the least to be suspected.

"I beg leave," says the Missionary Gerické, addressing the Society for Promoting Christian Knowlege, "to send a letter from Serfogee, Maha Rajah of Tanjore, and to recommend its contents to the Society. No son can have a greater regard for his father than this good Hindoo had for Mr. Swartz, and still has for his memory."

This letter is as follows:—

To the Honourable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

Honourable Sirs—

I have requested of your Missionaries to write to you, their superiors and friends, and to apply to you in my name, for a monument of marble, to be erected in their church that is in my capital and residency, to perpetuate the memory of the late Rev. Father Swartz, and to manifest the great esteem I have for the character of that great and good man, and the gratitude I owe him, my father, my friend, the protector and guardian of my youth; and now I beg leave to apply to you myself, and to beg that, upon my account, you will order such a monument for the late Rev. Missionary Father Swartz to be made, and to be sent out to me, that it may be fixed to the pillar that is next to the pulpit from which he preached. The pillars of the church are about two cubits broad.

May you, Honourable Sirs, ever be enabled to send to this country such Missionaries as are like the late Rev. Mr. Swartz!

I am, Honourable Sirs,
Your's, faithfully and truly,
(Signed) SERFOGEE RAJAH.

Tanjore,
May 28, 1801.

The Society concurred in opinion with its East India Mission Committee, that the contents of this letter from the Rajah of Tanjore bear strong testimony to the high character of Mr. Swartz; that it would be proper to comply with the request of his Highness; and that steps should be taken, without delay, by the Committee to have a suitable monument constructed, and that the same be sent out to Tanjore, to be placed in the Mission Church there.

The Monument was accordingly prepared by Mr. Flaxman, and is now erected in the church at Tanjore—a lasting evidence of the duty and policy of bringing into action on the native mind the powerful influence of the gospel of Christ, when administered by holy men.

How blessed is the memory of the just! In several conversations, some time afterwards, with the senior of the Danish Mission at Tranquebar, the Rajah "discovered the most tender and filial remembrace of the late Mr. Swartz." But the influence of his great character did not end here: it disposed the mind of the Rajah to view his survivors and their work with partiality. He expressed much friendship for Messrs. Gerické and Kolhoff; and for all the Missionaries in whom he discovered the same sentiments and zeal. He expressed his wish, and had declared, on several occasions, that none but such as would follow in the steps of Mr. Swartz, and were like him, at least in piety, ought to be sent out to the Mission.

The impression made by the character of Mr. Swartz on the mind of the Rajah was not of the fugitive kind; for, several years after his death, having erected a very extensive and costly building, sixteen miles south-east of Tanjore, for the benefit of Brahmins and travellers, and having established therein a very large institution for the maintenance and education of Hindoo children of different castes, his tender regard for the memory of Mr. Swartz induced him to found,

in a neighbouring village, a charitable establishment for the maintenance and education of fifty poor Christian children. Thirty poor Christians also were maintained and clothed by the Rajah's charitable institution; and, at another institution near the fort of Tanjore, fifty poor, lame, blind, and other objects of charity, all belonging to the Missions, were entirely supported by his bounteous hand; besides numbers of other poor, of all sects and persuasions. He also gave orders that his Christian servants,* civil and military, should not be denied by their officers liberty to attend Divine service on Sundays and festivals, and that they should be excused from all other duty on such occasions.

2. THE COURT OF DIRECTORS OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY are the next witnesses to the exalted worth of Mr. Swartz.

In the following extract of a general letter from the Court to the Government at Madras, dated October 29, 1807, the Directors express unequivocal admiration of his character.

By our extra ship the Union, you will receive a marble monument, which has been executed by Mr. Bacon, under our directions, to the memory of the Rev. Christian Frederick Swartz, as the most appropriate testimony of the deep sense we entertain of his transcendent merit, of his unwearied and disinterested labours in the cause of religion and piety, and the exercise of the purest and most exalted benevolence; also of his public services at Tanjore, where the influence of his name and character, through the unbounded confidence and veneration which they inspired, was for a long course of years productive of important benefits to the Company.

On no subject has the Court of Directors been more unanimous, than in their anxious desire to perpetuate the memory of this eminent person, and to excite in

others an emulation of his great example: we accordingly direct that the monument be erected in some conspicuous situation near the altar, in the church of St. Mary, in Fort St. George, and that you adopt, in conjunction and with the assistance of the Rev. Dr. Kerr, the senior chaplain at your presidency, any other measures that your judgment shall suggest, as likely to give effect to these our intentions, and to render them impressive on the minds of the public at your settlement. As one of the most efficacious, we would recommend that, on the first Sunday after the erection of the monument, a discourse adapted to the occasion be delivered by the senior chaplain. We desire, also, that the native inhabitants, by whom Mr. Swartz was so justly revered, may be permitted and encouraged to view the monument, after it shall have been erected, and that translations be made of the inscription into the country languages, and published at Madras, and copies sent to Tanjore and the other districts in which Mr. Swartz occasionally resided, and established seminaries for religious instruction.

We were much gratified by learning that his Excellency the Rajah of Tanjore had also been desirous of erecting a monument to the memory of Mr. Swartz, in the church which was built by Mr. Swartz himself in the fort of that capital, and had sent directions accordingly to this country; in consequence of which, a monument has been executed by Mr. Flaxman. We shall give directions for its being received on board one of our ships, free of freight; and we desire that you will afford every facility towards its conveyance to Tanjore."

(A true Extract)

(Signed) G. G. KEBLE,

Sec. to Government.

Copy of the Inscription on Mr. Swartz's Monument.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
of the REVEREND FREDERICK CHRISTIAN SWARTZ,
Whose life was one continued effort to imitate the example of his
BLESSED MASTER.
Employed as a Protestant Missionary from the GOVERNMENT
of DENMARK,
And in the same character by the Society in ENGLAND for the
Promotion of Christian Knowledge,
He, during a period of FIFTY YEARS, *"Went about doing
Good;"
Manifesting, in respect to himself, the most entire abstraction
from temporal views,
But embracing every opportunity of promoting both the
temporal and eternal Welfare of others.
In him RELIGION appeared not with a gloomy aspect
or forbidding mien,
But with a graceful form and placid dignity.
Among the many Fruits of his indefatigable labours was
the erection of the CHURCH at TANJORE.
The savings from a small Salary were, for many years,
devoted to the pious work,
And the remainder of the Expence supplied by Individuals
at his solicitation.
The Christian Seminaries at RAMNADPORAM and in
the TINNEVELLY province were established by him.
Beloved and honoured by EUROPEANS,
He was, if possible, held in still deeper reverence by the
Natives of this country, of every degree and every sect;
And their unbounded confidence in his Integrity and Truth
was, on many occasions, rendered highly beneficial
to the public service.
The POOR and the INJURED
Looked up to him as an unfailing friend and advocate;
The GREAT and POWERFUL
Concurred in yielding him the highest homage ever paid in this
Quarter of the Globe to European virtue.
The late HYDER ALLY CAWN,
In the midst of a bloody and vindictive war with the CARNATIC,
Sent orders to his officers "to permit the venerable FATHER
SWARTZ to pass unmolested, and shew him respect
and kindness,
For he is a Holy Man, and means no harm to my Government."

The late TULJAJA, RAJAH of TANJORE,
When on his death-bed, desired to entrust to his protecting care
His adopted Son, SERFOJEE, the present RAJAH,
With the administration of all the affairs of his Country.
On a spot of ground granted to him by the same Prince,
two miles east of TANJORE,
He built a House for his Residence, and made it an
ORPHAN ASYLUM.
Here the last twenty years of his life were spent in the Education and religious Instruction of Children,
Particularly those of indigent parents—whom he gratuitously maintained and instructed;
And here, on the 13th of February, 1798,
Surrounded by his infant flock, and in the presence of several of his disconsolate brethren,
Entreating them to continue to make RELIGION the first object of their care, and imploring with his last breath the
Divine blessing on their labours,
He closed his truly Christian career, in the 72d year of his Age.
THE EAST-INDIA COMPANY,
Anxious to perpetuate the memory of such transcendent worth,
And gratefully sensible of the Public Benefits which
resulted from its influence,
Caused this Monument to be erected, Ann. Dom. 1807.

The principal compartment of this monument is occupied with an alto relievo representation of Swartz, in the closing scene of his life. He is surrounded by a groupe of his infant pupils, to whom he afforded an asylum in his house, and by several of his fellow-labourers, who attended him in his last moments. One of the children is embracing his dying hand, and one of the Missionaries is supporting his head; but the eyes of Swartz are directed, and his hand is raised, towards the object in the upper part of the bas relief, namely, the cross, which is borne by a descending angel; implying that the death of Christ, the grand subject of his ministry, was now the chief support of his soul, while flesh and heart were ready to faint and fail.

Over the bas relief is the ark of the covenant, which was peculiarly in the charge of the priests, and was

a striking emblem of the constant theme of his preaching.

Under the bas relief are further emblems of the pastoral office, namely, the crosier, the gospel trumpet, with the banners of the cross attached to it, and an open bible, on which is inscribed our Lord's commission to his servants, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

3. The MADRAS GOVERNMENT, by the following order, strongly expressed its sense of Mr. Swartz's worth.

Public Department.

To the Rev. Dr. Kerr, senior Chaplain at Fort St. George.

Reverend Sir—

I am directed by the Right Honourable the Governor in Council to enclose for your information and guidance the extract of a late letter from the Honourable the Court of Directors, and to inform you of the wish of his Lordship in Council, that early measures may be taken for erecting, in St. Mary's Church, the monument which has been transmitted to this place by the Hon. Court, as a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Reverend Mr. Swartz.

His Lordship in Council directs me also to express his confidence that your endeavours will be exerted to give every practical effect to the farther suggestions of the Honourable Court, with regard to the best means of conveying an adequate impression of the exalted worth of that revered character; and his Lordship will be prepared to give every facility to the measures which you may propose on this subject.

Directions will be given to the Board of Trade for holding the monument in readiness to be delivered on your application.

I have the honour to be, Rev. Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,

Fort St. George, G. BUCHAN,
16th June, 1807. Chief Sec. to Government.

4. The Rev. Dr. KERR, in the sermon preached in compliance with the above letter of the Directors, may be considered as speaking with the full approbation of the Madras Government; and the high testimony, borne to Mr. Swartz in the following extracts from that discourse, was an appeal, it must be remembered, on the spot, to those who were themselves witnesses of the truth of the preacher's assertions:

The man who follows the injunctions of his God, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,'—whose soul is devoted to this one object, who submits to a thousand privations in the discharge of his high calling, who devotes mind and body to the eternal interests of the benighted nations, without any worldly view whatsoever, who is exposed to numberless dangers in the course of his journeyings, yet goes on rejoicing to the end;—such a man is surely deserving of our high esteem, and has the strongest claim on the benevolent feelings of all mankind.

There is a grandeur in the self-dedication of a human being to such an undertaking, which is not to be met with in all the other pursuits of life. Worldly ambition has her splendid votaries, seeking honour in the midst of danger and in the face of death. In search of the wealth of this world, we have millions of examples of the most hardy enterprises undertaken, and body and soul are daily sacrificed to this polluted and polluting object; but, in the persevering effort to call the heathen from their debasing superstitions to the worship of the true God, through JESUS CHRIST; in the constant endeavour to extend the blessings of civilization, which always accompany the true religion, to a people whom the darkest clouds of ignorance and its thousands of ills overshadow; to labour to emancipate the souls of men from the thraldom of satanic influence, from priestcraft, from profanation, and idle or vicious ceremonies; ceremonies, calculated to

impose on the understanding, and destroy the finest feelings of the human heart; to be employed, I say, in such pursuits, to follow them up with honest zeal, with firm faith in the Divine assistance, and the power of the Gospel, must be acknowledged, whether we consider the motive which stimulates or the object in view, to be the most glorious, the most honourable, of all undertakings.

When, therefore, we reflect, that such was the office of the man whose virtues we are this day called to celebrate; when we know that HE was peculiarly distinguished in the course of this high office; that, by the mere effect of Christian virtue, he attracted the love and secured the confidence, not only of the flock which he had called from pagan darkness into the bosom of CHRIST's church, and illumined with the blessed light of the gospel, but that he was reverenced far and near by all castes and descriptions of people; that he was even respected by the enemies of our nation, and, at the commencement of a bloody war, was permitted to preach the doctrines of peace on the very battlements of our enemy; when we reflect on these things, what reverence does it inspire for the man! What a signal testimony does it afford of the power of gospel truth, strikingly evidenced in the faithful practice of a gospel life! And what a convincing proof does it present of the great benefit to be derived from the labours of missionaries, well directed and honestly and zealously prosecuted!

It is much to be regretted, that the extraordinary humility of this most excellent man, ever averse to display of every kind, has been the virtuous cause why we are not in possession of sufficient materials to give a succinct account of the various and important labours in which he was continually engaged.

Indeed, his mind was so impressed with the just sense of the value of his time, and the necessity for unceasing application in his calling, that he had little

leisure for even giving those details which were expected from him by the Societies under whose direction he had entered upon his missionary labours, and they were often indebted to others for information regarding the important services of their faithful Swartz.

He began his missionary career in the latter end of the year of our Lord 1750; when, by unceasing application, in the course of a few months, he was enabled to preach his first Tamul or Malabar sermon. His text on that occasion was taken from the 11th chapter of St. Matthew:—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Thus he first announced the spirit of the gospel he was about to preach to the heathens, and continued to his last hour, through nearly half a century, to evince the truth of his Divine text, both in word and life.

He had not long entered upon his heaven-appointed commission, when he had the happiness to perceive that his labour was not in vain in the Lord. He called many from the evil of their way. He excited a spirit of enquiry even among the most obstinate of the Brahmins; and attached many of them to him by the endearing manner in which he addressed them, while he silenced their arguments by the powerful force of his reason, and the simple rational explanation of the Christian system.

In the course of a few years he collected a numerous congregation about him, consisting of every caste and description of people in this country, who received the truths of the gospel with full faith and confidence from his lips.

He also established several schools, by which both old and young were enabled to read the Sacred Writings; and the principles of the gospel live to this day

in the hearts of many in the neighbourhood where he resided, who still bless the memory of their beloved pastor, Father SWARTZ.

But he did not confine his benevolence to spiritual instruction. He assisted the poor and the industrious, to the utmost of his power, out of his narrow means of subsistence, and always directed the hand of charity to relieve, when relief was not in his own power.

Such a course of life, zealously pursued for a long series of years, and accompanied with that sweetly social disposition for which he was remarkable, gained him many friends and thousands of admirers. The blessing of the fatherless and widow came upon him, and his hope was gladness. He rejoiced evermore in witnessing the divine effects of his honest endeavours, and if he did not make converts of all with whom he associated, he seldom failed to make friends of those with whom he happened to communicate. Not that he ever compromised a paramount duty from any false politeness, or deference to superior station; for he decidedly and openly declared the condemnation of all, who boldly and openly set gospel rules at defiance, as often as an opportunity offered for the purpose. His reproof, however, was tempered with so much good nature; the desire of doing good to the offenders was so obviously his intention; that he seldom provoked the smallest ill-will by the strong, but fatherly remonstrances which irreligious conversation and conduct frequently drew from him. Indeed, he seemed peculiarly gifted by Divine Providence with a happy manner, which enabled him to turn almost every occurrence, whether great or trivial, to the praise and glory of GOD.

Completely devoted to the important business of his calling, his mind never departed far from this object. Sensible that no trifling efforts could be productive of any good purpose in the missionary cause in any country, but most particularly in India, he de-

termined that nothing should draw him aside, either to the right hand or to the left. With this view he early resolved on a life of celibacy, and uniformly recommended the same to his younger brother-labourers in the vineyard, in order that they might give a more undivided attention to their missionary work. With the same view, he accustomed himself to the most frugal and temperate system of diet:* and, except when objects of charity reminded him of his poverty, he considered the wealth of the world but as the dust of the earth."

Dr. Kerr then refers to Mr. Swartz's mission to Hyder, the death-bed scene of the old Rajah of Tanjore, his influence on the natives in relieving the Fort of Tanjore from famine, and to other evidences of his character which are recorded in our preceding account of him. He adds:

"Amidst such great public undertakings, and the high degree of consideration attached by all ranks of people in this country to Mr. Swartz's character, every road to the gratification of ambition and avarice was completely open before him. Courted by the Prince of the country in which he resided, reverenced almost to adoration by the people at large, confidentially employed by the English Government in objects of the first political importance, to his great honour it must be recorded, that he continued to value these things only as they appeared likely to prove subservient to his missionary work, as they made friends to assist him in the building of his churches, or the establishment of his schools over the country. With the single eye of the gospel he looked only to the diffusion of Divine Truth, and the glad tidings of

* For many years of his life, it was his custom to give ten pagodas at the beginning of each month to his servant, in order to provide for the expenses of his table, and he gave himself no trouble about the manner in which it was supplied.

salvation through faith in Christ Jesus. The same principles which raised him in the public estimation, he continued to cherish in every stage of his elevation. Uncontaminated by the venality and corruption which, from various quarters, it is well known, assailed his virtue, he continued his missionary life, carrying his cross, following the steps of his Divine Master to the end of his earthly being.

I know that there have not been wanting enemies who, both while he was living and after his decease, have given currency to a different tale, who have flippantly accused him of meddling in political matters inconsistent with his ministerial labours, and who insinuated other suspicions injurious to his fame. But such men would have reflected on the Lord Jesus Christ himself, had he lived in this country at the same period, and publicly declared his abhorrence, as Mr. Swartz always did, of the base intrigues, the fraudulent loans, the cruel oppressions, which during the early part of the good man's life, and for many years after, made a land of misery, desolation, and slavery, of one of the most fertile provinces of this part of India.

Some of the Honourable Company's servants long since departed out of life, and others who are now virtuous and amiable members of the different communities in which they live, have blessed the day when they became acquainted with this venerable man."

CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF

Mr. JOSEPH WILLIAMS,

OF KIDDERMINSTER.

FROM THE DIARY WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

Religious Tract Society,

Instituted 1799;

PUBLISHED AND SOLD AT THE DEPOSITORY, 56, PATER-NOSTER-ROW; BY J. NISBET, 21, BERNERS STREET; AND OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

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THE LIFE OF

MR. JOSEPH WILLIAMS,*

OF KIDDERMINSTER.

MR. JOSEPH WILLIAMS was born November 16, 1692. The materials for his life are derived from a Diary which he wrote in short-hand: the following extracts from it refer to the principal incidents of his history, from seven years of age to the end of his life. His biography is interesting to every Christian, and peculiarly instructive to all who are engaged in commercial pursuits.

His Early Piety.

1699; aged 7.—The first serious impressions I remember to have been made upon my mind, were when I was about *seven* years old, occasioned by the death of a boy in another family, a son of James Payton. My father coming into my room, told me who was dead; and very seriously discoursed to me on the immortality of the soul; the certainty of a state of rewards and punishments; my own mortality, and liableness every day to have such a change pass on me by death. I was greatly surprised, and filled with a warm concern for the salvation of my soul. It put me on praying with greater earnestness than common; and I was resolved to do the will of God so far as I knew it.

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* This Life is extracted (by permission) from Hanbury's Improved and Enlarged Edition of Williams's Diary, published by Westley and Davis, Stationers' Court.

When I was about *ten* years old, my father corrected me with a just severity for telling and persisting in a deliberate lie. He at length conquered my stubbornness, and brought me to confess the truth. His rebukes, reasonings, and expostulations, wrought on me such a sense of shame, that his words wounded me deeper than his stripes, and melted me into very tender relentings. "Now," said he, "I forgive you; but I cannot promise that God will forgive you; and if he should not forgive you, this one sin is enough to condemn you to eternal misery: but, this I will do for you, I will pray that God may forgive you; and I *charge you* to go into your chamber, and pray earnestly to God for pardon." Accordingly I went, and on my bended knees, with a flood of tears, begged for Christ's sake the pardon of all my sins, and particularly this great sin I had just been guilty of. When I had thus spent almost a quarter of an hour, I rose up somewhat comforted, and the impression abode on my mind many days, so that my prayers were with more fervency than usual, and I was so ashamed, that I could scarcely look at my father or any of the family.

1705.—It pleased God to take away by death my little sister Abigail, when I was in my *thirteenth* year. This was the first breach made in our family, since I was old enough for reflection. My father, after morning family-prayer, said something to us suitable to the sorrowful and awful occasion; and gave us some directions how to improve the providence. I felt myself strongly inclined to get into some place of retirement, to meditate upon death. It was a remote corner of the stable, where, in the most solemn and best manner I could, I sometimes mused on death, and on my own mortality; and sometimes prayed to be made ready to die; in all, using a low voice. My affections were engaged; and I had very lively convictions of the vanity of the world, and its insufficiency to my real happiness. An interest in Christ then appeared to

me better than all the world, and some earnest desires and breathings after Christ I then experienced. In less than two years, my little sister Esther died also; by which my former convictions were renewed.

1707.—After I had been some time at my father's trade, my mind was too much corrupted by the evil conversation of the shop-men. Our minister, the Rev. Francis Spilsbury, coming to see my father, directed his discourse to me, taking notice what a comfort it was to parents to see their children take good ways; and what a grief of heart it must be to see their children disobedient, and addicted wholly to play. He then gave me to understand, that formerly my parents had entertained good hopes of me; but now, as I grew older and bigger, they justly expected that I should grow better; and what a sad thing it was that I grew worse and worse. Some other gentle reproofs he applied to me, which left stings behind them, and wrought kindly on me, and for a while brought forth some good fruits in my heart and life.

1708.—In my *sixteenth year*, I began to weave in the clothier's broad loom with a man who was an early riser and close worker, so that I commonly wrought with him 14, and sometimes 15 or 16 hours a-day. This prevented my opportunity for, and suppressed my immoderate love of, play. Often on Lord's-days, I had serious impressions on my mind which remained with me all the Monday morning; but, my continual labour in the loom, and the vain discourse which filled my ears, together with the vanity of my depraved heart, too much wore out all impressions of serious piety before night; and all the rest of the week I was vain enough. I laboured at the loom two years: before I left it my convictions were deeper, and my resolutions stronger for serving God; so that it grieved me to have no time in the morning for secret prayer, which was partly owing to my fellow-labourer rising so early, and partly to half of my breakfast-hour being

taken up in attending on family-prayer. However, my Lord's-days' convictions had such an influence on my mind, that, for two or three days after, I commonly redeemed time for prayer, either from sleep or from meals. Towards the latter end of the week, my zeal usually began to cool, and my prayers to be formal and lifeless, till on the next Lord's-day my convictions, both of sin and duty, were renewed. Thus I went on for many months, keeping my ground, but alas! making slow advances in the work of religion.

1710.—After entering into my *eighteenth* year, and changing my daily employment for that which allowed me more time for religious duties, my convictions of sin, and humiliation for it increased. I was more enlarged in secret prayer, and so filled with a sense of the greatness and majesty of God, that frequently I was scarcely conscious of a wandering thought in that duty. As I then worked in a shop with three journeymen, I found their conversation very irksome to me, because I made conscience of my thoughts and words. Yet, though I came from prayer to the shop, resolved not to hearken to their discourse, but to keep my heart fixed on God and heavenly things all the day, after a while, the gaiety of my natural temper would betray me, first into free, and by degrees into vain conversation. This much retarded my progress in piety, and filled me with remorse and grief every evening. At length I prevailed with my father to let me work in a chamber by myself; but, I was ashamed to tell the reason, though it was a commendable one. Being thus alone, I endeavoured to keep my heart all the day bent on religion. To this end I contrived to set Mason's Hymns, or some other devotional book, so near me, that, with little or no hinderance to my work, I could, by glancing my eye upon it, take in a line or two at a time. In this manner I committed to memory all Mason's Hymns, and with such a devout frame,

that I could adopt almost every line in them; even his songs of praise,—for grace,—for deliverance from spiritual troubles,—for answers of prayer,—and for joy in the Holy Ghost; as the genuine language of my own soul. I found my will so changed, from what it had been, that I entertained a very comfortable hope I was 'renewed in the spirit of my mind;' and frequently, I had not only 'peace,' but 'joy in believing.'

About this time I was walking on a summer evening in the meadows, and fell into a solemn meditation. 'While I was musing, the fire burned,' so that I could not but 'speak with my tongue.' I discoursed to myself on the shortness and uncertainty of life, my own mortality, and the wide difference between an eternity of happiness and misery. I had such a sense of the joys of heaven and the pains of hell, as made all the beauties of this lower creation to disappear, and all worldly riches and honours not worthy to be compared with securing my great concern,—the salvation of my soul. I wondered how men could spend all their time in labouring and caring for things which they must quickly leave, while they neglected the salvation of their souls. I wondered how people could so generally allow themselves to think and talk of nothing but the trifling affairs of this life. I wondered at myself, that I should spend so much of my time hitherto to so little purpose. I wondered at my father, though a good man, and my faithful monitor, that he had not warned me oftener, and more earnestly, of the danger I was in of perishing for ever. I was glad to find in myself such a lively sense of invisible things. In this temper of mind I could almost say with Elihu, in wishing for an opportunity to pray—'I am full of matter—my belly is as wine which hath no vent; it is ready to burst like new bottles. I will speak that I may be refreshed.' The dusk of the evening, and the solitary place I was then in, afforded me a sufficient retreat. Sometimes kneeling, sometimes prostrate,

I there poured out my soul before the Lord; and there received an inward witness, that I was a child of God. I was even ravished with the love of Christ. I was in the apostle's 'strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which' I then esteemed 'far better.' I was ready to say with Peter —'It is good to be here;' and with Jacob, 'This is no other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven.' It left a devout serenity on my mind, which continued many days.

On Lord's-day morning, September 10, I awoke in a serious frame, lamenting my many defects and shortcomings in duty; and that, after such lively convictions, I had made so little progress in the religious life. I rose with a resolution, by the grace of God, to do somewhat to put the grand concern out of doubt; to prevent my returning to sin; and to bind myself for ever to the Lord. Accordingly, I went immediately up into my closet, and, having solemnly devoted myself to God in secret prayer, I wrote down my self-consecration.

I solemnly devoted and dedicated myself to him, who is the King of kings; resolving, by his grace, to give a bill of divorce to all manner of sins; and, to the utmost of my power, to strive and wrestle with all temptations to sin, whether from without or from within; to avoid, as far as possible, the society of vain, graceless persons; to commend myself to God by prayer, at least twice a-day; to be careful and constant in self-examination and meditation; particularly to meditate on the love, the transcendent love of God in Christ, in willingly offering up himself a sacrifice for poor sinners; and in sending the blessed Spirit, whose strivings, and quickening motions, I resolved, by the grace of God, never to quench I resolved to watch narrowly against the wanderings and strayings of my heart in any duty; to make the glory of God, and the salvation of my soul, my chief business and design;

and to account the affairs of this world but as diversions to me in my way heaven-ward.

This is the substance of what I then recorded as my solemn vow, determining from thenceforward to call myself daily to account for the actions of the day; and frequently to write some remarks thereon. This course was of excellent use, to keep me close to God and duty; to prevent sin; and particularly it helped me to redeem precious time, for I made conscience of rising early.

About this time, going with my father a few miles from home, his talk with me was very profitable. He exhorted me to serious religion now in my youth, as the season when the mind is most fit to receive good impressions. He cautioned me not to put off the grand concern to an uncertain hereafter. He pleaded with me, not only the uncertainty of life, but the improbability of my turning to God in old age, after vicious habits were grown strong by a long continuance in sin.

Not many weeks after this, as I was walking in the church-yard, I began to muse on the antiquity of the church, and put this question—What is now become of all the builders of this stately fabric? This led me seriously to consider the different states of the dead. I considered the many generations of mankind, that had entered upon the stage of this world, had acted their part, and gone off from it. I considered also, that an utter end is put to their sensual pleasures and delights. Some of them were rich and great, high and honourable; others, were poor and despised, oppressed with labour and poverty; but now death has thrown down all such differences and distinctions; as is the poor, so also is the rich; the meanness of the one, and the grandeur of the other, are equally forgotten. Yea, the remembrance of them, except of a few, is perished from the earth. But, what is become of their souls, their immortal part? They are gone into the world of spirits 'and their works have followed

them.' What they sowed here, that they are now reaping, and will be reaping to eternity. I then considered—how little it would avail me, whether I were high or low, rich or poor, in this life, which is so short and transitory; and how much it concerned me to secure my soul's everlasting happiness. I had then such a clear, affecting sight of the vanity of this world, that I could not but wonder, how people could busy themselves so much about it, as to neglect their souls. I wondered at the parish-clerks in particular, who were present at so many burials, how they could neglect to prepare for their own death. I sought a place to pray in, and got behind one of the buttresses of the church, and there poured out my soul to God in earnest cries, for his grace, to enable me to live above the world, and to prepare me for a happy eternity. I came home with my thoughts so full of eternity, that I did not care to think or speak of any thing else all that evening.

In the beginning of the winter, at the approach of a night on which our workmen have an annual feast, and for which purpose they were gathering about the door, I was led to think—What poor joys those of the world are, how low and mean, how transient and of short continuance. I immediately withdrew into the meadows. It being a clear sky, the majestic canopy of the heavens, bespangled with numberless stars, elevated my grovelling mind to contemplate the superior glories of the great Author of this stupendous fabric. I considered that what I beheld was but the porch, or rather some more remote appendage to the heaven of heavens. If then, the porch made such a glittering show, how radiant must the palace itself be! I contemplated awhile, as well as I could, the glories of heaven; and my mind was wrapt up in ambitious desires after a mansion there. I then returned, and stealing up in the dark into a chamber, I earnestly prayed, and afterward went down to company; but the serious impressions abode on my mind all the

evening, and especially prevented that gaiety, which on such occasions I was used to discover.

Soon after this, I contracted an intimacy with Azariah ——, which began by accidentally addressing him on an occasion while I was taking a walk for meditation; but, seeing a stranger, I presently thought—Perhaps this young man has been bred up in ignorance: how desirable is it, that he should be brought to a saving acquaintance with Christ! On which I addressed him with a courteous air, and recommended the ways of religion to him. He attended to me in a candid and good-natured manner; and we walked together, and talked on the advantages of early piety and serious godliness. We agreed to meet often for such like conference; and for many years after, there was scarcely a week passed in which he did not visit me, or I him. He seemed to make a vigorous progress, both in knowledge and piety, and was often of great service to me: as Mr. Baxter writes of *his* bosom friend:—

> "He warm'd me with his zeal, when I was cold;
> And my remissness lovingly controul'd.
> For such a friend I had: though, after all,
> Himself became my warning by his fall;
> As more than one or two have done since then;
> Shewing, if grace withdraw, we are but men."

This very passage we several times read together, and were equally at a loss to know, whether Mr. Baxter meant it of his friend's totally falling away, or only for a time. We thought it could not be, that a person coming up to the character there given, could utterly fall. I little thought then, that *my* friend, who seemed fully to come up to that character, should, in the course of some years, so apostatize as to become a common drunkard. Let this be a caution to me, and likewise a motive to thankfulness. 'Thou standest by faith; be not high-minded, but fear. Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.'

Comfort after great dejection.

November 14, 1710.—Being charged with a thing I had done, which would have brought some shame on me, I denied it. The next morning, being in some measure awakened for my sin, I confessed and bewailed it before God; and begged earnestly for pardon and for strength of grace: yet, oh! most horrid! I had scarcely been on my knees an hour, when, being charged with the same thing, I denied it again, with these words—"no indeed did not I." Afterward being awakened and convinced of my great wilful sin, I was filled with horror lest I had sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost; and these two scriptures—'For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins,' and, 'It is impossible for those who were once enlightened, &c. if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance,'—these, together with the subtle insinuations of satan, brought me almost to despair of any mercy: but going in a few days to a friend's, I there met with a sermon concerning the sin against the Holy Ghost, which I borrowed, and on perusal, found that sin represented to be committed with malice in the heart toward God, when I had reason to hope mine was only infirmity, and want of watchfulness. This hope, through mercy, administered comfort to my soul, and I sought by prayer the following dispositions—'Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee;' 'Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins, let them not have dominion over me;' 'For when I am weak, then am I strong.'

His Admission to the Lord's Supper.

Lord's-day, March 2, 1712.—This was the first day that I was admitted to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Some bright rays of the love and mercy of God were manifested to my soul; the vanity of the

world was deeply imprinted on my mind; I saw more clearly than ever I had done, the odious nature of sin, and the excellency of a holy life; and afterward, in the reviewing of my behaviour at the Lord's Supper, and in secret prayer, such impressive views were imparted to me, particularly of the odious nature of sin, as I think I never before experienced. Hallelujah!

Let me now record my reflections on entering upon another year.

New Year's Day.

January 1, 1715.—I have begun a new year, God grant it may be with a new heart. How sad! to look back upon a year far worse spent than either of the three last. Oh! dismal review! What! to grow worse, more cold, more froward, more formal, more backward to duty and to spiritual converse with the Son of God! How like a hypocrite, especially of late, have I acted; how many mornings have I engaged in the business of the world, and how many nights gone to bed without praying, reading, meditating, self-examination, or even lifting up a thought to God in mental ejaculations. Sad degeneracy! horrid ingratitude to the God of all my mercies! I despair of ever walking orderly, as becomes a Christian, while I continue in the neglect of every duty. I shall never excel while I neglect meditation, self-examination, and the recording of remarks on myself. How easily may it be done, and of what singular advantage may it be to write down remarks on myself, my experiences of my falls and hopes of sincerity. Surely, singular advantages must follow such a practice, for hereby I may observe something of God to my soul, and of my soul to God:—I may pour out my soul to God accordingly, and be either humble or thankful:—I may judge how it is with me in respect of time past; and, whether I have profited, by grace; to find out the means whereby I have profited, that I may make more constant use of such

means; or, where I have been negligent, to observe by what temptation I was overcome, that my former errors may make me more wary for the future; besides many other benefits which I may, by the Lord's help, derive from a diary. The Lord God humble me greatly for my transgressions and provocations, and enable me, by his grace, to live this year at another rate than I have done during that which is gone.

Self-examination.

Friday, January 6, 1716.—In retirement this evening, reading in Mr. Steel's Discourse on Uprightness, I met with six texts to be applied in self-examination and trial, to which he premises, that "If you can lay sound claim to any one of them (though you should labour to find them all) you may rest with comfort in the safety of your condition, though at present you may not discern the rest. The upright man approves himself to God; he chiefly loves God; willingly obeys God; can seriously appeal to God, 'Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee;' he lives not in presumptuous sins; and keeps himself from his 'own iniquity.'" Before I entered on the signs, I bent my knees to the Most High, and I may almost assuredly say, that I prayed sincerely that he would please to afford his spiritual assistance, without which nothing can be done well, that I may be able to discern my case. On the whole, I find great reason, humbly and tremblingly, to hope that I do love God; do give him the most hearty of my thoughts; and somewhat of appealing to him, I apprehend in my case, because I submitted myself very willingly to trial. I am desirous, as I have not allowed, so still not to allow, often repeated sins, which come nearest to presumptuous sins of any I am aware that I have lately committed; and I trust I have a radical hatred of presumptuous, and all other sins, especially of that of my 'own iniquity,' my darling sin at my conversion; and

these considerations lead me to the comfortable hope that my conversion is genuine.

Commencement of his Courtship.

Tuesday, January 31, 1716.—I have to remark, that yesterday week I came to a resolution to pay my addresses to Phebe Pearsall; after having discoursed with my mother on it, and found that she had long been thinking of her as suitable for me. Accordingly, with the approbation of friends on both sides, our first meeting took place this evening, having previously addressed myself to God by prayer. Our first discourse turned on spiritual affairs; beginning where God would have us begin. She told me that she did not remember the time when she had reason to hope she was first impressed with a sense of religion, but as long as she could remember she had pleasure in, and love to, the ways of God. The greatest helps she had in those ways were from her sister Hannah* A few days back, I advised with Mr. Clymer on this subject, an expression of whose I wish to record: he said, that "Were he to advise any thing with respect to my altering of my condition, it would be that I should first of all make sure my covenant interest in Christ: he hoped I had done so, for if it be not done before marriage, my situation would be the more dangerous."

Pious Resolutions.

Lord's-day, March 3, 1717.—I observe this in myself, that I am very prone, if I can find any room for it, to alleviate my sins in my own mind, with respect to some circumstances that may attend them; which I judge to be a symptom of hypocrisy. Being

* Afterward Mrs. Housman, whose Diary was published in 1743, by her brother, the Rev. R. Pearsall.

very sensible that my lukewarmness in religion, and frequent compliance with divers temptations, are owing to my neglect of duty; and being also sensible, that I thereby offend God and wrong my own soul, I do resolve, by the grace of God, that I will, as often as may be, read at least two chapters in my Bible, in some retired place; and that, by the same grace assisting, I will not enter on my daily employment before I have bent my knees in secret prayer; and farther, that whatever the hurries of the day may be, I will endeavour, at the close of it, to consecrate half an hour for stated meditation and examination. Oh! what a monster of rebellion and ingratitude am I, so often atheistically to act, as if I believed not that the presence of God is over me, observing and writing down all my wretched actions in the 'book of' his 'remembrance.' Yea, so estranged from duty am I, that I did not set myself at all, becomingly, to prepare for the Lord's supper till this morning. 'Tis true, I had thoughts of setting myself about humiliation work on the over night, but did not spend any time in that necessary employment. Oh! degenerate, hardened creature! could I at one time have thought that I should now have dared to have approached the Lord's table in so unprepared a manner! This morning, indeed, directly after I rose, retiring into a back room, I walked about for a time, musing, and at last fell down on my knees to pray; and do humbly hope the Spirit of God did assist me, and humble my heart for sin. I could not begin to pray without an effusion of tears; I wish they were not forced; and do hope, I was made to loathe my sins and myself for them; but yet I have great reason to fear my hypocrisy. However, I have reason also to hope I have, in some measure, been 'in the Spirit' on this day; and that, the Lord was pleased to display his grace in breaking my heart for sin, both while hearing his word, and partaking of his supper. I hope I seriously devoted

myself to him, and did unfeignedly repent that I have so often sinned against him: and do also hope, that the effects of this my humiliation will appear in my after life and conversation. O Lord God, assist me, I humbly pray thee, for Christ's sake. 'When thou saidst—Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee—Thy face, Lord, will I seek. Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.'

His Father's Temporal Affairs disclosed.

Thursday, July 4, 1717.—This day my father sent for me to come to him in his chamber. There, with a deal of difficulty, he informed me of the state of his worldly affairs; and that, when every thing he had, or was concerned in, was estimated, he should possess but a trifling remainder. This was a very melancholy account to me, who had, for a long time, entertained different expectations; had had some fair offers made to me; and, particularly, had the entire affections of one who had mine equally; all which seemed now quite blasted, and my glowing hopes instantly dissipated. I wish nothing may ever cause me to be in a worse frame! It immediately produced soul-humbling, self-condemning thoughts, and increased my tenderness for my dear parents; to whom I expressed myself in these, or such like words, accompanied with tears:—"I did not expect that matters were so; I confess I am surprised; but, seeing how things are, our best way, I think, is to be submissive to the will of God, humbly to acquiesce in his disposal, and endeavour to bring our minds to our condition. For my part, I am, through mercy, able to do somewhat more than maintain myself, and do assure you, that I will endeavour to my utmost to support you, if need be, even to bread and water; this is my present

resolution." To which my father answered, with a flow of tears, "I thank you, son, very kindly." I then, addressing both my parents, added thus: "You have been good to me all my days; and now, I will endeavour gratefully to demonstrate the apprehensions I have thereof." On retiring, I went immediately to prostrate myself before the Lord. I wept much, and humbled myself, as it were, to the dust, acknowledging the righteousness of God in all his proceedings, and lamenting my own particular sins. Now, how to manage myself, as to worldly affairs, I know not; but pray that God will be pleased to direct and guide me.

Holy Joy, and the grounds of it.

Monday, August 5, 1717.—Through free grace, I have this day been made again to experience, what it is to enjoy communion with, and communications of love from, a kind and gracious God. Oh! the sweet rays of love, wherewith he was pleased to shine in and upon my soul, drawing out my heart to him in praise for the more than hope that I am one of the election of his grace. The good Lord carry on that good work he hath begun in my soul, that I may become more holy; more and more assimilated to my blessed Saviour. I have a little compared myself with myself; and, particularly, have inquired into the present state of my soul, and into the manner of the working of the Holy Spirit upon it, from time to time; and do now humbly conclude, that I am in Christ Jesus a living branch of the true vine. Though I have many infirmities and weaknesses, and am guilty every day of many omissions and commissions, yet, I do humbly hope, that I am thriving in my spiritual state. My will is more and more bowed in resignation to the divine Will; and I do not remember any repining, murmuring, or discontent arising, since my father related his circumstances, but a humble acquiescence in what God has appointed; all which, I

sincerely ascribe to the great goodness of God to me; and not in the least to myself. My desires to please and glorify God are more enlarged; and though I do not serve him as I ought, it is my desire to do it in a perfect manner. The good Lord engage me to a universal obedience of his holy will.

A Memorial of his Father's Death.

May 2, 1721.—My dear and honoured father has been dead now two years. His memory is blessed, and will be for ever dear and precious to me. In him I have lost, not merely a loving father and friend, but a wise and able counsellor, a faithful guardian and monitor, and an excellent pattern of sobriety, watchfulness, self-denial and diligence, particularly in his heavenly calling. He redeemed a great deal of time from his bed, rising commonly by four, and spending two or three hours, till the family rose, in reading, meditation, and prayer. He was a man of a hot, passionate temper, but through his great watchfulness, and close walking with God, it very seldom broke out; on the contrary, he was remarkable for his meekness, calmness, and affability. As he lived generally beloved by persons of all denominations, so he died much lamented. I have great reason to bless God I had such a father. Oh! that I might more and more copy his excellent virtues. His death greatly impressed my mind, and roused me out of that spirit of sloth and slumber into which my intended marriage had betrayed me. Upon serious reflections, I became more sensible of the great loss I had sustained; and was deeply humbled for my sad neglects of secret religion.

Of his first, and of his second child.

Monday, September 11, 1721.—God hath been pleased to load me with his bounties, and to deal out to me very comfortable circumstances, for which

praised be his name. June 13, last year, a good providence bestowed on me a very desirable child, which we named John, but it was removed in the March following: now latterly, August 17, he hath given me another, which I design to call Phebe, and merciful circumstances hath he dealt out to my wife and daughter, so that the language of my heart should be, 'Let the Lord be magnified.' I now esteem it my duty to give up my little one into the Lord's hand, trusting that he will enter its name into the book of his decrees. O my soul, see to it that thou be sincere. May the Lord enable me solemnly to devote my child to him; and may he graciously take it into the number of his adopted ones, that it may be sanctified from the cradle, or from the womb, as was Jeremiah. May he spare it in mercy, use it for his glory, and bestow resignation to his will should he be pleased to call it hence.

His affections absorbed by the world.

Lord's-day, June 23, 1723.—My son Nathaniel was born Thursday, April 4, when, I humbly hope, I did, with sincerity and much affection, devote him to the Lord.*

I have continued to have a growing trade, especially for nine months past. Alas! through the hurries of the world, my mind is too much indisposed for converse with God in secret; and my desires are carried out after the treasures of the world, so that I find it made true in me—the love of money increases as much as the money itself increases. O Lord, put me on reflection, examination, and prayer, that I may find out my state, and get matters mended with me, for I am sure my heart is not so with God as it should be.

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* He died October 24, 1726.

Lord's-day, July 7, 1723.—Matters are still much the same with me. I find a backwardness to every duty, but especially to secret duties. This day I have had some stirring of affection towards the Lord. His good Spirit hath been at work in me, which makes me to hope he hath not entirely cast me off, or sworn in his wrath that I 'shall not enter into' his 'rest.' It is an unspeakable mercy that it is not the case, notwithstanding my sad continuance in sin, and backwardness to duty. I have this day solemnly vowed to the mighty God of Jacob, that I will be his more than I have been, and that this world shall not so engage my thoughts and time as it hath done. The Lord help me to fulfil my engagements.

His losses in trade.

Lord's-day, June 6, 1725.—After many years of prosperity, it has pleased God to exercise me with great losses this year, to almost the whole of my capital in trade; but they are blessed to my great advantage in spiritual things, and made an occasion of clearing up my interest in the love of God, and my title to eternal life, for which I had long before been labouring in vain, by close examination and earnest prayer. While my mind was very apprehensive of the fatal consequences that might attend these overwhelming losses, I went into my closet, and read 'Flavel's Saint Indeed,' particularlyhis directions—Howto keep the heart in times of adversity. It pleased God to bless that good man's advice in such a case, and so to set it home to my soul, that I was brought into a most submissive, resigned frame. It stilled the storm, and produced a perfect calm. I was thoroughly convinced that honey was in the rod, and that God was doing me good, and not evil, by my chastisement; and I was particularly convinced, that this was sent in answer to my prayers. I had often bewailed a proud, earthly heart, and had begged for humility and heavenly-

mindedness. I was convinced that no means could be more likely to obtain such a blessed temper, than impoverishing providences. I had often prayed, that God would 'hedge up my way,' rather than suffer me to be proud and carnal. I conclude that God has been doing it, and that the issue of all will be gracious.

Lord's-day, July 11, 1725.—I greatly hope my kind and gracious God has been pleased to bless this affliction to my spiritual benefit. He has thereby brought my soul into a more resigned frame, and made me more solicitous about my interest in himself, 'that good part which can never be taken from me.' He has discovered so much love in this providence, as makes me even rejoice in it, and bless him for it. The three sermons I have been hearing, from the Rev. Matthew Bradshaw, on these words,—'*Thou art my portion, O Lord!*' administered great comfort and joy to my soul. I have more cheerful hope, that I have chosen God for 'my portion,' and that this affliction is so far blessed to me, as to make the frame of my spirit more serious, and to enable me to engage in every religious duty with greater fervency, and to labour after a more close walking with God. Oh! gainful loss. Oh! wondrous grace. How 'are all his ways mercy and truth! In very faithfulness doth he afflict.' He reserves his cordials for his children in their greatest straits or difficulties. Let me still hope and trust in thee, O my God, and not return to vanity, earthliness or pride any more; but keep me humble and serious, and let my soul ever bless thee.

Friday, July 16, 1725.—Oh! how wise and gracious is my heavenly Father. How sweetly does he overrule afflictive and disappointing providences to my great advantage and comfort! Surely, I find my heart improving and growing hereby in submission to the will of God, delight in God, and in duty. Surely, I am enabled to love God more, not only by means of this trial, but even for it. In prayer, this morning,

my soul was drawn out in love and praise, and my affections sweetly stirred. Blessed be God!

Saturday, July 17, 1725.—Having for a considerable time been reading 'Baxter's Saints' Rest,' though never so constantly every morning as since my losses in trade, I am now come to his arguments for, and directions in, the heavenly work of Meditation, and am greatly excited to engage in it daily. I began this evening, for the first time, to walk abroad to meditate; and though I have cause to bewail a backward, careless, earthly heart, yet, blessed be God, my labour, I humbly hope, was not lost. I did experience some raisedness of affection, some drawing forth of desire, some comfort of hope.

His trials sanctified.

Lord's-day, August 1, 1725.—I have of late been frequently searching my heart; though it is not without much backwardness that I am brought to this work, and still more difficult I find it, to engage closely therein. On the whole, I greatly hope, that God is 'my portion,' and hath the highest place in my affections: for I have been enabled to bear my great loss with patience beyond my expectation. I have even been enabled to be thankful, and to bless God for this exercise, as believing that he sent it in much mercy, and means me good, and not harm by it. I have also been thereby quickened to strengthen my hold of God, and my interest in him. It hath added to my convictions of the world's vanity; made me more solicitous to satisfy myself that God is 'my portion,' and not the world; and made me willing to be brought into straits, or into extreme want, if my heavenly Father see it best for me; for if I have an interest in his love, all afflictions shall be in mercy. I have been quickened to the more diligent, constant exercise of duty; especially in a morning, as I have not so easily been put

off devoting the first hour after rising, to reading and prayer; which are now performed with more than usual delight, desire, and concern; so that I infer, from this review of my state, that the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit have been working on my soul in a remarkable manner. Oh! how have I been ravished of late, with a hopeful prospect of that glory which is to be revealed! What pleasure have I found in casting myself at Jesus' feet, and submitting to his frowns! What outgoings of soul after him, in earnest desires for more grace, and after a more heavenly, fruitful conversation! 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name.'

November, 1725.—About the beginning of this month, some aggravating circumstances were added to my late losses in trade, on which I again had recourse to Flavel's directions—How to keep the heart in times of adversity. God was pleased, by reading and prayer, to support my soul, and to assure me it was from love, from covenant love, he thus exercised me. My distress was relieved. I was enabled, with faith and patience, to 'cast my burden upon the Lord,'—upon his wisdom, and directing providence. I was particularly led to renew my resolutions to use and improve opportunities for meditation. Accordingly, evening after evening, God is pleased to ravish my soul with the joyful prospect of future glory, and to draw out my longing desires after it, in such a manner and measure as I never felt before. Many times since July 11, my desires to have God for 'my portion' were greatly excited. Fain would I have adopted the Psalmist's aspiration, but durst not. I tried it day after day. It ran exceedingly in my mind for weeks. Whatever I was doing about my trade-affairs, this would be uppermost—Oh! that I could say, 'Thou art my portion, O Lord!' At last, finding that nothing less would satisfy the desires of my soul, and believing that the Lord himself had stirred up these desires, and therefore, if I

were willing, he could not be unwilling; I ventured, though with a trembling heart, to say—'Thou art *my portion*, O Lord!' Thereupon joy, like a tide, came rolling in, and got possession of my soul; and I was quickly able, in the confidence of faith, to repeat the aspiration. My mind is full of it, and it puts life and vigour into every grace.

November 10, 1725.—In answer to a letter in which the Rev. Richard Pearsall sympathised with me under my late losses I have written as follows:—

I *resent*, with sincere gratitude, your kind concern for me, and tender sympathy with me, under those afflictions which an all-wise, infinitely gracious, loving, and I humbly hope, my beloved God and Father, is, in great mercy, and according to the directions of unerring wisdom, exercising me with, 'who am less than the least of all his saints,' unworthy of every mercy, and therefore unworthy of his correcting love. Shall I tell you? Are you not desirous to know, how so heavy a stroke is borne? I cannot, without fear and jealousy lest my apprehensions and fancy should exceed the reality of my faith and divine enjoyments, relate to you the temper of my mind, since I heard the tidings of my late disappointments. Oh! that I could do it with a single eye to the glory of so good a God, and to the magnifying of his ineffable grace and love. Dear brother, 'I have all things, and abound.' I have not suffered loss, but reaped the greatest gain. 'He hath shed abroad that love in my heart, which is better than wine.' The tidings were at first somewhat surprising, the swelling billows began to toss my mind, and disturb my rest: but oh! what serenity follows, when God speaks peace. How cheering are the smiles of his love! How sweetly did he persuade, and even assure my soul, that by this cross providence, he was faithfully pursuing the great end of electing love, and did order this affliction as a means sanctified to that happy end! That 'by this, my iniquities should be

purged: and these should be the fruits thereof—to take away sin,'—to mortify my carnal affections,—to wean me from earth and sense,—to strengthen my faith in God, and every holy disposition,—to lead me into the secret of communion with him here,—and to ripen me for everlasting glory hereafter! Oh! how did my heart, as well as my eyes, overflow with joy, when he gave me the comforting evidence of my interest in his favour, and in the merits of Christ; shewed me my name written in the Lamb's 'book of life,' and gave me some foretastes of that 'fulness of joy,' and those 'rivers of pleasure,' at the fountain-head of which, the saints are solacing themselves to eternal ages! Oh! how ravishing is his beauty and glory. If a transient glance, in this state of distance and imperfection, be so transporting, I had almost said transforming, what will it be to see him 'face to face,' to dwell for ever in his glorious presence, and look ourselves into his very likeness? I could cheerfully say with Dr. Watts—

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss."

Could I repine, think you, at Providence? Nay, could I so much as grieve? Was there any place left for sorrow in my heart? No. Sorrow was at once banished from my mind, and joy and gladness put into full possession. Thus, more than once, hath my heavenly Father visited me; for 'he is afflicted in all all our afflictions,' and reserves his choicest cordials for the seasons of our greatest dejection and fainting. What wisdom too, shines forth in this providence! On reflection, I find, according to your penetrating hints, that though I did, I trust, own the hand of God in the former loss, and could bless a taking as well as a giving God, yet I 'despised the chastening of the

Lord ;' or, if I were in any measure, 'humbled under the mighty hand of God,' I am sure I too soon forgot it; of which I was not wholly insensible, and often chid my stupid soul on that account: and though I do believe I have been the better for it ever since, yet the desired end was but partially and very imperfectly answered. My fervour began to cool. I began to remit my diligent attendance on secret duties, and particularly solemn, stated *meditation;* for the conscientious discharge of which, that disappointment had strengthened my resolution:—A duty *this*, which I would earnestly recommend to all who desire to live a life of communion with God, as they value spiritual peace, comfort and joy. Also, what goodness, mildness, and gentleness doth my heavenly Father discover in this providence! Perhaps, he is only shaking the rod over me, that thereby he might more deeply root former impressions: for I am not without hopes that in the issue I shall sustain little or no loss in my outward estate. And what kindness doth my heavenly Father shew, by inclining good brother Henry* to lend me a supporting hand in this exigence! Surely, I must not overlook the goodness of God therein, at the same time that I owe very great obligations to brother Henry, who of his own accord, unasked, became my surety. I am encompassed round with mercies, which way soever I look, or bend my thoughts. Oh! how admirably is justice chequered with mercy. How endearing the methods of the sovereign grace of God, to bring us to himself! But, I fear pride hath too much a hand in dictating. Oh! this cursed pride; to which I am sensible my temper is very much addicted. Oh! that God would heal me of this sin of pride; would 'hide it from me,' that I might take root in humility, and thereby grow more stedfast in the ways of God!

* Henry Pearsall, who died October 22d, 1746.

Oh! may this providence be blessed to the curing of a vain, earthly mind, and a hard, unbelieving heart, and every other spiritual disease: then shall I sing—

"O happy rod!
That brought me nearer to my God."

But I fear, I justly fear, I shall again be ensnared by this tempting, deceitful world. Dear brother, help me by your prayers, help me by your farther instructions.

J. W.

Lord's-day, December 26, 1725.—Still an all-wise God, whom, unworthy as I am, I hope I may call my God, my gracious and merciful God and Father, is exercising me with farther and greater trials, in consequence of my former losses, and by which they are rendered more aggravated than I could have imagined. Amidst all these distresses I can, through abounding grace, say with Dr. Watts—

"Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all!"

However, I would be found diligently preparing for the worst that can come. Therefore, whatever God has already permitted, and even though he should permit the worst I can fear, these are my purposes, by the grace of God enabling me:—

First, I do, and will endeavour to justify God in all. 'He is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.' Perhaps, he is 'calling my sins to remembrance,' and chastening me for former follies, to humble me yet more; which is what my proud spirit greatly needs. I am very sensible, though I have not

been duly humbled for it, that I have been too much in love with the world, and too much delighted with worldly prosperity, even lifted up by it. Oh! that pride did not still find place in my heart, and mingle even with the patience I discover in bearing these trials of adversity. Lord, help me to lay myself low, as in the dust before thee. Let me be able to say—Lord, thou hast overcome! Oh! that this proud heart of mine were more effectually overcome, and bowed to thy will; that it were purged of pride, and every sinful disposition, and made altogether such as thou wouldest have it to be!

Secondly, I will endeavour to receive this, and every other affliction which my heavenly Father is pleased to exercise me with, as coming from his hand and by his direction; and therein to comfort myself, and rejoice, that it is my 'Father's good pleasure.' Though I desire to mourn for my sins, which are the procuring cause of all my afflictions; yet will I rejoice, that they are of my heavenly Father's appointing, 'who will stay his rough wind in the day of his east-wind,' and will moderate my afflictions, I trust, if he see it best for me. How harsh and severe soever he may suffer them to be, I know he can sanctify them to my spiritual and eternal good. Therefore,

Thirdly, I will endeavour quietly to submit to this, and every other affliction. I will bow to the sceptre of divine grace, and patiently accept the punishment of my sin.

Fourthly, I will still hope in God, and repose my trust in him alone. 'Yea, though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' 'I can do all this through Christ strengthening me.' But, O my God, one thing I humbly beg—'take not thy Holy Spirit from me:' renew thy cordials, and furnish me with every grace, that I may hold out even 'unto death,' and at last receive 'the crown of life!'

A Time of Sickness and Death.

November 16, 1726.—Whilst I was sitting up with a dying friend, Mr. Edmund Read, I wrote the following lines :—

To the Rev. R. Pearsall.

DEAR BROTHER,

Surely, I cannot want a subject now I am hearing the pantings of a poor, helpless, sick man, labouring for breath ; and perhaps, insensible of his own case. Oh ! what a privilege to be a Christian. How safe is their state, of whom the apostle testifies—'All things are your's, whether life or death, or things present, or things to come.' And again—'I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, &c. shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' In such a dying time, when our relations and intimate friends are sick and dying around us, we cannot but expect our own turn may be next. What an unspeakable pleasure is it, to have some comfortable hopes, some well-grounded confidence, that death, our last enemy, cannot hurt us ;—that his sting is taken away ;—that, through the conquest of our victorious Redeemer, we may triumph over him, as a disarmed, vanquished foe ;—that, however horrible his approaches are to nature ; dissolving her frame, destroying the curious machine by which the soul acts in this state of imperfection, and putting an end to all sensual joys ; yet, through the riches of divine grace, we can look, by an overcoming faith, beyond these melancholy scenes, to the glorious issue ;—to that 'rest, which remaineth for the people of God ;'—to that prize for which we are wrestling, striving, running, fighting ;—that end of all our duties, for which we have so long been waiting and praying ;—that joyful harvest, after a weeping seed-time ;—yea, that quiet haven, after a dangerous, tempestuous voyage ! With what transporting joy might a lively faith and hope

enable the gracious soul to look on, and embrace, when called to it, that which is the greatest aversion of our nature; because it puts a period to all our sins and sorrows, to all the miseries we either feel or fear, and introduces us to the beatific vision and fruition of our God and Saviour, 'whom having not seen we love,' whose beaming glories shall conform our souls to the image of our glorious Creator, and shall finally change these vile bodies, and fashion them like to his own glorious body!' Though 'it doth not yet appear what we shall be, yet we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.' Can we forbear crying out with the poet—

"O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with thee, to see thy face?"

Though 'to be present with the Lord,' is the primary happiness of saints 'absent from the body;' yet, to be joined 'to an innumerable company of angels, and to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to the spirits of just men made perfect,' affords a delicious prospect. We shall then find, to our increasing joy, that our friends, 'who sleep in Jesus,' and are dead as to our world, yet live. If we overtake them, to how great an advantage shall our acquaintance be renewed! In how much more refined a manner, than we were here wont, shall we join them in adoring our Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier! With what ecstatic admiration shall we unite in celebrating the wisdom, power, and goodness of the great JEHOVAH, which shine so brightly to the inhabitants of that blessed world! With what triumphant exultation recount the wonders of redeeming love, as well in the particular instances thereof to our own souls, as in its general display to the human race!—But I may well check myself with—'Who is this that darkeneth

counsel by words without knowledge?' How low, how inadequate are my conceptions of that glory which 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive!' This we are sure of, that our joy shall be full and everlasting: and should not such a prospect reconcile us to death? Blessed then, for ever 'blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again to a lively hope of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us!' How should we rejoice in the 'grace in which we stand,' and triumph 'in hope of the glory of God?' How should we love the Author and Purchaser of all this happiness, and admire and adore rich and free grace, which 'chose us in Christ before the foundation of the world,' and 'saved us, not by works of righteousness, which we have done, but according to his mercy!' Dear brother, how infinite are our obligations to love the Lord.

J. W.

Lord's-day, November 20, 1726.—God, my good and gracious Father, has been pleased to appoint a merciful issue to my worldly losses, and to give me a year of considerable prosperity in trade; and yet, I humbly hope, my mind has not been puffed up therewith, as formerly.

I am now called to observe the hand of God in an uncommon, malignant, epidemical fever, by which, in this little town, many have been cut off, twenty in one week, and eight were buried in one day. How shall I improve such awful providences? Shall I suffer the love of the world to fill my heart? May I not reasonably expect, that as I also am formed of the same brittle materials, my own turn may be near? What remains then, but that, as I have often, so now again, I solemnly give up myself to Him, 'whose

I am,' and humbly resign myself to his disposal. Therefore, 'into thine hand I commit my spirit, thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.' O fit me for thyself, and when thou pleasest, receive me to thy glory! Blessed be God, death doth not now appear terrible to me; but how it would appear, in its nearest approaches, I cannot say: oh! that its sting were taken away, as I hope it is, that it may be safe, though it should not be comfortable. Oh! that these awful dispensations may be sanctified to all concerned, to stir us up to 'prepare to meet our God,' and better to improve our religious privileges, which are so distinguishing. Thrice happy they who are safe arrived above, far from this world of care and strife, this abode of sin and sorrow, and who are ever 'present with the Lord!' Happy they too, who are sincerely the Lord's; and, who though sojourning in this vale of tears, have a clear title to a mansion in the New Jerusalem, and are daily preparing for those joys and glories that are to be revealed!

Sickness and Death improved.

June 28, 1727.—On my return home yesterday from an evening walk, in which my heart had been warmed with meditation, I visited a neighbour, whom I found wrestling with death, and very delirious. I prayed with his friends. This morning I went again, and was much affected, to see so vain a man standing on the very edge of life, soon to leap into an unknown eternity, for which I fear he was too little prepared. He died about noon. In retirement, I set myself to meditate on death, which again prevails amongst us; and I ruminated on an excellent sermon, preached by my brother Pearsall, yesterday, on the importance of having an interest in Christ, from the words—'My beloved is mine.' My affections were stirred, and gracious discoveries my heavenly Father was pleased to make of his love to my soul.

Examination as to preparation for Heaven.

Lord's-day, July 27, 1729.—If I were presumptive heir to some considerable estate, even though my title to it were very disputable, I should spare no means in my power to make it clear; I should 'accomplish a diligent search;' I should be contriving ways and means to get as certain a knowledge of it as possible; and as far as I apprehend consistent with justice, I should stick at nothing to make it sure: and doth not the kingdom of heaven deserve as much labour and diligence as an earthly possession? Inquire then, O my soul, into thy qualifications for the heavenly felicity and glory, and consequently thy title to it.—*Do I hate sin?* Heaven is a state of holiness as well as happiness, and 'there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, or that worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie.' The God with whom I have to do, is a holy, sin-hating God, and requires that his people 'be holy as he is holy.' An interest in Christ is utterly inconsistent with a love to sin, for 'Christ is not the minister of sin. Do *I* then, hate sin? Thus far I am sure—I hate sin in others! I hate profane-swearing, sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, uncleanness, theft, and murder: I hate their lying and dissimulation, perfidy, and ingratitude. But, do I hate my own sins? I hope I can truly say, as to myself, I hate uncleanness of every kind, and in every degree: I hate lying, cheating, over-reaching of others, even where I could do it unknown to all men: I hate profaneness of every kind, even profane wit: I hate hypocrisy, and I hope I hate worldly-mindedness. Yea, I hope, too, I hate pride, even in myself; it is what I watch, and strive, and pray against. I see the beauty of humility; the excellency of a spiritual frame of soul, and a holy, heavenly conversation. I hope, I love God so much, that I hate every thing that is derogatory to his honour. I hope, I hate every thing that

unfits me for the service of God, or for the duties of my calling. I can generally deny myself things, however pleasant or agreeable to my palate, or carnal desires, or views of any kind, so far as I find the gratification and pursuit thereof would interfere with my temporal and spiritual interests, or obstruct my usefulness. I cannot but hope, on the closest examination of my heart, that I do indeed hate sin. Do I love God above all, and the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity? Can I answer, if the question were put to me by the Searcher of hearts—Joseph Williams, 'lovest thou me,' more than all? Can I appeal to Omniscience itself—'Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee.' I have often found by unquestionable experience, that I do in my judgment approve of the enjoyment of God, of his favour, and the light of his countenance, and prefer them before any pleasure whatsoever, though in the absence of every creature-comfort, even in poverty and want, and under a load of scorn or contempt: that in my judgment I do approve of a life of communion with God in the most abject outward circumstances, better than a series of the highest prosperity, better than the abundance of riches and honour, without his special love and favour. Sure I am, if I can be sure of any thing, that I have often tasted more exquisite delight in meditation and prayer, have drawn more solid satisfaction from a sense of divine love, and a good hope of an interest in Christ, than ever I felt in any other joy whatsoever. Yea, in the most prosperous circumstances I have ever been favoured with, my best comforts have been derived from the hopes of the full enjoyment of the divine presence. Why then, O my soul, am I so seldom, and so cold, in meditation and prayer? Can this consist with a superlative love to God and Christ? 'Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.' If the favour of God be above all things dear to me, why am I so cold a suitor at the throne of grace?

Why no more on my knees in my closet? Why do I employ so little time in devout meditation? If, indeed, I love Him above all, why does it not appear by loving to converse with him? Why do I not love his people more, and delight more in their society and converse? Why do I not show greater zeal in promoting his cause and interest? O my soul, lovest thou the Lord Christ?—Do I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ? Do I believe in him to the saving of my soul? Is mine an evangelical faith? I hope I can truly say—I approve the method of salvation by faith in Christ. I heartily approve the terms of the new covenant, so far as I understand them. I am heartily willing that God should have all the glory of my redemption by Christ; of my conversion; of all my best services; of my highest hopes and comforts. I am willing to lay myself in the dust, in a sense of my utter unworthiness. I see and own the unprofitableness and inefficacy of all my best duties, my watchfulness, self-denial, humiliation, and sorrow for sin; of all my obedience and charity; of all my prayers and praises, to merit divine acceptance, and to release me from that obligation to punishment sin hath laid me under, much more to justify me before God, and entitle me to the great and glorious rewards proposed and promised in his gospel. 'Counting' all my own righteousness 'but dung and dross,' I am willing to reach forth an empty hand, that I may receive a sealed pardon, and be 'counted righteous through faith,' and be 'accepted in the Beloved.' I would give up my wife, my children, liberty, trade, and worldly profits, pleasures, honours, yea, even life itself, whenever any or all of them may stand in competition with Christ, or with my duty to him. I would devote myself, my all entirely to his service and honour; and commit my soul, with all my most valuable and important interests, to his care and keeping. To him alone I desire and design to yield up my departing spirit,

whenever he shall please to call me hence: but, alas! where are the lively actings of my faith on Christ, and his all-sufficient sacrifice? A spirit of sloth and slumber is fallen upon me. The cares of this world retard the lively motions of my soul. O thou God of the spirits of all flesh, send down quickening influences from above, that I may 'stir up' my soul to 'lay hold on thee!'

Joy and Peace in Believing.

Saturday, June 19, 1731.—I desire to bless God, that I have been enabled by his grace, for a long time, and particularly of late, 'to walk humbly,' and closely with him, and have had large experience of the assistance of his Spirit in duty, humbling me deeply under a sense of my weakness and instability, strengthening my faith in Christ, and drawing out my soul in earnest desires after him, and after more abundant supplies of his Spirit and grace. Having now for many years enjoyed, with little interruption, a settled, prevailing, and comfortable hope of an interest in Christ, and in all the blessings and benefits of his purchase, I received, this morning, a refreshing token of my heavenly Father's everlasting and unchangeable love, a renewed evidence of his special favour, and of my title to the 'glory that is to be revealed.' I was enabled to exercise an appropriating faith in the promises, and to be persuaded, that, as sure as the word of God is true, the blessed 'rest' of the saints 'remains' for me. I was enabled to answer in the affirmative,—humbly appealing, even to Omniscience itself,—to all the queries, or marks of trial, proposed by Mr. Baxter, in his 'Saints' Rest:' but how can my ungrateful soul be so little affected with this, and so much straitened in the high praises of my gracious God, who hath done so great things for me! 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.'

On keeping himself from his Iniquity.

Lord's-day, October 22, 1732.—Now, O my soul, after hearing an excellent discourse on the Psalmist's declaration—' I have kept myself from mine iniquity,' consider and inquire—What is thy beloved, thy favourite, thy own iniquity? Is it the lust of uncleanness? Surely not! I cannot but hope, that, many years ago, when at first I was under awakening convictions, lust then received its deadly wound. Is it covetousness, or love of the world? I cannot but hope too, through the grace and good providence of God, these iniquities are in a good measure subdued. Is it malice or envy? As to the former, I am not conscious of having ever indulged it against any person in the world: neither am I conscious that the latter is allowed or prevalent; though, I fear, some risings of it sometimes shew themselves, which, I humbly hope, I utterly disallow, and sincerely strive against. But, is it not pride? Verily, I have reason to think this is 'the sin which does so easily beset me!' Well then, O my soul, is it not necessary for me to set a diligent watch over this favourite sin? And may it not be useful to consider the several ways by which this sin exerts itself, that I may the better guard against it?—I think pride discovers itself very much in angry resentments; chiefly against my servants, for injuries, slights, or neglects, whether real or apprehended. Anger seldom rises in me against my children, but too often towards my servants. How easily is my spirit ruffled by the awkwardness of servants, and by their doing business unfaithfully or negligently! though, I hope, not so often, nor so easily, nor to such intemperate degrees, as formerly: but, O my soul, let me not be partial to myself, nor in the least connive at rash anger. I was helped, last year, by reading 'Sibbs' Soul's Conflict.' My spirit was so tamed, my

haughtiness so reproved and brought down, and I gained such a command over my humours and passions, for many weeks, that I was then convinced, it is possible for me to keep this choleric spirit of mine always under a due regulation and a religious restraint. I may preserve and maintain a calm, quiet, meek spirit amidst whatever provocations; but not without the constant exercise of great watchfulness, solemn meditation, and fervent prayer; and here I record this testimony against myself, if ever unbridled passions should transport me into any indecencies hereafter, that it is for want of a due exercise of one or more of these important duties. Pride often discovers itself by vain ostentation. Alas! how much of this is found in me. Ostentation of learning amongst men of learning; ostentation of piety amongst pious men; ostentation of gifts in prayer; ostentation of being considerable in trade amongst tradesmen; ostentation of acquaintance with gentlemen; are the kinds and ways in which my pride is still too much unconquered. Oh! how weak and foolish is this! In how ridiculous a light doth this set me in the eyes of the judicious! How much more displeasing to a holy God, who requires me to 'be clothed with humility!' O my soul, guard against this vanity! 'Set a watch,' O Lord, 'before my mouth, keep the door of my lips.' Doth not pride often discover itself in my thoughts by an over-valuing opinion and conceit of myself, my attainments and excellencies, my worth and importance? Had I not some such workings of mind lately, when one elder than myself was called to serve in an office which I expected? Did I not think myself a better, a fitter man than he? Did I not then entertain fears lest I should not be called next? I endeavoured, indeed, to suppress such workings, and to satisfy myself that such and such were elder, and might justly be accounted worthy of precedency. Lord, help me to mortify all sinful ambition; and 'in honour to prefer others

before myself;' and never to be impatient of seeing others rising above me in any respect.

His inclination to the office of the Ministry.

Wednesday, November 28th, 1733.—My heart hath now been set nearly a twelvemonth, on my entering into the ministry. May it not be very seasonable, after just having reviewed the preceding article, to inquire—Whether *pride* hath not had a considerable influence in stirring up my desires after that holy office. Many of my neighbours and friends, I find, are forward enough to suspect that to be at the bottom: and have not I reason to suspect it myself?

I do indeed hope and believe, after many examinations of myself, and solemn appeals to Him that searcheth my heart, that my main, my principal end therein, is the glory of God. That compassion for precious perishing souls, and a concern and grief for the want, the apparent want thereof in many ministers, were the first springs and motives of those desires. But yet, had *pride* no influence in this matter? Do I not esteem more highly my gifts, and knowledge, and utterance, and zeal, than is meet? And have I not just reason to be more suspicious than I have been of them? O my soul, it highly behoves thee to be well assured that pride is not at the bottom; for if it be, I cannot expect the approbation, or blessing of God, on which success wholly depends. I am certain, at least *very* likely, to suffer considerable worldly loss on this account. I expose myself to a load of censure and reproach, and if withal I miss of the divine approbation, what work shall I make for bitter repentance! Do I not herein depend too much on my own skill, and too little on the divine strength, aid, and efficacy, without which I can do nothing? And may I not justly fear, that if I should be placed in some corner, among a handful of people, and have little success; have little agreeable conversation; and at the same time, meet

with but little respect, and be straitened in my worldly circumstances; I should grow weary of the work, and repent the change when it will be too late? I should now, therefore, well consider the grounds of my inclination to the work of the ministry: the reasons I have to hope that I may be more useful in that, than in my present sphere of action: the methods by which I expect and hope, by the blessing of God, to win souls for Christ: how I should bear the disappointment, if at first setting out, my labours should prove unprofitable, and I be slighted, both by ministers and people: whether my person as well as ministrations may not fall into contempt, after I may be set over a people as their minister, for having been a tradesman: and whether, after all, my labour and diligence in the work of the Church may not prove entirely fruitless!

The death of a Child.

Wednesday, June 4, 1735.—This morning my dear, my fondly-beloved Hannah took her flight.* I would now be found inquiring seriously, how I shall improve this severe dispensation of Providence, and what considerations may be of use to reconcile my mind to it.—As the creature and property of God, may he not do with my child what he will? I have no prevailing doubt that she is 'fallen asleep in Jesus.' I hope I have been upright and sincere in dedicating her to God. I hope I have been truly earnest and fervent in my prayers and supplications to God for her life, if it were agreeable to his blessed will; and that, if Infinite Wisdom had otherwise determined, she might be ready for her great change. If I have reason to hope, that, in my measure, I have been faithful in the discharge of my duty, surely I have no reason to distrust

* She was born July 26, 1731.

the goodness and faithfulness of God, and his readiness to shew mercy. When our Lord says—'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven,' I understand him to mean, both, that little children are capable of receiving benefit by Christ; and, that the submission, humility, and meekness usually found in little children—in opposition to the pride, self-conceit, and self-confidence too generally prevalent in adult persons—is the temper of the gospel, the temper of all its disciples, the temper susceptible of religious impressions, and the temper which the Holy Spirit forms in the heart, to constitute persons proper subjects of the Redeemer's kingdom. May I not from hence derive some hope concerning my dear child's eternal state? How submissive and obliging were her general temper and behaviour! How dutiful to her parents! How ready to comply with the will and inclinations of her sisters! How studious to please! How tender of sinning! What indignation has she often discovered when her school-fellows have uttered profane words! What a measure of the fear of God, and even of trust in him, did she discover, when, at three years old, in a storm of thunder and lightning, she once and again, of her own accord, had recourse to prayer! Can I doubt of the grace of God in her, or that she reaps no advantage from a Redeemer? 'Shall we receive good at the hands of the Lord, and shall we not also receive evil?' He hath not 'written us childless.' 'Thou, Lord, hast punished us less than our iniquities deserve.'

Devout Retirement from the World.

Saturday Evening, July 30, 1737.—Retire now, O my soul, from a noisy, busy world, a world of various employments and manifold temptations, to converse a little with thyself. How dear, O my soul, should thy

interests be to me; how much more so, than the interests of my body! I have done something these two or three last weeks, which I have reason to believe will conduce much to my worldly advantage, and how much am I pleased with the thought! I have heard this week something, which will probably be very prejudicial to my worldly interests, and how many contrivances have I had to prevent the evils apprehended! Now, is not my soul's prosperity or adversity of greater moment to me? I shall be judged one day by Him 'who trieth the reins and hearts, who will render to every man according to his works,' and can I be unconcerned how I shall pass the solemn test? Am I not conscious of many defects in the government of my passions, in the temper of my heart, and in my behaviour both towards God and man? How then, shall I stand to have my whole life impartially sifted, examined, and laid open? I flee to the blood of atonement, and humbly seek shelter and refuge from devouring wrath, in the bosom of my all-sufficient Saviour. I know, 'He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God through him:' I know that his compassion is equal to his power, 'for he will not break the bruised reed.' Yet, I cannot but fear, lest in the day of trial my faith should fail. Sometimes I have had such a lively sense and convincing evidence of his power, goodness, and faithfulness, as also of my interest in him, that I have thought I could have sung with as much cheerfulness as good old Simeon—'Now let thy servant depart in peace.' Soon have I been convinced, that my strength and courage rise or fall in proportion to divine aids; that 'it is God who strengthens me with might by his Spirit in the inner man;' and that 'without Christ I can do nothing.' Rest thyself, therefore, O my soul, at all times, upon his grace, 'who is able to keep thee from falling, and to preserve thee blameless unto his heavenly kingdom.'

Growth in Grace.

Lord's-day, September 18, 1737.—'But grow in grace,' was the subject of this day's discourse. And now, O my soul, what are thy reflections? Certainly I have felt the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit in numberless instances. I think also, I have been made sensible of my corruptions, my sinfulness and misery, and been often humbled as in the dust. I have been convinced of my need of Christ, and somewhat I have seen of his excellency: and cannot but hope, that I have been made willing to embrace him, and that I have embraced him on his own terms. Oh! that I were made to see more of the worth of Christ, more to admire him, to love him more, and to be more zealous for his interest and glory. I certainly do esteem God as my chief good; my highest expectation of happiness is from him, and from his benignity who is the fountain of goodness, the spring of everlasting consolation. 'I have none in heaven but God, nor any thing on earth that I desire' or love, 'in comparison of him.' Some tastes I have had of his love, and of those comforts, those 'rivers of pleasure which are at his right hand,' the sweetness of which infinitely transcend the choicest delights I ever tasted in mortal things. Surely, therefore, I have chosen him, yes, I cannot but choose him, for 'my portion,' my everlasting All. I have been intrusted with so much of this world's goods, as to prove what riches, honours, and the pleasures of sense can do for me, and have found them all empty, delusive, and unsatisfying. On the other hand, that little I have experienced of his love assures me that he is an unfathomable ocean of excellency: yet though I have not done all that I might to cherish and cultivate his love, surely, I prize it above my very life, and dread his displeasure worse than death. Consequently, sin, as sin, is

the object of my abhorrence. I loathe and strive against what was my darling lust, though, alas! too faintly. Is not this 'body of sin' my heavy burden? I can appeal to my inmost conscience, as Mr. Baxter does; yea, to God himself:—

"Would I long bear my heavy load,
And keep my sorrows long?
Would I long sin against my God,
And all his mercies wrong?"

Is not my judgment, my practical judgment, more firmly determined for God! Speak, conscience! Is it not 'all my salvation, and all my desire,' to stand high in his favour, be conformed to his likeness, be made partaker of his holiness, and happy in his everlasting embraces? Are not my affections more disengaged than formerly, from riches, pleasures, and the honour that cometh from men; though, alas! I feel too much the stirrings of pride, and need more mortification and self-denial? My affections cling to my wife and children, I think, more sensibly and closely than to any thing else below the skies; but yet I am convinced, should the great Sovereign strike all my comforts dead, one smile of his were a sufficient cordial, even under such an overwhelming trial. As to the duties of religion becoming more easy and pleasant, what shall I say? Here my assurance staggers. I have cause enough to lament with holy Job—'O that it were with me as in months' or years 'past!' How short, alas! how seldom, how broken are my secret devotions! What reason have I to weep over, and be ashamed of my secret prayers! 'Lord, quicken thou me, and I will call upon thy name!' On the whole, what thanks, what adoration, what love do I owe to 'the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy hath begotten me again to a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead!'

Family Afflictions.

Saturday, September 24, 1737.—The case of my maid-servant (in the small-pox) was thought to be desperate; but God hath dealt graciously in her recovery. She is snatched from the very jaws of death. Blessed be her kind Deliverer! May her future life be spent to good purpose! May I be more faithful in admonishing and instructing her in 'the things that belong to her peace!' One daughter was very ill of the same distemper, but another is likely to be much worse. No sooner is one trial past, but another, a sorer trial, comes on: 'The clouds return after the rain.' Such a burden, we cannot but fear, will overwhelm her tender frame, quench the lamp of life, and bring her down to the dust.

What if this should be the mournful issue? How wilt thou comport, my soul, with such a dispensation? Wilt thou quarrel with the great Disposer, find fault with his dealings, or submit with reluctance? No, that be far from me: 'Let the pot-sherds strive with the pot-sherds of the earth; but woe be unto him that striveth with his Maker.' Are we not in his hands 'as clay in the hands of the potter,' which he may crush or break at his pleasure? 'Surely it is meet to be said unto God, I have borne chastisement, I will not offend any more.' This very dear child is a treasure committed to my care, a loan sent unto me by the great Lord of all, for which I am accountable to him, and may he not call in his own when he pleaseth? Is it not a matter of much duty, much care and labour, much watchfulness and diligence, to bring up a child for God? And should I grudge, should I complain, if God see good to release me so soon from such an important trust? O my soul, hast thou been faithful in devoting it by baptism, faithful in praying for it, and in forming it to obedience and virtue, so far as its capacity will admit? Then take the comfort of it.

'Thy work is with the Lord, and thy reward with thy God.' Or, hast thou been remiss and negligent? Then, be humbled for past neglects, and diligently improve the hours and days that remain, not only in praying for her life, but in devoting her afresh to God in Christ, begging that she may be interested in all the blessings of the everlasting covenant, and cheerfully resigning her to the divine disposal, whether in life or death.

Saturday, October 1, 1737.—This has been a week of much trial and exercise of my faith and patience. To see a beloved child blinded, and covered over with a loathsome disease, wrestling with death, ourselves helpless and impotent, our bowels yearning over her, but not capable of helping her to an easy respiration: in this distress, to eye steadfastly the hand of God, to justify him, to maintain high and honourable thoughts of him, to have all our expectations of relief from him—from his goodness and faithfulness—his power and all-sufficiency, when, 'flesh and heart faileth;' this is a great trial and exercise of faith. Many a time, this day, hath it been whispered (as it were) in mine ears—'Have faith in God.' Omnipotence can easily sustain her, and spread new life and vigour through every part, but if he choose not, sure I am, he doth all things well and wisely. Though he 'take from me the desire of mine eyes with a stroke,' still I will trust him, yea, love and praise him. I find afflictions good for me. I have ever found them so. They are happy means in the hand of the Holy Spirit, to mortify my corruptions, to subdue my pride, my passion, my inordinate love to the creature: they soften my hard heart, bring me on my knees, exercise and increase faith, love, humility, self-denial: they make me 'poor in spirit,' and nothing in my own eyes. Welcome the cross! welcome deep adversity! welcome stripping providences!

Lord's-day, October 9, 1737.—It is done. 'It is

finished.' Her days are numbered, and they are finished.* Do I 'sorrow as one that hath no hope?' Have I not reason to hope my child has fallen 'asleep in Jesus?' Have I not a prevailing hope of my own interest in the everlasting covenant? Have I not the testimony of my own conscience, that I have been faithful and sincere in devoting her to God in baptism, and many a time since? Have I not with lively actings of faith laid hold on the covenant for her, and recommended her to the mercy of a compassionate, all-sufficient Saviour? Have I not reason to believe, that she is received into the bosom of her dear Redeemer? The state of separate spirits is indeed far removed from our observation. It is but little that we know of the invisible world: but, surely, there is reason to hope, from what the word of God reveals, that my dear child is now a glorious, happy 'spirit made perfect,' and joined 'to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven.' Why then should I repine, or be dissatisfied, at her removal hence? If all lived to adult age, religious parents might be without trials peculiarly adapted to their patience, their faith, hope, love, and resignation. Many other reasons, no doubt, there are for this conduct of Providence: but it may well satisfy me, that 'what I know not now, I shall know hereafter.' For the present, 'I am sure the judgment of God is according to truth,' and that he doth all things well and wisely. Then welcome, the will of God! 'If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.' I shall go to them, but they shall not return to me.

The folly of immoderate Anger.

Lord's-day, October 23, 1737.—I am sorry to find the humbling sense of my late smarting affliction so

* This was Mary, his youngest child. When she was born, is not recorded but it must have been in, or after, 1732.

much and so quickly worn off. It grieves me to find my spirit so untamed, my pride so unmortified. I have been transported last week into several indecent sallies of passion, inconsistent with my profession and character, and contrary to many solemn resolves. Certainly, pride is at the bottom, unmortified pride. It is true, I was 'not angry without a cause.' This servant had been negligent, another spoiled his work, a third had been dishonest; but what then? Might I not have reproved these faults without passion? Is not a mild rebuke more likely to prevent such faults for the future? Or, if not, ought I not to have suffered a little loss patiently, rather than ruffle my temper, and disturb the peace of my soul? Does it not argue great weakness to make another man master of my temper, and subject my tranquillity to every little disappointment? Be ashamed of this, O my soul, and let me learn henceforward better to govern my own spirit. Oh! could I learn to think more meanly of myself, surely I should not treat with a haughty insolence, even my inferiors, though they do things contrary to my interest! What dishonour do I bring on the gospel of Christ, when I, who have taken upon me the Christian name, discover to the world unmortified passions; a spirit so unlike to the meek and lowly Jesus! Are not meekness and love, of the very spirit of the gospel? Is it not part of its distinguishing excellency, to break savage nature, and make it gentle; to civilize brutes and barbarians; to subdue unruly passions, and teach its votaries to 'bless them that curse; to bless and curse not?' Hath not my Saviour taught me—'to resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also?' Is not this to 'be perfect even as our Father which is in heaven is perfect?' How then, shall it appear that I am a disciple of Christ, if I suffer my resentment, my angry passions to arise, when no affront, no mischief, no disobedience were

designed me; but merely, perhaps, an act of inadvertency or carelessness? Or, how can I expect to be 'forgiven the thousand talents I owe' to my great Lord, if I 'cannot forgive' my 'servant a hundred pence,' or bridle my passion, when the damage done me, perhaps, doth not amount to a single penny? Again, consider, O my soul, when I discover angry resentments for a small neglect or mismanagement of a servant, is this 'doing to others, as I would that others should do to me?' Suppose I were in that servant's place, and had the same dependence on him for a livelihood, as he now hath upon me, which might have been the case, how would such a behaviour in him towards me sit upon my heart? What pain and uneasiness would it give me! How unreasonable should I think such a keen resentment, such an imperious tone, such an overbearing insolence, in my master or superior, when the fault was wholly negative; it may be, a mere omission! How tenderly should I expect or wish to be treated, were I in the place of those whom I treat so rudely! Why, then, should I give to others a pain, a disturbance, a vexation, which I myself should think altogether unreasonable? Be deeply humbled, O my soul, for past transgressions of this kind; and for the future, let me guard against the first rising of passion, or check it as soon as it begins to swell, and let me reach after the amiable 'ornament of humility, a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price.' So shall I learn to bear the cross incidents of life without the ruffle and disturbance of my own inward powers, the pain and terror of those about me, and without making others witnesses of my folly and weakness.

Endeavours to reclaim a Brother.

Lord's-day, December 4, 1737.—The providence of the Most High, which has kept me all my days,

brought me home last night in safety and health, from my northern circuit, in which I have been out a month. A little before I went from home, I heard a sermon, on the 'joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.' I was glad to see my brother John in his place, and attentive to the preacher, while he was very affectionately expostulating with sinners. I immediately determined to write to him, which I did as soon as I came home. I begged of him, once a-day, for a week at least, to retire, and seriously ask himself some questions I gave him, and then pour out the sentiments of his heart in fervent prayer to God. He took my letter so kindly, that he attempted to put the advice in practice; but when he kneeled down to pray, he was seized with horror, and could do little else but weep. He after fell to drinking again, and was out till two or three in the morning. The second or third morning he came home in great agony of mind, accusing and condemning himself freely to his wife, not without some expressions of despair. In this temper he came to me, and in an hour or two of private conversation declared his desire to leave off his sinful course, and suggested his great fear that he should not be able to overcome the strong habits of vice he had contracted. I endeavoured to comfort, as well as to counsel him. On the morrow I set out for the north, and after a week's absence, wrote to him many things with the same view.

A State of true Contentment.

Lord's-day, March 26, 1738.—My heavenly Father has not only blessed me with a competent portion of the good things of this life, but he has also blessed me with some comfortable measure of contentment with my lot. He has given me enough; and enabled me to think it enough, both for myself and family, although he should not be pleased to add any further

increase. Blessed be God, I can take a cheerful enjoyment of the comforts of life, and gratify the lawful and innocent demands of nature, without that fear of want, of which Solomon says—'This is vanity,' and 'it is an evil disease.' I can pursue my trade and worldly business, in a humble dependance on the divine conduct and blessing, without an anxious solicitude for success; and, through grace, can bear disappointments and losses with humble submission to divine disposal, without excruciating care and vexation. I cast myself, my family, my most important interests, my all, upon the Lord, with humble trust in his all-sufficiency and goodness, not only as able to sustain me, but who hath promised—'that all things shall work together for my good;' and, to 'preserve me to his heavenly kingdom.' Far be it from me to attribute the praise of this to myself. No. 'This is the gift of God.' It is not my own wisdom or goodness. 'It is the blessing of God that maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it.' I would thankfully ascribe 'to the praise of the glory of his grace,' and to the aids of his Holy Spirit, whatever good dispositions I find in myself, and would humbly consecrate all to his service: but, I would charge on myself the defects of my obedience, and the remains of envy and discontent, which are yet too much unmortified. I have not attained to that full contentment with my estate, which the commandment requires, and which I would be found reaching after. Fain would I be brought to think my present state, however inferior to others in riches and greatness, and whatever losses and disappointments I am at any time exercised with, to be best for me. In order to this, and as much as possible to perfect my contentment, I would—Consider the folly and mischief of *discontent*. It cannot mend my state, but will make it much worse. It is not a likely means of obtaining the blessing of God, but the way to bring his frowns, if not his

curse, on what I have. It will unfit me for the duties of religion, and for the proper business of my station in life, so far as it prevails. It will hinder my enjoyment of the comforts I have, and add bitterness to every affliction. It is, indeed, productive of envy, malice, hatred, injustice, and almost every kind of unrighteousness. On the other hand—Consider, O my soul, the many and great advantages of *contentment.* It is pleasing to God; it honours and glorifies him. It disposes us to a cheerful discharge of our duty in all circumstances. It gives us the best enjoyment in life. It will prevent many evils, and preserve from many temptations. It is a cure of covetousness, or an undue esteem of the world, and inordinate desire after it; as also, of pride, or too high thoughts of ourselves. It will sweeten every affliction; at least it will take off much of its bitterness, and help us to bear up under losses, reproaches, poverty, and disgrace, if we suffer as well-doers, with composure and serenity of mind. O my soul, labour more after this excellent temper, and check and mortify every rising, every motion of discontent.

Deliverance from Fire.

Saturday, July 15, 1738.—How good is it to trust in God, and to commit ourselves, our all, morning and evening, to his protection! This morning we have been favoured with a singular deliverance from danger by fire. Between three and four o'clock, our female servant dreamed that a neighbouring house was on fire, and that it was also quickly extinguished. By the agitation which the dream occasioned, she discomposed her bed-clothes, and became cold; on which, awaking, she raised herself to replace her covering, and by that means moved her shoes; their grating sound awoke my wife, (for we were in the room beneath,) who at first imagined the girl was rising; but

after revolving in her mind why she should rise so early, drew back the bed-curtain to enable her to judge of the hour, and immediately observed smoke in the room. My wife gently roused me, and asked what occasioned the smoke. I sprang from my bed, and hastily put on part of my dress, during which short time the smoke became much increased, but from its direction, I immediately guessed from whence it proceeded. Accordingly, running down the stairs I made to the parlour, and on opening the door saw, through thick smoke, a glowing fire, and round about it a circling flame. I ran to the pump for water, and threw part of the contents of a pail on the fire, by which I was compelled to retreat from the effects of the vapour and smoke. Hoping I had checked its power, I ran to calm my wife's fears, and to put on more clothing, which done, I as quickly returned and repeated the application of water till the fire was quite subdued. I found it had been occasioned by the snuff of a candle being improperly thrown into a box, that was filled with saw-dust, the snuffers not being at hand. The window-curtain nearest to the box was burnt all away from bottom to top; the floor was burnt through, the whole breadth of the box, and had been on flame around it; the groundsel of the room, a thick solid beam, was burnt to charcoal more than an inch deep, and about the length of ten inches; one of the oaken wainscot-pannels had been on flame and part of it consumed; yet the window-seat, which was deal and projected nearly two inches over the pannel, and the corner of the seat much discoloured by, and as I may say, roasted in the flame, had not caught it, which appears to every body very wonderful. It somewhat added to my confusion at the time, and now enhances the mercy of the deliverance, that for many years I had regularly insured, but had omitted it this year, partly through inadvertency, and partly through my brother Housman being taken ill when in London, last

February, whom I had desired to pay a year's insurance for me.

Consider now, O my soul, the greatness of this mercy, and take notice of the interposition of divine providence in working out this deliverance. Probably, if none of us had awoke before six o'clock, our usual hour ; or if we had lain unapprised of it but one hour longer, the fire penetrating through the board would have caused a circulation of the air, which would have accelerated the action of the fire, and, the whole room being wainscoted round, it would soon have become impossible to be subdued ; or, if we had escaped with our lives, it might have destroyed much of our substance, and spread desolation around us. Why was it, that the servant should have at such a juncture, a disquieting dream, and my wife be so easily disturbed? Were these things the effects of chance ? Surely, not ! So seasonable an alarm must have been under the direction of Him who is the Keeper of Israel, and who neither slumbereth nor sleepeth.

"He doth sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm." WATTS.

What shall I render to the Lord for this and all his other benefits ? My heart for some time overflowed with love and gratitude. Oh ! may the sensations excited by this deliverance never wear off. Who would be proud on account of riches ? How soon may they make themselves wings and fly away ? Who would withhold from God his due, either for the relief of the poor, or the support of his gospel? How easily, how convincingly can he shew us the vanity and absurdity of covetousness ! How safe and wise is it to trust in God, to wait on him, and have our expectation from him alone ! How thankful should I be to a delivering God, and how careful to walk worthy of his mercies !

Mercies and Thanks.

Lord's-day, August 26, 1739.—Twenty years I have now worn the conjugal yoke; and, blessed be God, it has been an easy yoke. A thousand family blessings I have received, since the weight of family cares hath rested on me. A thousand instances of protection in danger, direction in perplexity, relief under fears, and supply of wants, have there been, by providential interposition, for me and mine. I have found 'the ways of the Lord to be mercy and truth.' His 'goodness and mercy have followed me all my days.' He has not seen fit to give me abundance; but, blessed be his name! he has given me a sufficiency. He has not lifted me up above a dependance on his care, nor ever left me destitute of a supply. In straits, a way of enlargement has always been opened to me, and not seldom by means unthought of, and from a quarter the most unlikely. I have always found, and still find, it is good for me to 'trust in the Lord with all my heart; and lean not unto my own understanding;' but 'in all my ways to acknowledge him.' My mistakes and difficulties are many, which my folly and rash inadvertency have plunged me into; but 'out of them all the Lord delivered me.' That God who hath delivered, and doth deliver, will still deliver me, if I trust in him. I have been exercised with many afflictions in these last twenty years; particularly by the death of five children, all dear to me, especially the two last. The rending off such branches, gave my heart sensations the most painful. Blessed be God! who enabled me quickly, and I hope entirely to submit, without a murmuring word or repining thought;—because it was his will—because it was his hand. Many losses in trade I have also sustained, but they were quickly made up to my great advantage. Trials of bodily pain I have also had, but these have been light and few, in comparison

with my deserts. I expect greater trials than any I have yet encountered. Blessed be God! the prospect of passing 'through the valley of the shadow of death' is not now terrible. 'I know whom I have believed,' and have at present 'a good hope through grace,' that 'he will keep what I have committed to him;' yea, that 'he is my God for ever and ever, and will be my guide even unto death.' Though I am weak, impotent, fickle, and unstable in myself; though in myself I have nothing to rely on to bear up my sinking spirits in the awful hour, or to recommend me to the mercy and approbation of my Judge in the decisive day; yet 'in the Lord have I righteousness and strength.' Therefore, I will 'trust in the Lord for ever;' yea, I will rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.' Blessed be God! I have, in innumerable instances, felt his drawing power, and experienced a concurrence of my will and affections. There is nothing, I think I more ardently desire, than to have all the powers of my soul brought to an entire compliance with his will in all things, that God may be glorified, and 'Christ may be magnified in me both in life and in death.' I am, I trust, made willing to be abased, if God may thereby be exalted. I can freely acknowledge myself to be 'less than nothing,' and confess that 'in my best estate I am altogether vanity.' I am willing to bear the shame of my sinfulness, both original and actual, and give unto God the sole praise of whatsoever good his free grace hath wrought in me, or by me. My best services, as they proceed from me, I see are very imperfect and mixed with sin; but, through the intercession of Christ, they 'are a sweet odour, a sacrifice acceptable and well-pleasing unto God.' Though 'I know nothing by myself,' I have no sin that I either allow or persist in; none, but what I have, I trust, sincerely repented of and turned from; and make it my daily endeavour

to 'fulfil all righteousness, and to perfect holiness in the fear of God;' 'yet am I not hereby justified.' No; I am 'justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.' I found all my hopes of salvation in the full satisfaction he made to divine justice, by his active and passive obedience. As in our nature and stead 'he fulfilled all righteousness,' and bore the wrath and vengeance of the Almighty due to us for sin, and hath freely offered the glorious fruits of his purchase 'to as many as believe on him,' so I believe, that through my faith, which 'is the gift of God,' his righteousness shall be, and is imputed to me, as though I myself had perfectly fulfilled the law in my own person, and that I shall be saved 'from the wrath to come;' yea, that I have now a right to all the privileges of the sons of God; am, through adorable grace, 'an heir of God, and a joint heir with Jesus Christ;' and that 'when Christ, who is my life, shall appear, then shall I also appear with him in glory.'

His efforts for the Poor.

Saturday, March 21, 1741.—How wonderfully have I been provided for these last six months! Many kind and remarkable interpositions have I experienced! I have kept on a large trade. The wants and cries of the poor have moved and prevailed with me to employ many more than my prospect of a demand for goods required, or the rules of common prudence would justify; so that I have lived in almost continual expectation of straits, and yet have been continually relieved, and often in a way quite unforeseen and unprojected by me. Still I have been enabled to believe and trust the all-sufficiency and faithfulness of my good God, who hath never failed,

but generally outdone my expectation. It has been a time of remarkable deadness of trade by reason of the scarcity and dearness of provisions, and yet my trade has been surprisingly large.

Meditation before the Lord's Supper.

Saturday Night, July 4, 1741.—O my soul, I have in view an opportunity of commemorating the death of my dear Lord Jesus; yea, I am invited to feast upon his body and blood. It is a feast of his own providing. He is the master of the feast, and he condescends to sup with his guests, that we may *sup with him.* He gives us himself, his righteousness and merits, the fruits of his perfect obedience and atoning sacrifice. He gives the pardon of sin, peace with God, justification, adoption, sanctification, assurance of his love, joy in the Holy Ghost, a growing conformity to himself, a growing hatred to sin, a growing love to God and holiness, mortification of our lusts, crucifixion to the world, victory over temptations and over death itself. These we receive in feeding on him by faith, and resting upon him.—*He sups with us.* We offer up to him our hearts in love and devout affections, in cheerful praise and self-dedication; grieving for our disobedience and ingratitude to him, and forgetfulness of him, and of his unspeakable love. We rejoice in his love, hope in his mercy, take a holy revenge on his murderers, and renew our resolutions to behave in a manner more worthy our relation and obligations to him. Communion presupposes union, and union agreement. Am I, then, united to Christ? Do I love what he loves, and hate what he hates? Are his friends my friends, and his enemies my enemies? He that is joined to the Lord is 'one spirit.' Have I the Spirit of Christ? Am I 'led by his Spirit?' Thus have

I communion with Christ! but, ah! what reason have I to ask myself, in Mr. Mason's mournful accents—

> "Where is my faith? Where is my hope?
> Where is my *fervent* love?"

Alas! it is with me 'a day of small things.' Yet, I have great encouragement, strong and powerful motives, to stir up these heavenly graces. Many and great favours have I received. What is it, to be freed in some good measure from the bondage of corruption, the power and dominion of sin; and, to have a readiness to will that which is good? Shall not 'he who hath begun the good work in me, perfect it unto the day of Jesus Christ?' What is it, to have 'a conscience void of offence?' And should not God alone have the praise of this? He found me running astray, and brought me back to his fold. He implanted in me a fear of displeasing, and a care to please him. Hitherto he hath 'kept' me 'by his mighty power.' What is it, to enjoy inward peace and serenity of mind; many comforts in hand, and a joyful hope of infinitely greater in reversion? Surely, I have great reason to be thankful, and to praise him for spiritual blessings: and how signal have his mercies been to me in temporal favours! How many and evident to me are the interpositions of his kind and bountiful providence! How distressing might my circumstances now have been! How large was his bounty, and how small my deserts! How many blessings hath God bestowed on me, which I never prayed for! I am grieved for my unthankfulness, but not enough. I might have had the blast of God upon my increase; and why has not this been the case? Oh! let me never forget to make this an offering of praise, and present it daily to my gracious God. Many have had their substance consumed by devouring flames; let me not forget his preventing goodness

and preserving care. What a mercy is it, to have suitable friends, and the desirable enjoyment of them! It is God, who makes them what they are to me. A loving wife and dutiful children are the blessings of God. What a mercy to have a sound mind in a sound body! Oh! that my life may be wholly filled up with obedience, love, and praise!

Self-Examination before the Lord's Supper.

Saturday Evening, December 5, 1741.—I have been called upon, this evening, to search and try myself, preparatory to the solemn feast I have in view —whether I be savingly converted, and brought sincerely into covenant with God; whether I conscientiously observe God 'in his goings in the sanctuary,' and in the world; and, whether I have been owned of God, so that he hath settled upon me, and secured to me, the inestimable blessings of his covenant. It is a vain thing to deceive myself in so important a concern. Speaking peace and safety to my own soul will not secure me from Almighty vengeance. It is, therefore, the greatest folly in the world to persuade myself, that my state is good and safe, if it be not so. The day is coming, yea, it may be at hand, when I shall be tried and examined in another manner by Him, 'before whose eyes hell and destruction' lie naked; 'how much more, then, the hearts of the children of men!' What will it benefit me, to draw a veil over my sins? If I indulge iniquity, I may 'be sure my sin will find me out.' Let me, therefore, set myself, as in the presence of God, to sift, and try, and judge my heart and ways. A long time I have entertained hopes, that my heart is right with God, though in many respects my obedience has been defective; but, am I not deceived?—Let

me examine those defects I am conscious of, and see whether they be 'the spots of God's children :'—

Undoubtedly, my master-sin is pride. This has formerly puffed me up with too high a conceit of myself, and made me think too meanly of others: it has made me impatient of contradiction: it has filled me with too keen a resentment of slights and injuries, sometimes with evil surmisings; and it has often broke out in ungoverned passion :—but, how is it with me now with respect to these things? What can I answer to my sovereign Judge, if I were now unclothed, and standing at his bar, and interrogated concerning the pride of my heart and life? Can I appeal to him—'Lord, thou that knowest all things,' knowest that I hate pride, and that the workings and prevalence thereof, are the matter of my grief, and the burden of my soul. Can I say—Lord, thou knowest it is what I have in the sincerity of my soul, and with tears, often and earnestly begged at thy hands—that thou wouldst 'hide pride from me,' that I may be 'poor in spirit,' and mean in my own eyes; and this, from a humble sense of my original depravity and vileness, the treachery of my heart, together with my manifold backslidings and innumerable offences against thee. Is it not the unfeigned desire of my soul to be vile or base in my own eyes; and do I not reject with abhorrence the workings of pride, as soon as I discover them? 'Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.'

Christ in us, the hope of glory.

Saturday Night, March 20, 1742.—I have been meditating on that expression—'Christ in you, the hope of glory.' Surely, there is such a thing as Christ

being formed in the soul, without which all knowledge concerning him will avail nothing to salvation. There is such a thing as a union between Christ and every sincere believer.—There is a union of hearts. 'Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it.' 'To them that believe he is precious.' Believers evidence their love to Christ, by forsaking all other lovers; devoting and giving up themselves entirely to him; seeking and expecting their supreme happiness in communion with him, and enjoyment of his love.—There is, also, a union of interests. Christ delights in the joy and prosperity of his members. 'These things have I said unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.' They, also, delight to advance his glory and the prosperity of his kingdom. They rejoice, when his gospel is received, and souls are made willing to comply with the terms of his covenant. From union proceed reciprocal communications. He communicates to them grace and strength, life and fruitfulness; and they bring forth fruit to and for him. The pious breathings of their souls in prayers and praises, in ardent love and longing desires after him, are his delight. He imparts to them the quickening influences of his Spirit, for which they make a return in vigorous faith and holy obedience. He comforts them with the consolations of his Spirit, the savour of which ascends to him in holy joy; nor less in deep humiliation, from a sense of their unworthiness. They profess their weakness and insufficiency; and he gives them strength for duty, and succour in temptation. They confess and mourn before him their lusts, corruptions, and miscarriages, and he sends peace and pardon. They look to him as the dispenser of their afflictions and crosses; humbly submit to them, and patiently acquiesce in them, as coming from his hand, and as the demerit of their sins. Notwithstanding the interposition of these clouds, he reveals the constancy of his love, shews them his all-sufficiency for their

support, and appoints to them a gracious issue, and complete deliverance; even a 'far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'—Thus, their hope of future glory is derived from *union.* As they love and believe in him, they cannot but love and believe his gospel, which 'hath brought life and immortality to light' in clearer and brighter discoveries, than ever the church had before been blessed with. They contemplate, with wonder and delight, 'the heavenly inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.' They have 'a full assurance of faith' that there really 'remaineth a rest for the people of God.' Though it be requisite that they who are 'set for the defence of the gospel,' should produce other evidences of its divine original; yet, I suppose any experienced Christian, who is 'passed from death unto life,' and is united to Christ by faith and love, hath such an internal evidence of its divine mission, as is far more convincing and satisfactory to his mind, than all other evidences deduced from prophecies and facts compared together. The believer's union with Christ is farther productive of his 'hope of glory,' as Christ gives him in the gospel the plainest, fullest, and richest promises of eternal life. 'This is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.' Christ died to purchase this glory for us, and by his rising again from the dead he gave us a pledge of our resurrection to everlasting happiness. By his Spirit, which dwells in his people, he gives them an 'earnest of their inheritance, until the redemption of the purchased possession.' He is gone before 'to prepare mansions for them in his Father's house, and will come again and receive them unto himself, that where he is, there they may be also.' How great and manifold are the Christian's obligations to Christ! How miserable the state of such as 'are without Christ,' 'having no hope!' How happy the state of all that are united to Christ and interested

in him! Their hope of glory may well palliate all their cares; moderate their affections to things below; calm their passions; support them under pressing griefs; sweeten religious duties; give them 'boldness and access, with confidence, to the throne of grace;' soften a bed of languishing; and, fortify them against the fear of death. It is true, all that are united to Christ have not a comfortable hope of glory, but they have solid ground for hope. It is for want of more constant exercise of faith in Christ, that their hope is not more lively and joyful. How careful, then, should we be to cherish and cultivate this blessed hope! How careful should they be, who are diligent in the work of the Lord, and full of good fruits, to 'shew the same diligence, to the full assurance of hope unto the end.'

Narrow escape from Death.

Saturday Night, September 11, 1743.—I have lately had my hope tried, and it has been found 'an anchor of my soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil.' This day fortnight, by the fall of a frame of timber, my life was in jeopardy, so that I could not tell after my understanding and senses returned to me, whether my skull were fractured or not. Words cannot fully express what a noble, what a divine cordial it was to my throbbing heart, in that awful hour, when my life hung in suspense, that I had a prevailing hope, yea, a satisfying, joyful assurance, that death could not hurt me, that its sting was taken away, and my everlasting interest secured. Oh! how sweet and dear was an all-sufficient Saviour then to my soul! I had not, indeed, impatient longings of soul to be gone, nor such a ravishing sense of his love, as might make me 'desirous to depart, and to be with him,' though I know 'it is far better.' The sight of my wife and children, for whose comfort and welfare I felt then a more anxious care than for my own, and in whose countenances I

plainly beheld all the marks of most tender concern for me; together with some other considerations; made me, I think, more than willing, if it were the will of God, to abide longer in the flesh: but, I had such a firm faith in God's all-sufficiency to provide for them, and dispose of them in the best manner, that I had no anxiety of any kind; and so far as I remember, had a pleasing enjoyment of myself in an entire resignation to the divine will. My deliverance was great, and calls for great thankfulness. A wise, a righteous, a watchful, and gracious providence was displayed both in wounding and healing me. If 'a sparrow fall not to the ground without our heavenly Father,' much less does a rational being. If Job plundered by Sabeans and Chaldeans, could say—'The Lord hath taken away' certainly his hand was not less evident, when a frame of timber, which no mortal had touched an hour before, should fall on me, as soon as I came under it. Possibly I might have escaped, had I apprehended the danger near; but though I heard a crash, and an immediate outcry, I was utterly fearless, imagining the danger to be on the remote side, because the workmen were there. Spectators expected, that if my skull were not fractured, at least some of my limbs were broken: but, blessed be my kind Preserver, no pernicious effects ensued. How complete was the mercy! I might have been a burden to my family, a spectacle of pity and horror, dragging out a useless life in pain and misery—'He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways!' 'He keepeth all thy bones, not one of them is broken.' 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name!'

He associates in defence of his king and country.

Saturday, November 9, 1745.—Last Thursday night our accounts from the North wearing a threatening aspect, a proposal was made for raising an indepen-

dent company of volunteers in the service of our king and country; and, public notice thereof being given yesterday, an association was signed last night by thirty men, and to-day by twenty-five more, and four others offered themselves while I was finishing my letter to the Bishop of Worcester. We have therein engaged, in case our army should be defeated, or even in case our coasts should be invaded by a foreign enemy, in entire subjection to the martial laws, to join ourselves to any of the king's regiments of foot, and engage in any martial enterprise, till the said rebellion and invasion be entirely quelled.

I humbly trust that I have engaged in this association, not from slavish fear, or distrust of the divine goodness or faithfulness, but as a lawful means, necessary to be used in a time of danger, in entire dependance on the protection, direction, and blessing of Heaven: for, with what propriety can I pray for that to be done for me, which I have in my own power to do? How can I trust in God, without presumption, to deliver me from invading enemies, while I neglect to exert the powers he hath given me for my own deliverance? When in the way of earnest, incessant prayer, and dependance on God, I have taken the wisest precautions, and used my best endeavours for my own defence, and all proves inadequate, then I have a sufficient warrant to trust him, for that which is out of the power of man. His ways are infinitely above our ways, nor will he condescend to do what can be done by a creature. When our blessed Lord would raise dead Lazarus from the grave, he could as easily have commanded the stone, that lay upon it, to rise, as he could say—'Lazarus, come forth!' but the strength of man was equal to remove it, therefore, he said to them that stood by—'Take ye away the stone.' Again, he could easily by the word of his power have loosed the hands and feet of Lazarus from the grave-clothes, and his face from the napkin, but all this,

creatures could do: accordingly he said—'Loose him and let him go.' Frequently were the people of God, in Old Testament times, invaded by their enemies; but they were never delivered before they stood forward in their own defence, though oftentimes God interposed in their favour in a wonder-working way. We must 'trust in the Lord, and do good;' and 'commit our souls to him in well doing, as to a faithful Creator.*

Spiritual Instruction addressed to a daughter.

To his daughter Esther.

High-town, Birstall, February 12, 1746.

My dear Hetty,

When blood-thirsty Saul, spurred on by envy and rage, was hunting David as 'a partridge in the mountains;' and, when that gracious providence which still attended on David, had once and again betrayed the pursuer into his hands, so that he was in a capacity, at one time, to show 'Saul the skirt of his robe' which he had cut off, and at another time his 'spear and cruse' which he had taken from his head, in testimony of his innocency; Saul, covered with confusion, cried out—'Is this thy voice, my son David?' So, but from a different principle, and with another temper of mind, on reading the conclusion of your letter, I am ready to cry—Is this your voice, my dear Hetty? Has the blessed Jesus visited you with his grace, and made you to wonder at the freeness of it? Have you found it sweet to attend on him at the table† he has

* This association consisted of about a hundred members, accoutred chiefly at Mr. W.'s expence. The letter, conveying the approbation of government, through the medium of the Secretary at War, for this exemplary act of loyalty, was preserved by Mr. W.'s descendants to within a few years since.

† She became a communicant, December 1, 1745.

spread for you in this wilderness? Did you, indeed, lie at the foot of his cross, waiting for the droppings of his blood; the manifestations of his love? O my dear child! it is almost the greatest happiness I could wish for you on this side heaven. I had rather you were lying at the foot of the cross, than wedded to a prince, or sitting upon an earthly throne. As our king sensibly knew within this twelvemonth, earthly thrones are very precarious, and while peaceably possessed, are but poor unsatisfactory things: but, sure I am, they who now lie at the foot of the cross, shall ere long wear a crown, and receive a kingdom which cannot be moved. I am glad that you are sensible of your unprofitableness, and mis-improvement of the means you have enjoyed. Your humiliation under a sense thereof, is a good improvement of those advantages. Pride was the ruin of the devils, and at the bottom of the grand apostacy of man; the former are hardened beyond all possibility of relenting. Whatever humbles us tends to our recovery. True faith requires the greatest degree of humiliation. It is the most humbling thing in the world to trust to Christ alone for salvation: yea, to deny self entirely, to make no account of our self denial, of our prayers, repentance and faith;—to trust in none of these, and to renounce our most splendid duties by trusting in Christ alone, is not only the most humbling, but I may add, the hardest thing in the world. Oh! could we do more of this, we should have more of Christ. For want of this soul-humbling trust, many 'go about to establish their own righteousness,' and so do 'not submit themselves to the righteousness of God,' the righteousness of Christ who is God, even that by which alone God hath appointed to save them who believe. Humble yourself, therefore, in the sight of God, and spare not. Think as meanly of yourself, and of your duties and services as you can; but yet, do not think yoursel too mean for Christ's acceptance, while you can sa

that you long to have your hard heart softened by the blood of a dear Redeemer, and to have the Spirit of Christ apply the balm of the covenant to your wounded soul; or while you can say, that you desire to be satisfied with nothing short of a true and saving interest in Christ, and desire to love him above all. With such a temper of mind as the above, to think yourself too mean for Christ's accèptance, is not so much the effect of humility as of unbelief. It is, in fact, to depreciate the love of Christ, the preciousness of his blood, and the fulness of his merit, as if it extended only to the righteous, whereas it extends to the chief of sinners. As a sinner, therefore, and in no other capacity, venture to lay hold on Christ, and apply his blood to your soul for every saving purpose: for such the Saviour died. You fear that you do not see sin so hateful as you should; do not mourn enough over your depravity; and that you are too backward to, and too partial in, self-examination. You do well. Happy they who thus fear always. But if, therefore, you be afraid to go to Christ, and to trust his power and grace to supply what is lacking in your repentance, faith, love, &c. you do ill; you dishonour the Saviour, and wrong your own soul. Whatever you want, Christ is that to your soul; I say, to your soul in particular. He 'is all, and in all.' Go to him with every complaint, every want, and he will 'supply all your need.' Say—Lord, I am nothing, but thou art all things; I am not sufficient of myself to think any thing as of myself, but thou art all-sufficient! What need we to want for any thing while we can have recourse to such a fountain on every occasion; an open fountain, overflowing and ever-flowing? He is the 'pure river of water of life:' I am glad you have tasted of its streams. That living water he hath given you, shall be in you 'a well of water springing up into everlasting life.' Farewell, my dear, but doubt not that Christ is and will be infinitely a better friend to you, than is your affectionate parent,

J. W.

Counsel to the Desponding.

TO HIS DAUGHTER HANBURY.

Church-street, August 18, 1746.

My Dear Child,

In whom 'I travail,' and wrestle, and importune continually to see Christ Jesus 'formed,' and concerning whom I have more than once received a comfortable pledge, that 'the Lord hath heard the voice of my supplications;' oh! that you were filled with the love of Christ! No one that has not tasted, that has not drank deeply of his love, will believe or can imagine the freeness of that grace, with which he indulges those who cast themselves entirely, absolutely, into the fulness of his all-sufficiency; and who, quitting all self-confidence, and all despondency arising from a sense of their past ingratitude, inconstancy, and unprofitableness, venture to plunge into that immense ocean, relying fearlessly upon his truth and faithfulness. You are distressing yourself with fears and jealousies that you are not in Christ; that your repentance and faith are not sincere; and, therefore, that you have no right to approach his table to partake of the memorials of his death—the pledges of his everlasting love; the seal of the new covenant in his blood. It is well: it is well, I say that you have such fears. A thousand times better so, than if you had no fear, no concern about these things: but, would it not be better still to triumph over those fears, and to have a well-grounded hope? "This," you will say, "is the very thing I want! how shall I attain to it?" Not by dwelling upon the badness of your state; not by examining your past conduct, in order to discern whether you have been sincere in time past, or not; though these things are good, and useful in their places. Are you labouring, and heavily laden with sins, with fears, with unbelief? Does your soul desire rest? Has not Christ a bosom on which weary souls may repose? Has he not directed you to 'come' to him for 'rest;' and promised, himself, to give you rest if you will come to him? And can

everlasting Truth fail? Your soul is not at rest in Christ because you have not 'come' to him: you have seen somewhat of his beauty; felt somewhat of the attractive influence of his goodness and grace; and have thought—how happy you should be if you were interested in him, and could obtain an infallible evidence thereof: but all this is not coming to him; though I confess it is a useful and necessary preparative thereto.

Come then, at last, my dear child, 'come' to Christ Jesus, that friend of sinners, that compassionate lover of souls, and he will receive you with open arms. May I not say to you, as the people did to blind Bartimeus, 'Be of good comfort, rise; he calleth thee?' Are you still looking for something in yourself, some qualifications to recommend you to his mercy and love? There needs no other, he expects no other qualification than a sense of your need, and of his suitableness to 'supply all your need.' Let me illustrate this case by a similitude taken from yourself. I know you have the heart of a parent. Let me ask you now—'Can you 'forget' your 'sucking child?' Can you forget the son of your womb? What is it that recommends him to your love, a love mixed with the tenderest compassion? Is it any particular qualification in the child? Must it needs be in a healthful state, or else you cannot love it? Does not your sense of its weak, helpless state greatly recommend it to your compassionate and affectionate regard? And is it not just so in the present case? Has not Christ the heart of a father, and declared—'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out?' Whatever, then, be your present state, whatever your want, Christ is that to the coming, believing soul, and he will do for you 'exceeding abundantly above all that you can ask or think!' If I can make a little time in the evening, I intend to wait on you, and converse with you; if not, give me an opportunity to-morrow; for I assure you that the salvation of my children lies much upon my heart, nor can any thing afford greater joy to your truly affectionate father. J. W.

Comfort laid up for future trials.

TO HIS DAUGHTER HANBURY.

Chorley, February 17, 1747.

My dear Child,

It hath long been matter of my warmest desire and most earnest prayer, that all mine may be the Lord's: and now, 'I have no greater joy, than to see my children walking in the truth.' I have long entertained hopes of you and your sisters, that I have not in vain prayed and laboured, and, as it were, 'travailed in birth again, until Christ' be 'formed in you' Oh! that parents and children may be all ripening apace for God and glory. As for you, my dear, who are in a married state, let me remind you to be expecting 'trouble in the flesh.' The more you expect it, the better you will be prepared for it, and the more easily will it be borne, and prove the more advantageous to your best interests. You have been made to 'bear the yoke in your youth,' by afflictions in your own person, which 'for the present were not joyous, but grievous.' Expect a return of these. They will not come the sooner. Your children have been 'chastened sore,' though 'not given over unto death.' Expect to see them 'taken away with a stroke.' Realize to yourself such a trial. Your husband, to whom God hath given sound health, may leave you a widow, and your children fatherless.* Your father and mother may be gone too, or may be utterly incapable of comforting you. I suggest not these things to distress you, or to abate your present comforts. No; my desire and aim are, that you may have growing comfort; and that, in every stage and state of life. Therefore, take up your 'portion' in God. Fetch all your joys from your covenant-relation to God through Jesus Christ.

* Mr. Hanbury died in less than *seven* years after this.

God is a fountain that never fails, even when creature-cisterns are dried up. Look on your children as lent rather than given. Consider who is the Proprictor: and may he not 'do what he will with his own?' Be willing, then, since his glory is concerned in it, that he shall 'do with you,' with your husband, with your children 'what seemeth him good.' The more you depend on him for comfort, and draw your comforts from him, the more you will find that outward changes cannot deprive you of your 'joy.' David could fetch comfort from the covenant, when one of his sons had been guilty of incest, another of murder and rebellion, and a third, of treason. Habakkuk could 'rejoice in the Lord,' and 'joy in the God of his salvation,' when creature comforts were entirely 'cut off.' God is the same now as then. 'The Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary.' We are never duly prepared for trials, till we are willing to let go those enjoyments which God may call for, whether health, substance, children, husband, &c. Nor can we willingly quit this mortal life, till we are assured of immortality; nor part with present enjoyments, till we are assured of better in reversion. There is enough in a covenant God, enough in the love of Christ, to raise us superior to every changing scene of life; to keep us humble and heavenly-minded in prosperity; and to make us patient and cheerful in adversity. Jesus is a precious name. To be able to call him, *my* Jesus, '*my* Lord and *my* God,' *my* 'All in all,' is more than to have the whole treasures of the Indies. It is more than to have an army for our guard, or a legion of angels for our convoy. It is more than to have all the birds of music serenade us at our window every morning; and a band of musicians in most enchanting concert, to attend us all the day. Why may not all this treasure, strength, honour, pleasure, be yours? Jesus is a sea of love. As the sea spreads itself to receive all that from every coast shall venture

to launch forth, and finds room enough, and to spare, for every one; so does the blessed Jesus, with open arms, receive and embrace every soul, that with humble confidence rests upon his promise and all-sufficiency. To his blessing I commend you and all yours. May the grace of 'the Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit.' May 'the good-will of him that dwelt in the bush,' and the love of him that hung on the cross, be ever towards you. So prays your truly affectionate parent, J. W.

A review of God's dealings with him.

To the Rev. R. Pearsall.

Kidderminster, —— 1747.

My dear and much honoured Brother,

I think I do esteem it a greater honour to be a 'worker together,' with God, in bringing home precious souls, who are as sheep going astray, to their great Shepherd and Bishop, than to be the king's son-in-law. This is an honour the Lord has not altogether denied me. Though I cannot say—he has made me the instrument of converting *one* soul, I trust he has made my poor endeavours some way serviceable, in connection with more excellent labours, towards the conversion of seven young ones in my own family, within these few years. I have the joy to see all my children walking, I trust, in the truth; and to see 'servants,' which 'serve the Lord Christ.' But, alas! I have been a very unprofitable servant. Many talents have been put into my hands for improvement, and still more and more talents, and yet I have not a heart nor zeal to improve them as I ought. I am sensible many blame my too great forwardness, my too much zeal about the affairs of religion: but my own conscience tells me it is too little, and that I am too apt to hide my talent 'in a napkin.' O pray for me, that God would show me what he would have me to

do, and give me courage, resolution, and unwearied diligence to do it: and yet, to the praise of his rich, free, glorious grace, be it spoken, he is exceedingly kind and gracious, and ever indulgent to me. I may truly say, as you do—"I know none he has bestowed greater favours upon, and I know none that hath slighted them more than myself."

To look over the various scenes of his providence, and the methods of his grace, for forty years past, towards a poor, worthless, sinful worm, is quite amazing, and shows me to myself a monster of ingratitude. What a gay, giddy, unthinking creature was I! prone to all manner of vanity, and averse to every thing of a serious, religious nature; though I had a religious education, and had religious principles early and diligently instilled into me. But how rich and adorable was that grace, which saw me labouring to break asunder the bonds of education, and 'making provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof;' saw me and pitied me; and, sometimes by a threatening providence; sometimes by a seasonable word of counsel, caution, or reproof, from a pious parent or friend; sometimes by a rousing sermon: at other times, by the reasonings and reflections of my own mind, when solitary; and, once or twice, by a reproof from a play-fellow, much more wicked than myself, who would ask me—Whether my father (who was a remarkably grave and pious man) taught me this or that? which he either saw or heard in me—I say, by these, and a much greater variety of methods, the Lord often checked, controlled, restrained, my eager career in sin and vanity: and made me think seriously of my immortal interests and everlasting concerns. Well do I remember the times and places, when taking a solitary walk, almost forty years ago, and conversing with myself about present and future things, I had such an affecting sense given me of the emptiness and insufficiency of all created comforts,

and the vast importance of invisible realities, that it swallowed up all my thoughts, even all my soul; made me for the present quite dead to every thing here below; fixed my resolution, whatever became of me here, to make the immortal 'crown' the object of my main pursuit; and caused me one time under a rick, another time behind a buttress of the steeple, or under a bush, or in the corner of a hedge, to pour out my soul, with strong cries and floods of tears, to Him 'who seeth in secret,' that he would save me from the sins and follies of giddy youth, draw me to Christ, and give me an 'inheritance among them that are sanctified, through faith that is in Christ Jesus.' Well I remember the morning (it was a Lord's-day morning) some time after this, when awaking pretty early in summer time, and reflecting with bitterness on my inconstancy in religion, and the unevenness of my walk, it was strongly and suddenly impressed on my mind, to rise and put the grand, important concern out of doubt. Accordingly, I arose; 'my heart was hot within me:' all the while I was dressing, I resolved to be the Lord's; I bowed my knees before the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and made a solemn dedication of myself, soul and body, with all that I have and am, to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and begged his divine aid to confirm my resolution. I arose from my knees, made a new book, and wrote down, as the Lord was pleased to enable me, my solemn covenant with God, my renunciation of every sin and lust, the dedication of myself to his service, and resolution, through grace, to be the Lord's on his own terms. I then determined to call myself to an account every evening, how the several parts of the day had been spent, and the several duties of it performed, and to record what observations I made. Thenceforward, I was filled with such a reverential awe of the Divine Majesty, as in secret prayer swallowed up all my thoughts; so that I have hardly been conscious of

a wandering thought, while I have been praying a quarter of an hour or more. Thus did my gracious God and Father restrain and guide my giddy youth: and, whereas I felt but little, comparatively, of my absolute need of a Saviour, but trusted too much in my early piety, and the sensible and visible change in my heart and life, the goodness of my frame, &c. he took occasion by degrees, from my many falls and backslidings, to lead me to Christ, and to trust in him alone for salvation, and every thing preparatory to it.

My hopes and fears, after this, prevailed by turns for many years, though generally hope had the ascendancy. For, now and then, the Lord was pleased to lift up the light of his countenance upon me, and to give me peace and joy in believing: and one time, about the year 1718, this continued with little interruption, for the space of a month or more. One Lord's-day afternoon, April 23, 1721, after the second meeting, having been reading in a very searching book, 'A Treatise of the Affections' by Mr. Fenner, I was led to a close examination of myself. I was willing to be tried to the bottom; but the more I compared my heart and life with the rules laid down, and the more I drew conclusions, the more reason I saw to fear I was but an 'almost' Christian. I went on, nevertheless: at last my conscience convinced me that I was but a hypocrite! and I was filled with dreadful fears, that all I had done in religion had been in hypocrisy, and that all my comforts had been delusions of Satan. I had now been a communicant for thirteen years; and I concluded, if, after all, I had been a hypocrite, a hypocrite I should live and die. Oh! what a consternation did it put me into! 'my flesh trembled for fear of God, and I was afraid of his judgments.' Having occasion to come down stairs, walking through the kitchen, my dear and pious wife, when I returned, observing my countenance changed, followed me into the place of my retirement, and with pensive looks—

"My dear," she asked "what is the matter?" My heart was so swollen with grief and anxiety, I could not answer a word, but to beg of her to leave me to myself. She was not to be so put off, but, in the most endearing, yet pressing manner, urged me to tell her what was my grief? My heart was ready to burst. I would fain have been excused from publishing, even to her, my shame: but, when she would by no means be satisfied without knowing what had altered me so, I gave vent to my sorrow, and owned to her—I was afraid I was a hypocrite. She, poor heart! thereupon said all she could to comfort me; told me of many good marks of sincerity she had observed in me, and some even of late: but it was all nothing to me: 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness:' and, with a heavy heart, I went at five o'clock to the last meeting. Good Mr. Spilsbury, who has been in heaven these twenty years, used to expound some portion of Scripture in the evening. He knew not of my case, but the Lord had directed him to a passage, the most suitable of any in the whole book of God. He expounded the last verses of the 57th chap. of Isaiah. While he was reading the first verse—'For the iniquity of his covetousness, I was wroth, and smote him; I hid me, and was wroth; and he went on frowardly in the way of his heart:' oh! thought I, this is for me: this is my very case. He went on—'I have seen his ways, and will heal him; I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him, and to his mourners:' oh! then, thought I, there is help; there is yet hope. I ate up all his words as they fell from his lips. I perfectly hung upon his lips, through the whole of the sermon. He arraigned me, he condemned me, and then he pardoned me. I came home cheered; my spirit was greatly refreshed. I could say with Jeremiah—'Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart.' After this, I went on comfortably for a while,

though not without some mixture of fear. But in the year 1724, having been married then some years, and the Lord having blessed me with considerable increase from a small beginning, covetousness began to prevail. I was aware of it, and not wholly insensible of the danger; and yet, such was the sweetness of gain, that I observed my first and last thoughts were apt to run very much upon it.

In the spring of 1725, having accustomed myself to devote the first hour of every day to reading, meditation, and prayer; and being then upon Mr. Baxter's 'Saints' Everlasting Rest,' when I came to that part, where he gives particular directions in the work of self-examination—Now, thought I, will I 'give diligence to make my calling and election sure.' He advises us, in this important work, in order to discern the truth of our state God-ward, not to multiply marks, but to clear up these two points:—Have I, in my practical judgment, chosen God for 'my portion?' and then—Have I, in my practical judgment, chosen Christ for my Saviour? In this matter, I took abundance of pains from morning to morning; searching and sifting both my heart and life, and begging earnestly that God would 'search' and 'try me,' and discover me to myself; and this for several weeks. Still, my soul hung in doubt, sometimes hope, and sometimes fear prevailed; but hope had generally the ascendancy: and I am convinced more and more, that, though it be every Christian's duty, to 'give diligence to make his calling and election sure,' it is not in his own power to accomplish it. It is God alone can give us, 'in the behalf of Christ,' to 'believe;' as well as it is he alone can give us 'to suffer for his sake.' Well, when the Lord had convinced me I could not do it with all my diligence and labour, (for he will have us to labour for it,) he took the matter in hand himself, and did it for me presently in his own way. He brought me into the wilderness, and

there he spake comfortably unto me. He brought me into sudden and deep adversity; so that, whereas from beginning the world with a certain sum, in five or six years I had gained twice that sum, he, at one stroke, took away one-third from me, and, three months after, another. The stock I had to begin with, still remained with me; but I began to think, as in Job's case, all was gone! and, which was the most humbling trial of all, my character was severely censured, and my good name, though very unjustly, trampled in the dirt. I had now no refuge but the Rock of ages; I could appeal to him with humble confidence; I sought him more than ever; I redeemed time every evening for solemn meditation, to converse with God and my own soul. He did not fail to meet me. He, who joined himself to the travellers going to Emmaus, did not withhold his presence from a poor, suffering worm. It is pleasant still, at the distance of twenty-two years, to survey the private walks I then took in the twilight; and one particular hedge, under which I had many sweet tokens of his presence. By this time, my 'joy' was such as a 'stranger intermeddleth not with.' I had lost two-thirds of the little I had possessed; but I had found the 'pearl' of inestimable price. My heart was dead to the world, (and, blessed be his name, it has been so, in a great measure, ever since,) and I could no longer doubt whether God were 'my portion;' for I found enough in him to fill all my wishes, and satisfy all my desires. I found I could enjoy all in God, though I were stripped of all. Oh! how good, how kind was he to sinful dust and ashes! He might have justly withheld his presence; left me to struggle with my difficulties alone; and have abandoned me to contempt and despair: but, 'as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.' He 'gave me beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.' To this

day, I always reflect on that humbling season with pleasure and praise. Having cured me of covetousness, the next year he more than made up all my losses; and ever since he has given me prosperity enough, and has given me to enjoy him in all.

For ever blessed, and adored, and loved, be his Name, for what he has done for a worthless unprofitable servant, and is still doing. He has called me since that, to encounter greater trials; but he is always before-hand with the gifts of his bounty, and the tokens of his love; so that I could pretty well conjecture when any sharp trial was coming, by the sweet manifestations he first made of his love to my soul. 'O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together!' J. W.

Confirming Piety in a Daughter.

TO HIS DAUGHTER HANBURY.

My dear Child, Fordingbridge, May 2, 1747.

'I have no greater joy,' except rejoicing in Christ Jesus, 'than to see my children walking in the truth.' I hope you have all 'chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from you;' and, I sensibly find such a glorious hope hath contributed not a little, for many months, towards keeping me in high spirits. To see the partner of all my joys and cares, and all my children, travelling with me Sion-wards, and to look forward to the day, when we 'shall' all 'sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of our Father'—oh! it is the life of my life: it puts life into my prayers: it fills me with gratitude, when approaching the divine footstool: it 'is abundant, also, by many thanksgivings unto God:' it cheers many of my lonesome hours: it assures me that each of you will never want such a measure of earthly good, as is best and most conducive to your immortal interests, for 'all other things' shall be added unto you: and, it tends perfectly to obliterate

envy from my breast, for I think no man upon earth happier than myself. My dear child, it is, indeed, desirable to find our souls always upon the wing God-ward and heaven-ward, 'ready to every good work,' our faith always lively and strong, 'taking heaven by force,' and, in our wrestlings with God, saying—'I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.' It is highly desirable to have love to a dear Redeemer always flaming, and our affections to all created comforts duly regulated, so as to love him better, love opportunities of conversing with him, and prize his presence, and the tokens of his love, even above our necessary food. It is very desirable to find, that in-dwelling sin, the corruption of our nature, the workings of unbelief, our deadness in duty and backwardness to it, are our daily burden, under which we 'groan, being burdened.' It is good to renew daily and deeply, our repentings for actual sin, and to find a growing hatred to it, and watchfulness against it, and a holy jealousy over ourselves following us into all places, companies, aad employments. As a consequence of these things, it is desirable to have a joyful hope, that we are indeed 'passed from death unto life;' that 'God is our God for ever and ever,' and 'will never leave us, nor forsake us;' that 'the Spirit of God witnesseth with our spirit' to our being 'the children of God;' that we find heaven already begun in our souls,—even the dawnings of an eternal day; and, that 'the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts,' and the Sun of righteousness arisen' there, 'with healing in his wings.' These are true riches, solid pleasures, and substantial honours. In ourselves 'we are nothing,' and of ourselves 'can do nothing:' Christ is the fountain of life and grace, and the more we go to him, and to God in his name, the more abundantly shall we receive. Christ stands with blessings in his hands ready to bestow upon all that come; and the more and the oftener we come to him,

the more shall we have; for 'he giveth liberally, and upbraideth not.' He does not tell us, as we are too apt to tell our fellow-mortals—You were at my door yesterday, or very lately, and I relieved you; how can you have the face to come again so soon? No; 'his ways are not our ways.' He bids us 'pray without ceasing:' and if we prayed without ceasing, we should receive without ceasing. 'Why are the King's children so lean from day to day?' Is it not because they have, too little, and too seldom, recourse to the fountain? They who frequent the court, learn a genteel and courtly behaviour: have we a heavenly temper? If not, it is because 'our conversation is' not 'in heaven.' We never shall be lively Christians, till we live much with Christ. Nehemiah could 'pray to the God of heaven,' while he was waiting on an earthly prince. Cannot we pray more than we do, while walking, sitting, working, nursing, or conversing with fellow-mortals? Mr. Herbert, speaking of such ejaculations, tells the Lord—

"Thou canst no more not hear,
Than thou canst die."

He also represents the Saviour as saying—

"Sighs will convey any thing to me."

Were it not for our corruption, our pride, our selfishness, it would be thought no great matter to believe the word, 'the promise of God that cannot lie:' It would be as easy to believe God's word, as to credit the word of the best man upon earth. Do you start at that? I speak it to the shame of my own unbelief. Do you, indeed, as readily, as strongly and without a doubt, believe the promises of your heavenly Father, as you would a promise made by your earthly parent? and yet, does not your judgment readily consent, that there is an infinitely firmer foundation for believing the former than the latter? Why are we, then, so faithless? Go to Christ with this very complaint. 'They

that wait upon the Lord, shall renew their strength.' Christ 'saves his people from their sins,' as well as from the wages of sin.' Bear me much upon your heart, and believe me to be your tenderly affectionate father, J. W.

The World eclipsed by a Sight of Christ.

TO HIS DAUGHTER ESTHER.*

Kidderminster, June 7, 1747.

MY DEAR,

Had you been bred and lived till this day, on the side of a forest, or in a wide open common, where you had only seen a few scattered cottages; and had known no other employ than feeding a few domestic animals, or milking a cow; nor any other conversation than that of a few country lads and lasses; how would your eyes have been delighted, and your mind enchanted, with the sight of such a town as Kidderminster! But now you have seen London, St. Paul's, &c., how mean must your native place appear in your eyes, and how far must it be from exciting your wonder or admiration! Apply this to a soul, who by faith has seen Christ and heaven, and can call Jesus its beloved and its friend, and the joys of heaven its own. Time was when the great and gay things of this life, the treasures, the pomp, and the entertainments of this world, were the most tempting objects that soul could look upon; but now it looks upon the world, with all its riches and its gayest scenes, as a little, mean, despicable thing: and, if the world begin to flatter it again, by looking great and tempting in its eyes, it looks again to Jesus and his salvation; thus the world quickly loses all its splendour and allurement. Have you, my dear child, had such a sight of Jesus, and salvation through him? Have you seen his personal excellences, his almighty

* Then on a visit in London.

power to save? Have you seen the inconceivable treasures of his wisdom and knowledge; how well able he is to confound all the policies of hell, and defeat Satan's most subtle devices, when he contrives mischief against his redeemed ones? Have you seen his love and compassion; and, that his willingness is equal to his ability 'to save all that come unto God by him?' Have you read this in his incarnation? Have you traced it in his labours and travels; in his preachings, and pleadings with obstinate sinners all day long; and, in his midnight wrestlings with God upon the cold mountains? Have you heard and believed it, in his kind invitations and melting language?—'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters:' 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest:' 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' Have you seen it in his quiet submission to cruel sufferings and bitter reproaches; in his agonies in the garden, when the tortures of his soul drew from him 'strong cries and tears?' Have you seen his perfect righteousness and atoning blood to be a righteousness not wrought out for himself but you,—blood shed not for himself but you? Have you understood it as the language of his arms, when spread out naked on the cross, that he is ready to embrace every coming sinner? Have you heard this as the voice of every wound of his body, while expiring amidst his blood and groans —'Look unto me, and be ye saved?' Have you seen him procuring pardon of sin, and justification unto eternal life;—that he hath made satisfaction for the vilest of crimes, and the chief of sinners;—that he hath a human nature which could die, and an indwelling divinity which could put an infinite value upon his sufferings, and make it an all-sufficient atonement for all your sins and guilt;—that he hath fulfilled God's perfect law, which we never could fulfil, and borne the curse, which would have sunk us down

to endless misery; and all this, not for himself, but for us? Have you seen his righteousness to be such as shall never be abolished, though the heavens are melted down, and the pillars of the earth taken away; and, that he hath 'finished the transgression,' 'made an end of sin,' made 'reconciliation for iniquity,' and brought in 'everlasting righteousness?' Have you been fully convinced that 'all power is given unto him in heaven and in earth;' and, 'that he is able to keep what is committed unto him against that day?' Have you seen him to be 'the faithful witness,' who 'liveth and was dead,' and is 'alive for evermore, Amen; and hath the keys of hell and of death;' and, that 'whom he loves, he loves unto the end?' Have you also, from a sense of your sin and misery, your guilt and corruption, your inability to save yourself—with inward grief and sincere repentance—solemnly committed your soul into his hands for salvation, relying entirely upon his all-sufficiency and faithfulness? And, are you frequently, in every religious duty, and in the intervals of duty, looking up to him as the 'Lord your righteousness and strength?' If you have thus, and upon these accounts, committed yourself by prayer and humble dependance into the hands of Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour, sincerely and earnestly desirous of his salvation in all the parts of it—salvation from sin, as well as from hell—depend upon it, my dear child is a believer in Christ, and shall certainly be saved. Now, if this be your happy state and case, as I hope it is, what are all the great and gay things below the skies to you? How much more excellent and desirable do you see holiness, even in poverty and rags, than impiety and irreligion, though attended with the greatest pomp and grandeur! What a rich treasure are the 'promises,' as they 'are all yea and amen in Jesus Christ!' Nor do the threatenings wear a dreadful aspect, if you have seen Jesus with an eye of faith. Even the face of

God, which is dreadful to the guilty soul, you may look upon without dismay, since you have seen 'God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself.' Nor, need you be surprised with overwhelming fears of sorrows or sufferings, or even death itself, since Jesus 'hath abolished death,' and taken away its sting. Happy souls that are in such a case! How careful should such be of their way and walk, lest they wound their consciences by contracting fresh guilt, sully their evidences, and mar all their comforts. O 'flee youthful lusts, which war against the soul.' By no means neglect prayer, nor starve your soul for want of frequent recourse to the Fountain of all grace. 'Keep yourself in the love of God,' 'looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.' I commend you to him, 'who is able to keep' you; and am, dear child, your truly affectionate father, J. W.

Reiterated Endeavours to reclaim a Brother.

Wednesday, July 8, 1747.—Several times of late I have had some enlargement in prayer for my brother John, that he may be converted and saved. With this view, I wrote him a long letter last week, in which I put many searching questions, desiring him to apply them closely to his conscience. Yesterday morning, reading in Mr. Baxter's 'Call to the Unconverted,' and being struck with the pungency of his arguments, it was suggested to my thoughts—that I should try to engage my brother to come every evening, and hear me first read to him in that book, till I had read it through, and then conclude each evening with prayer. I immediately wrote him a short letter, which I began with telling him plainly, that I was more and more convinced he was yet in an unconverted state, that is, in an unpardoned state, and was going to hell as fast as the wheels of time could carry him; withal, signifying my firm persuasion that he might yet obtain mercy, and desiring him to come to

me in the evening. He did not come; therefore, this morning I sent a messenger, desiring him to come this evening. The messenger presently returned, and brought me a sealed letter. I was afraid to open it till I had poured out my soul to God for him, and had much enlargement given me in pleading for him, which greatly animated my hope that God will have mercy on him. When I opened the letter, I found it contained an excuse for not coming before, and a promise to come this evening. Accordingly, this evening he has been here, and finding him in a pliable disposition, I took him into a private chamber, and made the proposal to him, to which he readily agreed. I read several pages, and then he joined with me in prayer, in which I put in suit that promise—"' If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." The Lord was with us of a truth. I had great freedom, boldness, and confidence: he had sighs and groanings unutterable. We afterwards embraced and kissed each other with great affection. He complained of a hard, obdurate heart: but I hope sovereign grace will mollify it, notwithstanding all the efforts of Satan to the contrary. "I will now hear what God the Lord will say," and attend to what he will do. Oh! may we "never be weary of well-doing."

Obligations to Divine Grace.

TO THE REV. R. PEARSALL.

(On a journey,) August 15, 1747.

Dear Brother,

Blessed be God, who looked upon your distress, and commanded the bitter 'cup to pass from you.' 'For us to live,' may it be 'Christ!' Many 'talents' are put into your hands, and many into mine, of which we must render 'an account:' and 'the time is short.' Oh! how little do I attend to the main ends of life,

as one that knows and believes I shall shortly die. I often wonder at myself, how unaffected I am with the most surprising acts of grace. Fain would I have been a libertine in my giddy youth, and then sovereign grace prevented me. Fain would I have trod the downward road. Oh! what scenes of wickedness did I sometimes meditate! No doubt I should have carried them into practice, if opportunity and impudence had been in proportion to inclination. For ever adored be the grace of Christ, who redeemed me, not only from the guilt but also from the power of sin, and not only from the guilt and power, but likewise from the pollution. "Oh! what a Christ have I!" He 'bare' my 'sins in his own body on the tree.' I am 'complete in him;' so complete, that there is 'no more conscience of sins.' Oh! what a glorious privilege, to have 'our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience!' How inexcusable am I, if I do not 'love much,' for I verily believe 'much hath been forgiven' me! And, why this grace to me? Why am I not 'committing sin with greediness,' and 'filling up the measure of my iniquities?' Why am I not as vile as the vilest? At least, why am I not as vile as I would have been? I am sure that 'to will' a vain, sensual, flesh-pleasing life 'was present with me,' and prevalent over me; and many a time it grieved me, that I could not sin more impudently and without controul. Who changed the bias of my will, and turned the current of my affections? Who made me first dread, and then hate, the things I had dearly loved; and love the things I had loathed? Certainly, it was Almighty Grace; nothing else could have done it. The voice that called dead Lazarus out of his grave, caused me, when 'dead in trespasses and sins,' to hear his voice and live: but, why did he exert such power, and bestow such grace on me? Oh! infinite grace; boundless compassion! free, rich, unmerited, distinguishing love! And why doth he now, while I

am writing, 'shed abroad his love in my heart,' which, when I began to write, was as dull as a clod of earth! How many, who have lived more accurately and more usefully than I, are 'feeling after him, if haply they might find him!' Why is not this bewitching world a greater snare to me? A much less increase of its possessions ensnared my heart formerly. Why does not the abundance of it overwhelm my heart, and quench the coal of devotion? When I was not possessed of half so much, he gave me to think it enough; and since that, without much plodding or projecting of mine, hath marked out my path to riches, and caused them to come rolling in upon me, and more and more from year to year. Even now, though, alas! not without a corrupt mixture, he is making his gifts matter for praise, and incentives to love, and inclines me to 'make unto myself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.' 'This is the victory that overcometh the world,' its smiles as well as its frowns—'even our faith.' Blessed be his name, twenty-two years ago he enabled me to despise the *frowns*, when they appeared threatening enough; and now, adored be his grace, he shows me better things than the syren's enchanting *smiles*. O adorable Jesus, thou art 'all in all' to my soul! 'Let their money perish with them,' who esteem thousands and ten thousands of gold and silver worth one friendly look, one assuring word from thee. 'But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.' Never, sure, was such grace bestowed upon such a worthless, ungrateful, unprofitable worm! Let love with faith be the pulse, and praise the breath, of our souls: So shall we have 'peace from God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.' Faith and love will do wonders. Let us pray for one another. I am, wishing all grace to abound towards you, your's, indeed, J. W.

Rejoicing in a Friend's Early Piety.

To Miss Wilkinson.

Kidderminster, December 12, 1747.

Dear Miss,

I remember still that you were once my charge. Though I cannot say—'I have begotten you through the gospel,' yet the share an indulgent Providence allowed me therein, affords me many a delightful reflection. How transporting is the hope I have, that no less than seven young souls under my roof have been born in a spiritual sense, within the space of two or three years! It is the life of my life. I have, indeed, growing hopes, that every child of mine is a child of God, and every servant of mine (I mean domestic servants) is a servant of Christ, besides two other persons who were only sojourners* with me, 'and I do and will rejoice therein.' It is more to me, than all that outward prosperity with which it hath pleased my bountiful Lord to bless me. And are you, dear Miss, of that happy number? You will never be able to pay the mighty debt of gratitude and love you owe to Him, 'who hath saved you, and called you with a holy calling.' Do but consider what you were when he first began to 'draw you to himself with bands of love.' At that time 'you were dead in trespasses and sins,' 'without Christ,' 'having no' well-grounded 'hope, and without God in the world.' Could you change your own heart? Did every one who heard the same word, which was made effectual to your awakening, so 'hear the voice of the Son of God,' as to 'live' a new life? Why were *you* made to hear it? 'As many as' receive Christ, 'and believe on his name,' are 'born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.' 'Of his own will

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* Herself, and a Miss Birkett. See December 30, 1748.

begat he us by the word of truth ' 'Where is boasting then? It is excluded.' What praise is due to him, who 'hath quickened you together with Christ,' and 'saved you by grace!' Oh! the blessedness, to be rescued from eternal misery, to which we were doomed, and to be advanced to the dignity of children of God, and the heirs of an incorruptible crown! Imagine you have seen a condemned malefactor in his chains for execution, whose downcast looks excited pity in every beholder. Imagine again, that you saw this piteous spectacle released from prison, his fetters knocked off, stripped of his prison-garments, 'arrayed in vestures of scarlet and fine linen,' adorned with the royal 'ring, and a golden chain about his neck, made to ride in the second chariot,' as Joseph, or in the third, as Daniel, 'and made ruler over all the land;' then, you will have a faint idea of what sovereign grace hath, I trust, done for you. Does not all this engage you to a life of gratitude and self-denying obedience? For, as this was the price of blood, the blood of the king's son, how great are your obligations to the Ransomer of your soul! When I think of such love to my own soul, alas! how languid are my returns of love, how feeble my attempts of praise! Monstrous ingratitude!

"Were it not common, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so common, this is stranger still."—YOUNG.

My dear Madam, suffer no estrangement betwixt God and your soul. Be jealous of whatever may damp your love to, or enervate your faith in, Jesus. 'Pray without ceasing.' Let the clock be your monitor to ascend on high on wings of faith, and in flames of love, as the cock to Peter, when he 'went out and wept bitterly.' The sacred flame must be fanned, or it will be choked with ashes. Often warm your heart in pious conversation with experienced Christians. 'Watch and pray, that you enter not into temptation.'

Bear me upon your thoughts in your best moments. Assure yourself, that though you are far distant, you yet are frequently remembered by, dear Miss, your's, &c. J. W.

Charity envieth not.

CONCERNING A RIVAL IN TRADE.

January 20, 1748.—Be not at all dissatisfied, that Mr.——is before me, or that he obtained some orders I should have had, if I had been before him. The great Householder careth for all the families of the earth, and Mr.——hath a family to provide for as well as I. It is all for the best. It is as Providence, unerring Providence, hath appointed, who never mistakes the interests of his children. The Holy Spirit says—'Be careful for nothing:' 'I would have you without carefulness:' 'Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you:' let this be the governing temper of my mind. Leave it every day to the great and wise Disposer to deal out to me that measure of success in business he sees best for me. Be not only willing, but desirous he should choose for me. Receive disappointments, as well as prosperity, with thankfulness to Him who sees a mixture of both best for me. Labour to love Mr.——as myself, and enjoy his prosperity. Envy hurts none but the envious. Let not a thought of envy find place in my heart. God is doing his people good oftentimes, when they are ready to say, with good old Jacob—'All these things are against me.'

Wise Children make glad Parents.

TO MISS PHILIPPS.

Kidderminster, October 1, 1748.

Dear Cousin,

I commend you for taking up so pious, so self-denying a resolution. You see how desirous those are

to 'die the death of the righteous,' whenever they admit a thought of it, who will not live the life of the righteous; but their 'fleshly lusts' they will gratify, though they cannot but know they 'war against their souls.' Oh! how thankful should we be, if God hath inclined our hearts to mind the 'one thing needful, and to choose that good part which shall not be taken away from us!' How thankful, if we have been made to see our need of a Saviour, so as to 'hunger and thirst after' him, to 'eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of man,' and to be enabled to rejoice in him!—I lately had a letter from each of my dear children. The youngest, Sarah, who has not yet finished her fifteenth year, melted my very soul with expressions of her gratitude and duty, a sense of her privileges and obligations, and her ardent aspirations in favour of her parents. After magnifying her peculiar advantages, these are her expressions:—

"My gratitude to you, dear Sir, surely should warble in the sweetest strains, and sparkle with the most refined lustre: I am sure it warms my heart; indeed, if it did not, it might justly be numbered among the greatest absurdities in nature.—My dear Papa, I again return your most grateful thanks for your earnest concern for my soul's prosperity. Surely, it shall not all fall to the ground. God will reward you for all your tender care, and diligent watchfulness over your children's souls. I would desire to make it always my most earnest petition—that my dear parents may have blessings doubled and redoubled, returned to them again. When you come to us, may a celestial band be continually hovering over you, and screen you from all inconveniences and disasters. Winter begins to sound an alarm. The warbling songsters are growing still, and reserving their melody for the returning blooming season. The fragrant flowers close up their cheering aspect. The verdant meads and shady trees will soon wear winter's rough

attire. But, this is your constant happiness—to know that the bright world, to which you are hastening, cannot suffer a gloom amidst its most refined enjoyments; no withering autumn to veil its brightest scenes:—

" There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."—WATTS.

None but a parent knows the heart of a parent. Nevertheless you cannot be insensible, that to a fond father the contents of this letter must be very grateful. Blessed be God for all his consolations, through whatever mediums. Doubt not, dear cousin, of a blessing in store for you. Salute my much honoured aunt in my name, and accept this token of love and respect, and forget not to pray for your's, J. W.

Desire to do good to Souls.

Friday-night, December 30, 1748.—It hath long been my earnest desire and prayer—that the blessed God would make me instrumental in awaking and converting precious souls. For this purpose I took pains with many of my young friends thirty or forty years ago. He gave me a desire to 'travail' in spirit for every one of my children, particularly, when in baptism I solemnly devoted each of them to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and for those that are dead, that in their last sickness, their guilt and filth might be washed away in the blood of Christ; and more especially for the three which survive from the time they came severally to seventeen years of age. At sundry times my very heart hath been drawn out in earnest prayer for each of them; as also, for each of my domestic servants, that 'Christ' may 'be formed' in them. How far my poor prayers and endeavours have contributed to the working a saving change in them, as also in Miss Wilkinson and Miss Birkett, whose parents desired that they might for awhile be

under my roof, perhaps God only knows. However, I have the 'joy' of seeing, or hearing, that they all 'walk in the truth.' I have the joy of hoping and believing, I think on good grounds, that no less than *seven* young souls have been born to God in my family within these three or four years. May all the praise be ascribed to him 'who worketh all in all.' I am just now not without hopes, that the Lord hath made use of my poor endeavours to awaken one, if not two, who before seemed to lie fast asleep in sinful security.

Last October, at Bradford, Wilts, after transacting business with a dissenter in that town, among other things which fell from him in conversation, he let me know, that he had once in his life failed or broke. Presuming thence that he had paid his debts only by composition, I asked—whether he had ever paid the surplus, or that which was due to his creditors over and above the composition? He owned he had not. I therefore told him, with a degree of stern solemnity, that he must do it. I even asked him—How he would dare to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, his just debts not being paid, and he being able to pay the whole? Many more things I said to the same purpose, and in the most solemn manner; for he appears to be in affluent circumstances. The same person told me also, that he intended to ride out in the country next day. I inquired—what necessity there was for his travelling from home on the Lord's-day? Perceiving there was none, I laboured to dissuade him from his purpose, but could not find that my dissuasions availed any thing. I saw nothing of him at the two first meetings, but in the evening he came, and sat in the table-pew, where I also sat. He seemed to be greatly affected under the sermon. I was very glad to see how he melted under the word, and resolved to spend part of the evening with him. Accordingly, I went to his house, and spent about two hours with him in very free conversation and prayer.

I spared not to set his sins in order before him, and to shew him the necessity of repentance and faith in the blood of Christ in order that he might obtain acceptance with God. He wept sore, and freely owned to me many convictions he had had, and resolutions he had formed, which had all come to nothing: and that to that day he had lived in the neglect of prayer, but signified his conviction of the necessity of it, and his resolution, by the help of God, to begin, and constantly keep up prayer in his family. I prayed with them, had great enlargement, and he, by his groanings and tears, seemed to be much engaged. I took an opportunity of speaking to his wife, who seems to be a truly pious woman, and endeavoured to convince her of the necessity for his paying all his just debts, if he would make his peace with God by repentance and faith in the blood of Christ. She seemed to hearken to me. He accompanied me afterwards to my inn, and promised to act agreeably to the advice I had given him. Since that I wrote to him to the same purpose. May the Lord set my addresses home to his heart.

Before I entered on the same journey, a young man of Bristol desired leave to travel with me. I quickly found my companion had conversed with some Deists, and though he would not own it, had too much given in to their infidel notions. Many a dispute we had upon the road, while we travelled together almost a fortnight. Many times I had it in my mind to talk with him in the most searching manner. At last Providence gave me a most fit opportunity, at Lyndhurst, a night or two before we were to part. Many a struggle I had with myself, but at length all my foolish objections were silenced, and I conversed with him, about three hours, concerning 'the deep things of God.' Before I had done, he seemed to be convicted, and frankly owned his want of love to God and to our Lord Jesus Christ, and appeared to be

sensible he was no more than a nominal Christian. This gave me great encouragement, and I parted with him at Salisbury, with full intention to prosecute, by writing, what had been begun in conversation. When I returned home, I found a letter he had sent me a few days before, and it was no small disappointment to me to find it was about a small pecuniary affair, but not a word about the state or interest of his soul. His letter lay before me some weeks, before I found an inclination to answer it. At last I could forbear no longer. I wrote to him on the 17th of this month. He answered me on the 28th. But, oh! how was I transported with joy, to find that God had set home the searching queries and considerations I had sent him, to the awakening and deep conviction of his conscience! How honestly and nakedly does he lay before me the temper and unusual workings of his soul! He owns he hath no love to the duty of prayer; that he can omit it, and can go a whole day without any sensible concern. He laments the sad state he is in, and seems to be in good earnest in his applications to the 'throne of grace,' through a Redeemer, for deliverance from the body of sin and death. May the Lord carry on and 'perfect the good work he hath begun' in his soul!

Success in Praying with a Poor Man.

Friday, June 30, 1749.—I have been conversing with one of my workmen concerning the state of his soul, and find reason to hope he is awakened, and brought under a sense of his sinful, lost, undone state, and his absolute need of a Saviour. I asked him—how long he had been under a concern for his soul? I had the pleasure to hear him tell, that his deep concern for his soul began whilst I was praying with him and his wife, about three years ago, when they were distressed by affliction in their own persons and several

of their children: and that this was the expression in particular which was set home upon his conscience, and which, he says, he shall never forget;—"O thou who tookest, or foundest 'Manasseh among the thorns,' 'and when he was in affliction, he besought the Lord his God, and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers; and prayed unto him, and he was entreated of him.'" He could not but think his circumstances at that time might most fitly be compared to thorns, and the thorns pricked his conscience. I remember my heart was mightily drawn out in pity and compassion to them, and to him in particular, and likewise in very earnest desires after his conversion. Mr. Fawcett called on him soon after, and prevailed with him to set up family-prayer. Blessed be God, who hath in any measure 'heard the voice of my supplication.' May it appear, in his life and conversation, that convictions have been followed with sound and saving conversion!

Promoting Piety in a Youth.

TO THE REV. R. PEARSALL.

December 20, 1749.

Dear Brother,

My daughter Kirkpatrick's second disappointment in the loss of a son, was to me a tender stroke: but, through grace, I hope never to be dissatisfied with any instance of adversity. 'It is the Lord, let him do with me,' and with mine, 'as seemeth good in his sight.' 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!' He hath given me himself to be 'my portion,' and not any loseable creature-enjoyments. Should he see meet to take away my most important relative, I hope, with Aaron, to hold my peace. One little incident let me mention to you. I crossed over to the Isle of Wight, intending to return to Portsmouth the next

day. A horse was lent me from Newport to Ryde, but the vessel was gone off sooner than usual. A butcher's apprentice, a youth about seventeen, was sent to bring back the horse, whom I took up behind me, and returned to Newport. Having a companion, I had a mind to make the best I could of him, and do the best I could for him. I began with the Ten Commandments, catechising him, expounding them to him, and inculcating them upon him. He seemed to drink in knowledge, as the thirsty earth drinks in the rain; saw clearly the reasonableness of every command, and his answers most humbly, and tenderly, and thankfully, echoed to all I told him. When we were come to the last mile, I thought it time to ask him if he could so carefully and punctually observe all these commandments, as thereby to obtain heaven? He roundly answered "Ay, I hope so." I then laboured to undeceive him, assuring him, that no man, no, not the holiest and best man upon earth, could do it. At this he seemed astonished. I then, in the plainest manner I could, set before him the gospel method of salvation by Jesus Christ, and what a friend the Lord Jesus Christ is to us sinners. The poor youth could not sufficiently express his thankfulness; and told me often he had never heard so much before, and promised me over and over to read, and pray, and follow every rule I prescribed him, and when he had 'done all,' trust in Jesus Christ alone for salvation. I persuaded him to apply himself to my son-in-law Kirkpatrick, to whom I said I would speak on his behalf, to give him Baxter's Call, and other books. The lad seemed ravished and amazed at what he had heard. I was highly delighted with my disappointment, and should be glad to meet with such a one every day of my life, be the issue what pleases God.

Inculcating Resignation.

To his daughter Hanbury.

Bristol, October 27, 1750.

My dear Child,

I am indeed grieved for you, and tenderly sympathize with you in the affliction our heavenly Father is *again* exercising you with:* but can we complain? Yes, we may complain; but let us not murmur. 'It is well,' and it will be well. 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' Who does not see God's paternal tenderness to you in delaying this visitation so long, whilst you were less able to bear it? He is now trying you, trying your husband, trying me, and every one of us, whether we can trust in his hands a life he hath so often made his care, a life he hath so often rescued from the most imminent danger. Do, my dear, give up your child to God, whose he is, to deal with him how he pleaseth. Do it unreservedly, and not by halves. Believe it reasonable that God should do what he will with his own. What did you mean, what was the language of your heart, when you devoted him to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, in baptism, according to Christ's institution? Did you not then acknowledge God's absolute right to dispose of him, as he should see fit? And will you not abide by that surrender? This is the way to have him spared. If there be any creature we make an idol of, no wonder that the Lord, if he hath a love for us, should remove it out of the way, that he may have our whole heart. I say not this to reproach you; no, nor to reprove you—far from it—but to quicken you, that you may be quite absolute and unreserved in your surrender of this dear child to the Lord. 'Though he' should 'slay' the child; though he should slay

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* The death of a child.

you; still resolve—'Yet will I trust in him.' I have a cheerful hope the Lord will be 'entreated:' and I would have *you* hope in his mercy. Assure yourself I shall not cease to pray for his life; but, with all due resignation. Hath God, who fills heaven and earth, who 'inhabiteth eternity,' made over himself to you, to be your 'portion,' to be your God in covenant? You cannot, then, withhold any thing from him. Is he your God? That is enough! 'He will guide you by his counsel, and afterwards receive you to glory.' In the mean time, he will cause 'all things to work together for your good.' To his blessing I commend you, who am your sympathizing parent,

J. W.

His Wife's Death.

Friday, December 7, 1750.—My dear wife was all the summer in a bad state of health. I took her to Bath, where I attended her three weeks; but her recovering some strength seemed to be remarkably owing to her journey home. At her desire, I set out on the south journey in October: "For," says she, "I apprehend this will be a lingering illness, and probably I may want your company more during the journey after Christmas than this." I received several favourable letters, but she departed November 28, aged sixty-one, and the awful event was hid from me till the 4th instant, when a special messenger, Mr. B. Lea, met me at Bengworth, with whom I hastened home to pay the last sad office of love. From the grave we went directly to the meeting-house, where her funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Fawcett, on words of her own choosing, which she had often comfortably adopted:—'I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day.' Mr. Fawcett had been asking her some questions relating to

the state and temper of her mind, and she let him know—"The tempter was restrained! that she had a cheerful, stedfast hope in Christ, and had not a doubt." She had enjoyed a more comfortable state of mind in general the last two years, than perhaps any other two years of her life. In my journey, October, 1748, she told me in one of her letters—"'After you were gone, Hetty being married, and Sally gone to be with her for a time, I seemed to myself as one forlorn, bereft of all earthly friends. Upon this I was very pensive: but, recollecting myself, I retired to my closet, and tried if I could not find an all-sufficient Friend there: the Lord was pleased to 'lift up the light of his countenance upon me,' and to afford me such sweet tokens of his presence, that my soul rejoiced 'in the God of my salvation.' 'I had all' things 'and abounded, I was full,' and hardly missed your company." Before that, she sometimes had her liftings up, and at others her castings down; but, from that time, I think her hopes constantly prevailed. Also, she was often complaining to me, that although she had many waking hours every night, she could not get her mind to engage on spiritual and divine subjects. Afterward, it was otherwise in this respect, and many a morning, at my first awaking, she hath told me, with an air of devotion and thankfulness, how sweet her waking hours had been to her; and, hath related to me some particular passages of scripture which had been impressed on her mind, and the breathings excited and drawn out thereby; and sometimes she hath mentioned her particular evidences and tokens of the Divine favour. As her sickness, pains, and weakness increased, so did her patience and resignation to the will of God. Very remarkable were her humility and thankfulness for the care taken of her. When I proposed and urged her going to Bath, she thought her-

self not worthy so much cost and pains, and expressed great thankfulness for every thing that was done for her. Under the discipline of the rod, she ripened apace for a better world. Her 'path,' like that 'of the just,' shone 'more and more unto the perfect day.' But, it still hangs heavy on my spirits that I should be absent from her, when her dissolution approached. Blessed be God, who did not then hide himself from her, but gave her living comforts in her dying moments. Farewell, thou dearest partner of my heart. Lord, hasten the time, when 'I shall go to her,' since 'she shall not return to me!'

Prosperity in Trade.

Saturday Night, April 13, 1751.—We have had flowing prosperity in trade. Were my wife now alive, I should tell her, with an air of pleasure, if not thankfulness, as I formerly have on like occasions, of the bounty of Providence to us: but, what is this, were it ten times more than it is, to her now? She used to be very little moved, or elevated, by instances of remarkable prosperity while here. What is buying and selling, and getting gain to her now? They are now nothing to her, nothing at all 'to the spirits of just men' and women 'made perfect.' And, oh! how near do I stand to the verge of eternity! How soon may my soul be launched into that boundless ocean; and then, what will all these things be to me? O my soul, bless and adore, love and praise the bountiful Author of all thy mercies; but, 'use this world' which thou must shortly leave, 'as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away.' My soul, 'set thy affections on things above,' things durable, substantial, and satisfactory. If my 'treasure' be there 'there' let my 'heart be also.'

The Religious Tradesman.

TO MR. PETER BUNNELL.

Kidderminster, Sept. 30, 1751.

Dear Sir,

I rejoice to hear of your prosperity. I trust God is building you a house. May his 'candle shine on your head!' May the 'secret of God be upon your tabernacle!' 'I wish, above all things, that your soul may prosper and be in health.' An apostle 'beseeches' his friends to suffer the word of exhortation, and I now beseech you to suffer a word of *caution*. I well remember when it was with me as it is now with you, in some respects. I had a wife whom I dearly loved, delightful children, and a prosperous trade. These most desirable enjoyments proved a snare to me. Riches increased, and the love of riches increased as fast. I made an idol of that which should have enlarged my heart in gratitude to the bountiful Giver; and, by my perverseness, constrained him, as it were out of love to my soul, to deprive me of that which might otherwise have destroyed me. I had been sensible how inordinately 'my heart went after covetousness,' and that my spiritual interests were in a declining state; yea, I prayed against it often, and as I thought strove against it, yet, still it prevailed, till it pleased God in great mercy to cast me into deep adversity, and thereby give me a sensible conviction what a poor *portion* money is, and how unfit a thing for me to set my heart upon.' Yet adversity itself would not have wrought so effectually upon my heart, if God had not at the same time given me a taste of his love, and by that specimen convinced me that he himself is an infinitely better 'portion.' Now, give me leave to ask you, at least let me advise and persuade you to ask yourself—How do matters

stand betwixt God and your soul, on the one hand; and betwixt the world and your soul, on the other? Excuse my freedom; I have nothing in view but your good. Whose interest is uppermost in your heart? What are your first thoughts in a morning, and your last thoughts at night usually fixed upon? Are your first thoughts of God? Do you consecrate the earliest hour to reading, meditation, and prayer? Can you leave your bed the earlier, that you may redeem time to converse with Christ? How can you say you love him, if you suffer the world to rival him in your heart and affection:—cannot you sometimes 'watch with' him 'one hour?' Or, are you pleasing yourself, early and late with thinking, how much you shall gain by this commodity, and how much by that? Just so it was with me: but, if this be the case with you, expect to smart for it, as I did. My dear and honoured father generally devoted the first hour and half, or sometimes two hours, to religion: and I would advise every tradesman who fears God, who prizes communion with the Lord Jesus Christ, constantly to devote the first hour, or half hour, at least to religious exercises. The soul must have its meals and repasts, as well as the body, or it will certainly be in a languishing state. I do not much fear but you will take well this friendly caution and counsel. The love of the world is downright idolatry. We cry out against the Jews for selling 'the Lord of glory' for money; but every covetous worldling plays the same game over again, and 'crucifies him afresh:' but I hope 'better things of you and things that accompany salvation.' Believe me to be, with great respect, dear sir, your cordial friend and humble servant, J. W.

His second Marriage.

January 25, 1752.—Four months ago I was observing, that my children are all married, and, through the blessed hand of an indulgent Providence, well provided for; that through the Divine bounty and goodness, I enjoy easy circumstances, and flowing prosperity, without much worldly encumbrance; that my health seems firm, nor do my spirits flag, or fail of their wonted alacrity; and that a suitable companion seems more desirable to me than a single state. I *then* wanted to know what the mind of the Lord was, willing either to continue a widower, or to marry again, 'only in the Lord,' which he should please to choose for me. *Now,* the Lord hath carried me through a wonderful and delightful scene, which I would not quickly forget. He hath given me a most agreeable wife, for which I desire daily to bless his Name. Oh! may we be mutual helpers of each other's holiness, faith, hope, love, and joy in the Lord! I was, as I thought, at a point whether to marry again or not, and resigned to the Divine will: but importunate in prayer, that if I were to marry again, God would give me one of his dear children, and he hath indeed granted my request. Blessed be his Name, who inclined Mr. Darracott to mention her to me, and whose providence so nicely adjusted every circumstance of my journey to Bideford, inclining me to go at the instigation of my daughter Winter, when I had laid aside the thought of going. Blessed be his Name, who so exactly marked out all my steps, and made my way plain and prosperous: inclined her heart towards me, and formed her every way suitable to my temper and wishes! 'What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits,' and for this instance of his bounty in particular?

The Religious Tradesman's Conduct in Prosperity.

TO MR. PETER BUNNELL.

Kidderminster, February 6, 1752.

Dear Sir,

I doubt not you will take in good part any hints of counsel from one who would gladly contribute to your happiness, as it relates to both worlds. I continue to rejoice in your prosperity. You are not, however, to expect unmingled joys in this abode of guilt and sorrow. The way to ensure a continuance and increase of prosperity is to be thankful for what is enjoyed, whether that be more or less. I do not think the apostolic precept—'In every thing give thanks,' enjoins us to give thanks *for* afflictions, crosses, and disappointments *as such;* but I am sure we ought to give thanks *in* all these; yea, in the very worst that may befall us. Cherish a thankful temper, till it become the habitual frame of your mind; but, recollect, it cannot be obtained without much application. Faith, love, and humility, are all promoted by thanksgiving. We cannot praise God without 'believing that he is,' and that he is gracious; and without appropriating the subject of our belief to ourselves. Such a course will make us love our Benefactor; and the more we love him for his benefits, the more we shall inquire what we have done to merit them at his hands: if that do not humble us, we neither know him nor ourselves. Let us live as those who are not of this world. Young people may think the counsel here laid down well adapted to persons in the decline of life; but, as we are not exempted, in any stage of life, from the stroke of death, so no age, nor other circumstance, can excuse the neglect of a diligent preparation for death! Sit loose then, to all earthly enjoyments; yet, be 'not

slothful in business,' for diligence in it is prescribed; but engage in it as a duty, not from any love to the world. Believe me to be, with great respect, dear sir, your's, very affectionately, J. W.

An afflictive Accident improved.

July 4, 1752.—I would now *review* a sore disaster, which a wise and gracious Providence appointed unto me. Oh! that I might do it with a suitable temper of mind! On Lord's-day evening, May 17, when my partner in trade had been gone but two days on a six week's journey, coming from meeting, I fell, and gave my ancle a violent strain, felt exquisite pain, and was quite disabled from rising. I had much pain many days and nights. The part is now weak, and possibly may never recover former strength. Certainly, this providence has a voice, and it is the voice of God. Who would not listen when God speaks, and be solicitous to understand him? He calls to consideration:—'In the day of adversity, consider.' He calls to humiliation and sorrow for sin: Jeremiah complains of God's ancient people—'Thou hast stricken them, but they have not grieved; thou hast consumed them, but they have refused to receive correction.' Is not this word, the word of the Lord to me, at least by way of caution and counsel, that I may 'not harden my heart, after the same example of unbelief?' I am, therefore, called to serious, close examination, whether I have grieved when I was stricken; and, whether I have received, or refused to receive correction? Have I laid to heart this chastisement? Have I received it as from the hand of God? Have I humbly inquired his will; what is the Lord's voice herein: what is the meaning of this rebuke? Have I been humbled under a sense of what I apprehend to be the procuring cause? Have I been so humbled as to mortify my pride and vain-glory? Has it excited my

thankfulness for preservation in long and various journies? Has it animated my faith in his power and care, and led me to pray for constant preservation? Lord, help me to improve it as I ought. Shew me more and more thy kind designs; thy designs of grace in this humbling providence! Is it not especially 'that I may partake of thy holiness?' Yes, this is the Lord's primary design, in all his messages of grace, and in all the rebukes of his rod. My soul's happiness is bound up in my love and likeness to God. God would have me happy, and therefore holy. By nature I am unholy, and, alas! by practice too. Oh! what a precious treasure is the word of God, which holds forth our recovery, as well as our ruin! Do mankind know that such a treasure lies in the Bible? Then, certainly, they *will* make it their study night and day. No, they *will not:* though they know it contains the mind and will of God, both for their faith and practice, yet very few *will* be at the pains to study it.

Why will not mankind, who are reasonable creatures, and know they are dying creatures, attend diligently to those things which are of everlasting importance? It is owing to their unbelief. It is one thing to have a notional, and another to have a practical belief. '*It is appointed unto men once to die.*' Who questions the truth of this? Yet how few suffer this word of God to have its due weight upon their own conscience! Did men really believe it, would they neglect any means in their power to obtain the favour of their Judge, that, when they are judged, they may be acquitted? How rarely has it been known, that persons imprisoned for capital offences neglect any means in their power, that they might be acquitted when brought to their trial! The reason is, they believe the assize will come; and that they are to be acquitted or punished according to their final sentence.

What reason can be assigned, why men generally neglect the means of preparation for death and eternity? Certainly they have not a practical, heart-affecting belief, that they shall die, and that their death may be near. When they think at all about it, they have no doubt of its reality, but they look not upon it as near, nor do they suffer their thoughts to dwell upon the subject. As Dr. Young says—

"Man thinks himself immortal:
All men think all men mortal but themselves."

They 'put far away the evil day.' It pleaseth God, therefore, sometimes, in great mercy, to take his rod in hand; and by sickness, pain, or adversity, to bring men to serious consideration. Some are quickened by the rod, others are more hardened. Certainly, it is a great aggravation of guilt, not to *grieve* when God strikes; nor, when he consumes, to receive correction. Grieve, for what? Not merely because the Lord hath stricken, or because men are afflicted. He expects them to grieve for that which has been the procuring cause of their chastisement; and not only for sin in general, but for that particular iniquity, which he would by the affliction bring to their remembrance. When this is discovered, it must be grieved for, repented of, and put away. He expects us to 'put away the evil of our doings from before his eyes,'—'to cease to do evil,' and 'learn to do well.'

Now, O my soul, the Lord hath stricken me. Have I grieved? It was certainly his hand that caused my foot to slide; otherwise one of my strength and activity might have walked safely enough. He hath not indeed consumed me, but he hath in part consumed my strength. Have I received correction? Mr. Whately observes—"We may read our sin in our punishment." Few men of my age, walk with so much ease, vigour, and activity. Has not this been fuel to my pride? It is fit I should be taught

by sensible, smarting experience, to acknowledge the hand which alone gives strength, and can ensure safety. If He gave strength who hates pride, he gave it me not to value myself upon it. Be grieved and humbled, O my soul, for every motion of pride. Lie humbled and abased at his feet, and let the Lord alone be exalted. If he have given strength and vigour, he hath also shewed how easily he can turn strength into weakness, vigour into languor. Oh! let me be quickened in future to employ all my strength, vigour, and vivacity to his praise! Think well of him, O my soul, and of what he is doing to me, and let me love and praise him for this rebuke. When God says—'Ephraim is joined to idols, let him alone;' or when he says—'Why should ye be stricken any more? ye will revolt more and more:' how sad is the case of such a people, or person! O my soul, bless the Lord, who does not count me unworthy of correction. Let it be my solicitous care to 'turn to him that smites' me. Let this affliction, pain, and weakness, warn me of that time (who knows how soon?) when I must conflict with heavier afflictions, heart-sinking pressures, and overwhelming pain. Let this confinement to my house and chamber forewarn me of a longer, closer one. 'I know,' O Lord, 'that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living.' Let my heart and soul say to the grave—Thou art my body's 'long home:' 'to corruption—Thou art my father: to the worm—Thou art my mother and my sister.' Ere long, not one foot, one ancle, one leg only, shall be maimed and disabled, but every limb, every joint shall stiffen in death, and every power of my body be incapable of any action or motion. This goodly animal frame, which hath served so many useful purposes, shall not only be altogether useless and unprofitable, but loathsome and ghastly, a spectacle of aversion and horror. My dearest friends, my children, and the wife of my

bosom, when they have viewed it, will turn away from such an unsightly lump, and desire it may be 'buried out of their sight.' Then shall I be entirely 'cut off from the land of the living.'

His own Death contemplated.

December 31, 1752.—Another year is just concluded! In the night of the 10th instant Mr. Butler's life concluded suddenly. How do I know but this night *my* life may come to a period? Mr. Butler was more than a year younger than I, corpulent, and seemingly strong. How absolutely does my life depend on the Divine will! A little more than two years since, in an hour when I seemed to enjoy perfect health, I was suddenly seized with a swimming in my head, which afflicted me, not without intermission, for seven weeks. That which made my head swim might have made it sink into the grave, had God so willed. It might as easily have been an apoplexy as any thing else. Mr. Whitefield observing me, about six weeks ago, to look more hale and fuller of flesh than usual, remarked to me—"You will die suddenly." Be it so, if that be the will of my heavenly Father. As to the time, the manner, and other circumstances of my death, I desire to have no will of my own. May 'Christ be magnified' in me, whether in life or death, and it is enough. My generation-work, so far as concerns my temporal affairs, is done. Through the good hand of a kind Providence, my children are all well settled, and well provided for. What have I, therefore, to do in life? Nothing, but "to glorify God,"—to do all the good I can to the souls and bodies of those around me. Oh! that I might 'bring forth much fruit in old age,' 'be fat and flourishing, to shew that the Lord is upright!' Who is under greater obligations than I am to lay out all my powers and my substance for God? Great and manifold are the mercies he has bestowed on me!

Trading for Christ recommended.

TO HIS NEPHEW WATSON.

Manchester, September 4, 1753.

Dear Cousin,

Last Lord's-day Mr. Whitefield, after praying for those who preach for Christ, prayed also for those who *trade* for Christ. May you and I be of that happy number. Of other tradesmen it may be said, 'They have *their* reward;' while *these* are laying up for themselves 'treasures in heaven,' and in the mean time have a higher relish of what they possess, be that more or less. If we trade for Christ, we must, every day as we go on, praise him for all our success, ask counsel of him how we shall lay out the increase, and do all we do by the rule of his word, and with an eye to his glory. If we trade for Christ, we shall not have our hearts much lifted up with mere worldly prosperity, not lifted up in pride, though they will be in praise, that we have wherewith to do the more for his glory. Nor need we, on the contrary, be much cast down by adversity; unless, indeed, it has befallen us through our own fault or neglect, when we ought to be humbled for our unfaithfulness in our stewardship, and to watch and pray the more. Perhaps, also, we ought to be so far affected as to grieve in some measure, that through our inability to advance the interest of Christ it hath suffered any diminution. If we trade for Christ we certainly trade with his stock, and whatever we give to his church, or to his poor, we shall give to him; and, therefore, need not do it grudgingly. In short, if we trade for him, our minds may be 'kept in perfect peace,' being in all events 'stayed' on him, and trusting in him. Who, now, would trade for themselves only, when they may have such an able, wise, bountiful Master to trade for? I am, dear cousin, your faithful partner,

J. W.

Thanks at the close of the Year.

Monday Night, December 31, 1753.—A bountiful and indulgent Providence has just brought me to the close of this year. Oh! what a year of mercies hath this been to me! What enjoyments am I blessed with, both of a temporal and spiritual nature! Health of body, peace of mind, flowing prosperity, a most agreeable, dutiful, loving wife; a suitable partner in trade, with whom I have gone on hitherto in perfect harmony; many other agreeable relations and friends; plenty of gospel ordinances, both public and private; hope in God, in his word, his promises and covenant; hope of the glory of God, and sometimes the light of his countenance shining upon my soul. These are some of the mercies I have to reflect upon, and the enjoyments I have been favoured with, in the last year. These have not been common to all, nor indeed, to all the dear children of God, many of whom have been sick and weak, or poor and indigent, or been sorely perplexed in their affairs and worldly circumstances, and many who have walked closely with God have nevertheless 'walked in darkness, and seen no light' of God's countenance. Oh! may I abound in thankfulness and thanksgiving; and always lie humble at the feet of the Lord Jesus!

The Duties of a Husband.

TO MR. HENRY DOWLER.

Kidderminster, January 17, 1754.

Dear Sir,

Since it hath pleased an all-wise God, who guides with an unerring hand all the mighty wheels of nature, providence, and grace, to bring you into a near affinity to me; as I have often congratulated

myself on that account, and have often offered up my most ardent supplications for you and your spouse, that you may be indeed mutually 'helps meet,' and always dear to each other, and that all the blessings of the everlasting covenant, in constant streams, may flow down upon you both; so now I congratulate you, sir, upon this happy union, which is, I doubt not, a union not only of persons but of hearts. Since you have enjoyed great advantages, particularly under the ministry of the late worthy Mr. Freeland, as well as of your present pastor, it may seem the less necessary for me to offer any thing by way of advice. Nevertheless, as the duties of this new relation you have so lately entered into are many of them of a very tender and delicate nature, and seldom touched upon, much less fully handled in the pulpit; as God hath so twisted our duty and happiness together, that the latter is inseparable from the former; and, as by more than thirty years union with my former and my present wife, you may suppose I have gained some experience, over and above all the knowledge I have acquired by reading or hearing, you will perhaps be pleased, or at least take it in good part, if I freely offer a few hints.

You will certainly find, sir, that all your conjugal happiness is bound up in love; that there is a possibility of bursting the bands of the most endeared conjugal love, at least for a time; that there is a possibility, also, of preserving these bands inviolate; and therefore, means must be used to preserve them. All our happiness, both for time and eternity, consists in love, and is inseparable from it. Love to God in perfection, together with the full communications of his love, is the heaven of heaven: and, the more our hearts are going out in love to God and Christ in meditation, prayer, and praise, whilst here; and the more too, we are favoured with the tokens of his peculiar love, the more we enjoy of heaven upon

earth. And as to outward enjoyments, what happiness can we derive from meat or drink, that we do not relish; or, from employments, diversions, or company, that we do not love? It is not, I think, so much my wife's love to me, as mine to her, that tends to my conjugal happiness; at the same time I must allow, that there is a necessity of both to complete my happiness. No doubt, if her love to me should fail, mine to her would also languish: but, certainly, it is my love to her that I feel, though a sense of hers to me enhances my relish of it; and the way to perpetuate my relish, is, never to let my love to her cool, nor to entertain an unkind thought of her. It is possible this may be your case, at least for a time; nay, give me leave to say, there is danger of it. It has been the case in many good families, and may in yours. The more you are apprized of the danger, sir, and the more you dread it, you will be the more upon your guard against it. You have a will of your own, and so has your wife. These may not always be the same in all things. What will you do, sir, when such a case happens? I assure you, I would have you always keep your place. The husband is 'head' of the wife, and it is her duty to yield: but, what if she will not; or, what if she cannot immediately do it? must I fly in a passion, and violently bear down all before me, because I am the stronger of the two? Is that the way to cherish love? As God hath appointed me 'to rule my house,' so he expects me to rule it 'with meekness of wisdom,' and to behave as one that is worthy to rule. Love is founded on esteem: but, by flying in a passion, I shew my weakness, which will neither raise me in my wife's esteem, nor tend to preserve her love to me inviolate. Yet, I persuade myself, there is a possibility of preserving conjugal love inviolate. It hath been preserved by many husbands and wives, who have never suffered any thing to interrupt it. They are generally

small matters about which married people differ; therefore, a moderate degree of thoughtfulness might easily prevent their differences. There is so much pleasure, sweetness, and serenity of mind attending the constant exercise of love; and so much pain, bitterness, and disquietude attending strife and discord betwixt such near relations, that the consideration thereof cannot fail to dispose prudent persons, and more especially such as fear God, to the exercise of much self-denial, patience, and forbearance; yea, to much watchfulness and prayer, in order to secure the former, and avoid the latter. These, and such as these, I take to be the principal means of cherishing love, and without which, love can scarcely be maintained in a flourishing state. To which, give me leave, sir, to add a few more hints.

I would advise, that you be always as cautious of saying or doing any thing to displease your wife, as you were before marriage. Especially, if you see her ruffled by the ill-behaviour of servants, which I am afraid will sometimes happen; or, if by any other accident;—then is the time to be more than ordinarily upon your guard, that you say not any thing which would add to her vexation. So, likewise, if your own mind be at any time ruffled by the carelessness or frowardness of servants, be more than ordinarily careful that your wife may feel no share of your resentment. Even then, let a sight of her dispose you to meekness and love. Indeed, the more you frame yourself to be habitually mild and sweet to all, the less liable you will be to have your temper ruffled by sudden incidents. Above all, keep up the worship of God in your family, and in your closet. Let nothing interrupt your daily course of devotion. To that end, make it a rule never to stay late from home, especially if your wife be not with you. Let her company be always dearer to you than any other company. I doubt not, you will call some praying

friends together, as soon as you conveniently can, after you are settled in your own house, solemnly to recommend you both to the Divine blessing. If you will give me timely notice, I shall endeavour to 'throw my mite into the treasury,' which may on that occasion be laid up for you in heaven. 'That you may seek' and find 'the kingdom of God, and the righteousness thereof,' and that 'all other things may be added unto you,' are the cordial wishes of, dear sir, your's, &c. J. W.

The Duties of a Wife.

TO MRS. DOWLER.

Kidderminster, January 18, 1754.

Dear Cousin,

'The Lord hath done great things for you, whereof you are glad.' I heartily congratulate you; for indeed, I am glad also. Perhaps you and I, and mine, are now inheriting the prayers of your good grandfather Williams: and without all peradventure, you are 'inheriting the promises.' 'Exceeding great and precious are the promises' made to 'the seed of the righteous' (such, I am persuaded, your parents were); and, particularly, the promise made to those who 'seek first the kingdom of God, and the righteousness thereof.' This promise, I trust is yours, and abundantly fulfilled in you. 'The judgments of God are a great deep:' how little did you, or any of your friends, understand his awful dispensation in removing the Rev. J. Freeland! Now you understand a little more of it. How graciously hath he filled your 'mouth with laughter, and your tongue with singing!' He hath 'turned your mourning into joy,' he hath 'comforted you, and made you rejoice from your sorrow!' 'Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous, and shout for joy, all ye

that are upright in heart.' But, while you consider the psalmist's exhortation as belonging to you, let me caution you to rejoice only in the Lord. My dear cousin, you are now as a 'city' that is 'set on a hill.' Many eyes are upon you, and be sure of this, many will 'watch for your halting.' Expect envy to 'shoot her arrows, even bitter words,' and every little mistake in your conduct to be magnified into a crime, and some of your most innocent expressions to be perverted into, or interpreted to mean, what is most offensive. It will be your wisdom therefore, not to place too much of your happiness in the commendation of fellow-mortals; then will you be the less sensible of their reproaches. Those are memorable lines in Addison's Cato—

> " 'Tis not in mortals to command success:
> But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

Think it enough to have deserved commendation, though you go without it. Solomon says—'A good man shall be satisfied from himself.' So shall a good woman. Draw your happiness from a conscious sense of the Divine approbation. Labour to 'commend yourself to every man's conscience in the sight of God;' but, if that cannot be done, rest satisfied, that God will, in his own time, 'bring forth your righteousness as the light, and your judgment as the noon-day' By all means always keep on good terms with your husband. 'Submit yourself to him, as unto the Lord.' It is the duty of every wife: it is doubly yours. It had been your duty, had your fortune been ten times superior to his. You are now bound to it by the additional ties of gratitude. Never dispute any point with him, nor go beyond a mild and gentle persuasion. It is no less your interest than duty to please him. It is the only way to secure his love, and the surest way to have your own will.

While he sees you make it your study to please him, he never will think he can do too much to please you. Please him, therefore, in reason and out of reason. Every man hath his foibles, and I have mine. We are apt to run into some or other little indulgences, or gratifications, customs, modes, and forms, which are not always so pleasing to our wives, as to ourselves. No doubt, you will find Mr. Dowler possessed of some of these, and tenacious of them. In such a case, be sure never to thwart him. If any thing should appear imprudent in his conduct, you will think of some gentle method to give him a view of it; but, in whatever is perfectly innocent, never give him the least uneasiness, nor shew so much as a wish that he would refrain from it. I wish I could persuade you to pray with him sometimes, in your turn, as well as he with you. I know nothing you can do, which has a more direct tendency to cherish and maintain conjugal love. Some other hints I might have added, but you need them not. What I have said, I must intreat you to believe, proceeds not from any suspicion that you will behave otherwise; but from the abundant love of, dear cousin, your truly affectionate J. W.

Parental anxiety for departed infants.

March 18, 1754.—I took a walk in the twilight of this evening in the church-yard, to converse with the dead. As I was walking and musing, I observed a poor man, who formerly had been one of my servants, with his eyes fixed upon four short graves, all in a row, near to my walk. When I came up to him, he desired to ask me a question. His question was this—Whether I thought the children of wicked parents, dying in their infancy, suffered for the wickedness of their parents? In answer to which, I only told him, that the Scripture says—'The unbelieving hus-

band is sanctified by the wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband; else were your children unclean, but now are they holy?' from whence it appears that the piety of parents is of advantage to their children. Immediately I pursued my walk: but, when I came back to the place, he stopped me again, and told me—he had four children buried there, and with an air of deep concern repeated the former question, applying it to himself and his children, owning, that he looked upon himself as a very wicked man, and was distressed with fears lest they should fare the worse for his wickedness. I told him, that we know very little of the state of infants dying in infancy, since the Scripture is almost silent on that head; and asked him—Why he was not rather concerned about the salvation of his own soul, since the Scripture expressly says—'As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live; turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?' 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.' I plied him with many more texts of the same import, and again pursued my walk. He then left the place: and, when in my third walk I had passed briskly by him, I heard him running hastily after me; I therefore stopped, whilst he told me how often he had come up to look at the graves of his children, and the distressing fears he had for them, acknowledging freely, that he had been much addicted to drunkenness, and too often had been guilty of swearing; but, except these, he had not been chargeable with any gross immorality. I then laboured to convince him, how poor a pretence it was—that he had not wronged any one, when he had withheld from God his Maker what was his due in numberless instances, some of which I enumerated to him, and gave him the best advice I could,

and then again was pursuing my walk. At parting he said, he was ashamed to presume to walk with me, and indeed I was not very willing to be interrupted, and so I walked alone to the farther end of the church-yard; but had many relenting thoughts towards the poor man. However, I passed by him again; and again he ran hastily after me. I then stopped, and talked to him awhile; and I encouraged him to walk with me as it was too cold to stand still. Several times he wept, or seemed to weep. We walked and talked together, till it began to be dark. He accompanied me to my own door, and then seemed loth to part with me: so I took him in, and led him up to my chamber, where I made him sit down, and asked him many close questions, to which he replied in a penitential strain. I encouraged, cautioned, warned, instructed, and exhorted him, and, at his request, prayed with him, inviting him to come to me again. He went away very thankful, and seemingly penitent: yet, I cannot but fear he will return to his drunken companions, who, as he owns, have hitherto extinguished many good impressions and inclinations. And yet, who knows? I have the satisfaction, however, of having used, and of purposing farther to use, my poor feeble endeavours to recover and 'save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.' Help me, help me, O my God!

A recital of his experience made useful.

November—, 1754.—I spent Lord's-day, September 15, at Whitworth, under the ministry of my friend Mr. Burgess. In the evening, the house he boards at was filled with people, who came, as usual, to hear him repeat the substance of what he had delivered that day. Happening to have the substance of two sermons by Mr. Darracott, in my pocket-book, on the words—'In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let

him come unto me, and drink :' it fell to my lot to read them; after which, many stayed for the sake of religious conversation, several of whom were men of knowledge and experience, and talked pertinently of the deep things of God, while many persons sat as listeners. Something that was said gave me occasion to relate my experience of April 23, 1721, and likewise, how I obtained a satisfying, prevailing hope, as to my spiritual state, in the summer of the year 1725. Among those who were listening was, unknown to me, a pious young woman to whom my recital was blessed. I had said, that I was fully persuaded, fears of hypocrisy in the renewed soul are good evidence that such fears are groundless, for a hypocrite goes on confidently, with a lie in his right hand, entertaining no fear about his state: this might help to comfort the mind of the young woman. However, I have lately had a letter from Mr. Burgess, in which, after thanking me for my late visit, he adds, that he thanks me in particular on account of that delight it afforded to his people in general; and some special relief it pleased the Lord to convey, by a clause in our Lord's-day evening's conversation, to a poor, drooping, tempted soul. "The happy receiver," he continues, "of the good done, is a young woman, the brightest in my whole flock for parts and elocution, and for an extraordinary gift in prayer; eminently zealous in reproving sin in others; and drawing them to consideration, not only by a good example, but good advice. She had been religious from a child, and had laid up a large fund of knowledge; and yet she was tempted to conclude herself a hypocrite; yea, horrid consideration! to question the very being of a God. Not indeed, always, but in the night: for, as she told me, in the day she saw with her eyes such glaring demonstrations of a Deity, as partly forced a belief of his existence. Now, when you were telling of your being once sorely tempted to suspect yourself a hypocrite, and afterward

resolutely took hold of that promise—'Thou art my portion, O Lord,' she reasoned thus:—If such a Christian as Mr. Williams might be so tempted, *she* might, possibly, be a real Christian, notwithstanding her hard thoughts of herself; therefore, she resolved to apply the very same remedy that you did, and say—'Thou art *my* portion, O Lord.' She did so, and the temptation was vanquished, and for many days she has enjoyed such extraordinary Divine comfort, and such a clear view of God's love to her soul, as she never before experienced, particularly in prayer; a duty she was once ready to abandon. She told me, she has cause to remember Mr. Williams as long as she lives." Blessed be God!

Promoting piety in a young Clergyman.

Lord's-day, December 29, 1754.—Quite unexpectedly it has fallen to my lot to ride the south circuit. What a journey of mercies has this been! I saw nothing but 'goodness and mercy following,' and going before me, all the way. The Lord was pleased to engage me in a remarkable piece of service at Bradford, Wilts, which indeed, was the most memorable event this journey has produced. On Monday, Nov. the 18th, I visited my friend, Mr. Chapman, the vicar, who introduced me to the company of his genteel and pious visitors, among whom was Mr. Hart, a pious curate from Warminster, and we had almost an hour's very agreeable conversation. Just as the company was breaking up, came in a young man, Mr. Brown, the vicar's curate. My friend whispered me in the ear—"Go, speak to him." I was at first backward, but, at his repeated instigation, I saluted him, and asked with an air of solemnity and confidence—*Sir, how does your soul prosper?* This, it pleased God to make the arrow of his conviction. He seemed a little disconcerted, and replied in a languid manner. I saw him no more that night. Next morn-

ing he sent for me, just as I was going to take horse, and told me—that our conversation the preceding evening had given him a great deal of concern; that it had put him upon considering the state of his soul more than ever before, that he feared it was bad; and therefore, desired my company for a few minutes. My spirits hereby were elevated, especially on my blessing God, and rejoicing in hope that this was the 'beginning of a good work' in his soul. I saw the tears immediately start from his eyes. I talked with him a good while as the Lord enabled me, and then said—Come, do not let us part without prayer. Mr. Hart having happened to come in, and being of an excellent character, I would have put the office of prayer on him, but he declined it, and they both desired me to pray: so we kneeled down all three together, and the Lord 'poured out the Spirit of grace and supplications.' I could hear the young clergyman sigh and sob frequently, which did not at all abate the fervour, or blunt the edge of my devotion. When we rose, he appeared bathed in tears, thanked me most heartily, begged the continuation of my prayers, and that I would write to him. Mr. Hart took notice by what a particular providence he had been brought thither that day, which had detained Mr. Brown at home, who otherwise had intended to go abroad the preceding day: and, I could not but remark how I had been pressed in spirit to ride seven miles in a stormy evening, by a feeble moon-light, to reach Bradford when I did. I took the first opportunity to write to this gentleman, as he desired, and gave him the best instructions I could, and particularly persuaded him to bind himself by covenant to be the Lord's, to write down his resolution and self-dedication, and sign it with his hand; and begged of him to write to me at London on a given day, and freely to open his heart to me. Accordingly, I received from him an epistle, dated the 11th instant, which revived my soul. The

arrow seemed to stick fast, and he had done (but not before that morning) as I had advised and persuaded him. It should seem, indeed, that nothing but the 'balm of Gilead' will heal the wound. It was an arrow from 'a bow drawn at a venture,' but an unerring, all-powerful hand carried it to the mark: 'The arm of the Lord was revealed.'—Glorious grace! which could make so feeble an effort effectual to so glorious a purpose. To his name be all the praise. Let me not dare to ascribe the least part of the praise to the intention or endeavours of a worthless worm: yet, I may, I must rejoice. Heaven rejoices, and so will I. Hallelujah!—Surely, here is satisfying evidence of the workings of the Spirit of adoption. What joy hath it afforded me! and the more, because it seems an answer to prayer, when I called together some praying friends a few days before I set out on that journey. I remember my heart was drawn out in this particular request—that God would bless my conversation in that journey, and enable me to speak for him, and make it effectual to some valuable purposes. I was reading the other morning an abstract of the life of the Rev.——Stock, in Gillies' Collections, where I noted with joy this passage—"It is no small honour for a man to win, if it were but one soul. For, to *win souls*, is to win more than the whole world is worth. What an honour is it then, to be not only a winner of souls, but a winner of such as prove winners!" I esteem this important event an instance of the greatest honour the Lord ever did me, or perhaps ever will, in this life: but, as an excellent preacher observed in my hearing, after enumerating a variety of methods the Lord ordinarily useth in bringing home souls to himself—"Any thing will do when the Lord works." To his infinite power and grace alone be all the praise. Let me not dare to arrogate to myself the least share thereof: but, as at first it was the gladness of my heart, when I saw this gentleman's tears, so

his letters since have contributed to fulfil my joy. This was well worth all the expence and fatigue of the whole journey, had I no success in my secular affairs: but the Lord prospered me in these also, far beyond my expectation, and indeed beyond what I have experienced in any one instance before: to his great name be all the praise, and at his service be all the fruits thereof.*

The Spiritual Merchant.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL WALKER, A. B.

Kidderminster,——, 1754.

My dear Friend,

Mr. Darracott has kindly imparted to me what he has heard concerning you, and will needs engage me to write to you. I am an old man: in man's account, a dissenter; in God's, I trust, a Christian. I am, also, a tradesman of no small account in this town and neighbourhood: but I trust my more beloved, because most gainful trade or traffic, lies in a far country. Grace unknown, though not unfelt, put me into this way forty-four or forty-five years ago. I was then inclined to 'seek goodly pearls;' and having, in the bloom of youth, 'found one pearl of great price,' I was willing to sell all and buy it. Finding the trade as delightful as gainful; and so copious that there was room for as many as would, to get an immense estate, without in the least rivalling, but rather benefiting each other by joint contracts, I thought to have engaged all the youth of my then acquaintance in the same, and set myself, both by word and writing, to persuade them thereto, but all to little purpose. The

* The epistolary correspondence between Mr. Williams and this Clergyman was kept up during the little remainder of Mr. Williams's life; and Mr. Brown gave abundant evidences of persevering piety, and of great faithfulness to the souls committed to him.

traffic I proposed to them was, that of merchant-venturers, in things future and invisible; to which they generally preferred a poor, low retail trade in things present and visible. This no whit discouraged *me.*

My traffic is to the country beyond Jordan, and my chief correspondence with the King of Zion, a good friend to merchantmen; he first condescended to traffic with me, furnished me with the stock, made me many valuable remittances, and hath firmly assured me of an infinitely great and good inheritance, richer than both Indies, to which I am to sail and take possession, as soon as I shall be ready for it, and our mutual interest will be thereby best promoted. And I have so high an opinion of Zion's King, and can so firmly rely on his promises, that I look upon my said possession as a done thing; for, indeed, he hath confirmed his promises by many undeniable, precious pledges: therefore, although I must own my heart hath sometimes been drawn away quite too much to the foresaid pitiful, beggarly trade in things present and visible, my principal traffic, I trust, hath been, and still is, with the King of Zion. Indeed, I have a vast veneration for Him, though unseen; and, sure I am, I have a most endeared affection for all the merchants of whatever name, who traffic the same way.

I have been informed, Sir, that you are a great trafficker, though not of many years' standing, with my Prince; and have engaged many, and are studious of engaging all you can, to cast in their lot with you: to you, therefore, dear Sir, I heartily say—*God speed!* Have you met with no Algerine rovers? They very much infest the high seas, but fear them not: Zion's King is Sovereign of the seas, and you are under his protection who will not fail to protect and reward you.

Now, dear Sir, I think the allegory hath run its length. What shall I say to you in plain English, without a figure? You are engaged in the best of

causes, but you have thereby enraged the worst of enemies. Does not Satan roar, since you have stricken his kingdom? He certainly will roar: therefore 'take to you the whole armour of God.' Christ's gospel hath in all ages made its way with greater success by means of reproaches and persecutions. God will cause 'the wrath of men' to praise him, and will 'restrain' 'the remainder' thereof; and thus he defeats the old serpent. I doubt not but you have counted the cost: count it again, and you will certainly see reason to 'count it all joy' to fall into divers temptations. Some little experience I have had of being reviled and persecuted, and of having 'all manner of evil' said of me 'falsely for Christ's sake;' and never before that, did I so well understand the import of these promises—'Great is your reward in heaven,'—'The trial of your faith worketh patience'—'The Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you.' May the Lord abundantly strengthen you for your work and sufferings, and all your fellow-helpers in the Lord. May 'the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing;' and may thousands be your 'joy' and 'crown of rejoicing' in the day of the Lord Jesus, that you have not run in vain, nor laboured in vain. Excuse this freedom from a stranger; and when you can snatch an hour from more important service, favour me with a long epistle. Here are many wrestling Jacobs, to whom I shall impart what you write, who will thereby be encouraged to hold up their heads against the power of Amalek more frequently and more fixedly. In the mean time, assure yourself of the frequent but feeble intercession of your hearty well-wisher for Jesus' sake, J. W

His Patience under severe pains.

TO ROBERT CRUTTENDEN, ESQ. LONDON.

Dear Sir, Bath, Nov. 5, 1755.

Here I am the Lord's prisoner, but 'a prisoner of hope.' It will be a fortnight to-morrow since I left home. My Divine Master arrested me on his own day, whilst sitting under a sermon at Chalford Bottom. There I got cold, and was seized with a pain across the reins. It was tolerable a day or two, but increased till my patience had full exercise. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, I spent at Bristol, full of pain day and night, but not without some merciful intermissions: yet, I still believed all was mercy, and could bless the hand that smote me, resigning myself entirely to his disposal. It was a vast satisfaction to me, whilst 'he chastened me with pain upon my bed, and the multitude of my bones with strong pains,' to believe, as Dr. Watts sings—

"He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh."

Particularly on Thursday night, when my pains were a full trial to my patience, he gave me a sensible, surprising, cheering proof that he was awake as well as I: for, when my pains grew almost insupportable, and I lay mingling with my groans such cries as these —Lord Jesus, is it not enough? Lord Jesus, are not thy compassions infinite? Lord Jesus, I have none to fly to, none to pity, none to help me, but thyself. How easily canst thou succour me; Lord, what thou wilt, when thou wilt, how thou wilt. Glorify thyself in me, by me, upon me; but, 'remember that I am dust.' 'Crush' me not as 'the moth,' &c. Presently my pains abated. As the Doctor sings—

"With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld *my* helpless grief;
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to *my* relief."

He commanded ease to return in a few minutes. But, oh! how was I ravished with his condescending kindness! How did my soul praise him, and resolve to praise him as long as I live! nor have I been tried with such exquisite pains since. Friday evening I rode hither in pain. Next morning I consulted my friend Dr. Davies. By following his directions in bathing and pumping, I now have only a sensibility where the pains were. I cannot tell you how much mercy I see in this visitation. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits;' who not only 'forgiveth all thine iniquities,' but 'who healeth all thy diseases!' Believe me to be, with great respect, your much obliged, cordial friend, and humble servant for Jesus's sake, J. W.

The Benefit he received from Bath Waters.

TO THE REV. —— JOHNSON, CIRENCESTER.

Rev. and dear Sir, Bath, Nov. 7, 1755.

The Lord has dealt very graciously with me. These two last mornings I continue well, and to-morrow, with the doctor's leave, I prosecute my journey. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name!' Shall he not have the praise? Shall tribes of diseased mortals, who are repairing hither from all parts, all the year round, drinking health, and washing away their pains and weaknesses, in this choice, this redundant preparation, this fountain which, like its glorious Author, is ever flowing and overflowing, go away, like 'nine of the ten lepers,' and never acknowledge the great Physician, the most sublime Chymist? Shall scarcely

one in ten 'turn back and glorify God?' Instead of that, shall they, at least numbers of them, spend their days in luxury, and much of the night 'in rioting and drunkenness, in chambering and wantonness,' in gaming and sinful pastimes? And still are the virtues of the water continued? Oh! the boundless patience of our God! unwearied forbearance! goodness immense! and grace inexhaustible! Shall we be of the number of these blind, ungrateful mortals? Forbid it, mighty God! Shall we not trace him, and see him, in all his works of wonder and grace? Yes, and our souls shall bless him, and love him, and fear him, and trust in him, and be wholly devoted and resigned to his wise, his good, his sovereign will and pleasure.

I am, dear sir, very respectfully, your's, J. W.

His increasing Bodily Weakness.

TO HIS DAUGHTER WINTER.

My dear Sally, Maidenhead, Dec. 6, 1755.

Very glad I should be to see you, Mr. Winter, and 'the children the Lord hath graciously given you,' if it were his gracious will. I think he hath not said—Go into London this journey. No; if I at all understand his voice, it is—Make haste, and get home, lest 'thy strength,' which is already much 'weakened in the way,' should fail thee in the way, and thou fall into the hands of thou knowest not whom. Indeed, I dare not enter into London: yet, I think I should not fear that, or any thing else, could I see Providence calling me to undertake it. At present, I sensibly feel that he forbids me. Indeed, I have had a sickly stomach some weeks, 'and the strong men' begin to 'bow themselves,' and that not only when going up stairs or up hill, but even upon the plain. I am not able to walk London streets; but am desirous, if it be the will of God, to ride home. I think I have

told you enough, when I have added—'Through the grace of God, none of these things move me, for, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth:' and, 'I know whom I have believed.' Perhaps he will strengthen me again: if not—'Father, not my will, but thine be done.' The Lord be with you all.' Pray and praise for, my dear, your affectionate father, J. W.

His Dying Comforts.

TO HIS WIFE.*

Windsor, Lord's-day, Dec. 7, 1755.

My dearest,

'If the Lord will,' I shall be at Kidderminster soon after this reaches your hands: but, if it be his will I should never reach that dear place of my nativity, his 'will be done.' It has long been my earnest desire and prayer—That I may have no other will but my Father's; but that, he alone can give: I trust he has given it me in part, and I trust he will give it me more entirely, and that 'as my day, so shall my strength be' also. If it be his will, I would gladly return from whence I came, either to recover strength, or to die, as pleaseth my dear 'Father which is in heaven.' But, if it please him who said—'Take Aaron up to Mount Hor, and Aaron shall be gathered unto his people, and shall die there,' to say—Let Joseph Williams die on the road, or at Windsor, or Beaconsfield, or Wycomb, or Oxford, or wheresoever; who dare speak against it? I desire to say still, and in every case—'Father, not my will, but thine be done.' I am glad my *Will* is made, touching the disposal of my earthly goods: if I should not return alive, you know that it is in my daughter Penn's possession; and there is a letter I have addressed to you, my dear, which is in the right-hand drawer of my desk, which I would have no one to see but yourself. Should it

* This is the last letter Mr. W. was able to write.

please God to weaken my strength the next four days, as he hath done the last four days, I think I shall not be able to hold out unto the end. Who knows, however, but on this day of rest I may receive fresh supplies of strength? Nothing is too hard for the Lord: but, indeed, at present, I am scarcely able to rise out of my chair. 'The keepers of the house' do not 'tremble;' but, truly, 'the strong men bow themselves,' especially when walking up stairs, and up hill.

The great apostle saith—'But we had the sentence' (or, as it is in the margin, *the answer*) 'of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead.' I cannot say absolutely, that I have the sentence of death in myself, in the sense in which I there understand the apostle: for he had just before said, 'We were pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that we despaired even of life.' I cannot say, that my views of the symptoms of my present disorder amount to a despair of life, or of recovery; and yet, I cannot think it wholly improbable, that I have the symptoms of an approaching disease, which may prove incurable, and bring on an *atrophy*, (which I think to be already begun, for my body and limbs are considerably shrunk,) and so this animal frame may, in a few months, or weeks, or days, pine away, be dissolved, and die. At least, I think I have ground enough to suppose this may be the case, and upon such a supposition, to consider what I have to do, whilst life and breath remain. Indeed, my dearest, my heart is sensibly touched in respect of you: and yet, you need not much wonder, if my thoughts appear to be much engrossed about my own self, my future self, my eternal self. Especially as this is the Lord's-day, and I cannot go to church, partly through weakness, and partly as I am continually spitting up phlegm. Let me, therefore, talk to myself.

Most certainly, this animal frame is frail and mortal, though my soul is immortal. Why? because my

Father, 'the Father of spirits,' hath said—Let it be immortal. But, he hath 'appointed unto men once to die:' and, what if 'the time of my departure draweth nigh?' What if I am to be exercised, as I have been for many days past, with loss of appetite, frequent defluxions, fits of sickness, even unto vomiting, and growing weakness; till this body, lately so active and sprightly, be quite emaciated and enfeebled, and become no longer tenantable for my immortal spirit? This could not be my case, had not my Father appointed it should be so. 'My days are determined, the number of my months is with him, he hath appointed my bounds, which I cannot pass:' and why should I desire to pass them? No, I do not, would not, will not desire it. Under whatever exercises of sickness and pain, it becomes me to say, and let me say it with my whole heart, and with the full consent of my will—'Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.'—Certainly, it is my interest to 'trust, not in myself, but in God who raiseth the dead.' How else shall I bear with patience and with becoming resignation, the painful, tedious unwinding the thread of life? How shall I 'kiss the rod' but by hearing it, and him who doth appoint it?' 'Lord, increase my faith.' 'Lord, help my unbelief.' But, in this view of my case, how shall I be thankful enough to 'the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ!' How shall I bless him enough, 'who, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten me again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead:' unto a lively hope 'of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven' for me: and to a lively hope, that I am 'kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation;' and, that herein I can 'greatly rejoice, though now for a season,' as need is, I am in 'heaviness through manifold' trials. What should I do, or what could support my spirits, 'if in this life only I had hope?' What though

a bountiful Providence hath blessed me with more than enough to fulfil all my engagements? what though I have seen all my children comfortably settled: what though no man can be happier than I, in a dear, tender, dutiful wife; what can all these things do for a dying man? I ask again—What can all these temporary comforts do for a dying man, were they ten times as many and comforting as they are?

I suppose myself a dying man; and, upon such a supposition, what can possibly stand me in stead? I read in St. John's Revelation—'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them:' and, that this he 'heard' by a 'voice from heaven.' Should I not hereupon inquire—What is all this to me? What is it to 'die in the Lord?' It is to die, united to Christ by faith, firmly believing on him, and that both as 'able to save to the uttermost,' and as equally willing to save. Shall I thus '*die* in the Lord?' Do I '*live* in the Lord,' and 'to the Lord?' 'The life that I now live in the flesh,' do 'I live by the faith of the Son of God?' Do I 'do all' that I do, 'whether in word or in deed, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ?' Do I by lively actings of faith receive all my supplies, in the religious life, out of his 'fulness,' and from him as the ever-flowing, over-flowing Fountain of all grace? Do I 'do all' with an eye 'to his glory,' daily and continually devoting, resigning, and consecrating, all he doth or shall bestow on me, to his service and disposal? If not, what or where are those 'works' which shall 'follow' me? or, of what avail shall any works of mine, that shall follow me, be to my eternal salvation? I apprehend that none of those works of mine, that shall follow me, can avail me any thing, otherwise than as evidences of my sincere love to Christ, and unfeigned faith in him: and so I understand the sovereign Judge, when fore-

telling the process of the last judgment—'Come ye blessed, &c. for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat, &c.' that is, you evidenced your love to me, and faith in me, by relieving, for my sake, those who loved me, and stood in need of your help. If this be a right sense of those important words, I humbly trust many works shall follow me, of which I shall 'not be ashamed' at that glorious, glorifying day,—that great day of retribution; even then, when 'the kings of the earth and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, shall hide themselves in the dens, and in the rocks of the mountains, and shall say to the mountains, and rocks—Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb.' I have a cheerful, soul-reviving hope, that even then, the glorious Lamb, whose coming I joyfully expect, whose 'name is' now 'as ointment poured forth,' and who is my sure refuge in every time of need, 'my Lord and my God,' my Saviour and my Friend, my Jesus and my All, will shew me a pleased, smiling countenance. Certainly, 'my conscience beareth me witness,' before the Lord, that I have relieved many, in the name of disciples, and upon no other consideration than a charitable hope, that they were lovers of Christ, and interested in his love. Certainly, 'my conscience beareth me witness,' that I have long since absolutely and entirely devoted to the Lord Christ, and to his interest, all that he hath entrusted me with; yea, every day have I endeavoured and designed afresh to consecrate to him and his service, all I am, and all I have; resolving, by his grace, to render to him whatever his providence may ask for, be it more or less. Long since he hath clearly shewed me, that I came 'naked' into this world; and, that consequently, all I am possessed of is the free gift of his bounty and kind providence; therefore, all I have is his own, and sacred to him and to his sovereign will and pleasure:

and his promises assure me, I shall not, I cannot be a loser by whatever I do for him. Not that my Lord forbids me, or restrains me, from freely using whatever may contribute to my own present comfort; 'for he giveth liberally, and upbraideth not.' Nor doth he restrain me from providing for my own, but commands me to 'provide,' according to my ability, 'specially for those,' 'who are of' my 'own house.' Yet he expects I should eye and observe the calls of his providence, and obey them; 'not grudging' to give whatever he seems to demand of me, either to the relief of his people's wants, or for the furtherance and prosperity of his gospel. How far I have acted by this rule, the last great day will in the best manner declare. Undoubtedly, in many things, I 'have sinned, and come short of the glory of God:' yet, in the main, and believing him to be 'the Lord God, merciful and gracious,' &c. I dare lodge my appeal with him 'who searcheth the reins and hearts,' that he doth know it has been my desire and design to 'honour the Lord with my substance,' &c. Nevertheless, I freely own, that I draw my brightest evidences, and derive my liveliest hopes, not so much from what I have done for him, as from what he hath done for me, and in me, and by me. Certainly, I experienced the mighty power of his grace, changing and renewing my heart, in the days of my youth, when aged about seventeen or eighteen; drawing me to hate what I naturally loved, and to love what I naturally hated. Certainly, 'he turned me, and I was turned,' in a great measure, from those vanities and lusts in which my heart had long delighted. In numberless instances, he has cheered my heart with the smiles of his reconciled face, and has 'shed abroad that love' of his, 'which is better than wine.' Certainly, in very numerous instances, he has enabled me to 'rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory,' and many times on account of immediate answers to prayer: and, the

brighter and fuller the discoveries of his love have been, he, and he alone, knows, the more deeply have I been made to humble myself at his feet; yea to 'abhor myself and repent,' as it were, 'in dust and ashes.' And there is not any thing I have been more desirous, or even ambitious of, these many years, than to lie, and always lie, at the foot of the cross of Christ, in the lowliest submission and prostration of soul, sensible that I am nothing, have nothing, and can do nothing; and, at the same time, to see myself 'complete in him.' Surely, nothing have I desired more, or more fervently, than that he would make me humble, and keep me always humble. Nor has any consideration tended more to reconcile my spirit to this afflictive dispensation, than this hope—that the Lord is hearing my prayers, and granting me the thing I wished for. Indeed, I scarcely know what method could be more effectual, than that he has taken, to humble me to the dust, and make me sensible I am nothing in his hands, but what he makes me to be. Let him, therefore, humble me, and spare not. Only, dearest Lord, give me submission, give me patience, give me always to see thy hand in every affliction; give me always to lie at thy feet, without a murmuring word, or a repining thought. Oh! give me to accept of the punishment of my sins.

Do not imagine, my dearest, I write these things to grieve you, but to glorify God. Oh! how dear is Christ now to my soul! I hope my Christian friends pray for me. I can do but little of that work myself: but, blessed be his name, I can cast myself at his feet, and say (I think, with my whole heart) as holy Baxter did—"Lord, what thou wilt, when thou wilt, how thou wilt." 'The Spirit,' I hope, 'beareth witness with my spirit, that I am a child of God;' and the same Spirit, in many of my fellow Christians, beareth the same witness. Nor am I ashamed to own,

that I take pleasure and comfort in the good opinion of the godly. To stand so high in their esteem, as their many letters witness, contributes not a little to the clearing of my evidences, the brightening of my hopes, and elevating of my joy in the Lord.

Now then, O my soul, what remains for me to do all the residue of my days, but, first of all to extol and praise HIM, 'who hath saved me, and called me with a holy calling;' and not only so, but hath given me to eat of the hidden manna; and not only so, but hath 'given me a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knows but myself. Oh! what is hell, to be delivered from it, and to know that I am delivered. Oh! what is heaven, to be the place and state of our advancement, and to know that we are citizens of the New Jerusalem. In the next place, should I not speak of HIM, and recommend his good ways to all around me; and that, even whilst he is 'weakening my strength in the way, and shortening my days?' What though he crush my feeble frame! What though 'my days be spent with grief and my hours with sighing!' What though 'I chatter like a crane, or a swallow, and mourn like a dove'—that 'my age is departed and is removed from me like a shepherd's tent;' that 'I have cut off like a weaver my life;' that 'He will cut me off with pining sickness,' and 'from day even to night will make an end of me!' Is it not enough that in Christ Jesus the Lord, 'he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure?' 'This is all my salvation.' Be this 'all my desire.' Is it not matter of abounding joy that I can sing with appropriating faith, Dr. Doddridge's twenty-second hymn?

"'Tis MINE, the cov'nant of his grace;
And every promise mine!
All sprung from everlasting love,
And sealed by blood divine.

On my unworthy favour'd head
Its blessings all unite;
Blessings more num'rous than the stars,
More lasting, and more bright.

Death, thou may'st tear this rag of flesh,
And sink my fainting head,
And lay my ruins in the grave,
Among my kindred-dead;

But death and hell in vain shall strive
To break that sacred rest,
Which God's expiring children feel,
When leaning on his breast.

The enlarged soul thou canst not reach.
Nor rend from Christ away;
Though o'er my mould'ring dust thou boast,
The triumphs of a day.

The night is past, my morning dawns,
My cov'nant God descends,
And wakes that dust to join my soul,
In bliss that never ends.

That cov'nant the last accent claims
Of this poor fault'ring tongue;
And that shall the first notes employ
Of my celestial song."

Farewell, my dearest. I hope to see you again: but, if not, all is well. We shall spend a long, a joyful eternity at our Father's house together. If separate spirits may have the honour of 'ministering spirits,' how gladly would I be a witness to your secret devotions, and, if possible, an assistant! And how gladly would I receive your expiring spirit, in order to convoy and present it at the foot of the eternal throne! But how little do I yet know of these things! Yet 'a little while,' and we shall know ten million times more than is yet known by your poor, loving, rejoicing, JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

Mr. Williams was in perfect health, when he left home, October 22, 1755. His illness began in less than a week after; which induced him to use the Bath waters, under the direction of an eminent physician there of his intimate acquaintance; and he appeared to be so much recovered, that he left Bath, November 10, to prosecute his journey. But after the gradual advance of every threatening symptom, he wrote the preceding letter to his wife, which she received December 11; about an hour before he himself was brought home in a chaise. His complaints terminated in a lethargy, of which he died on the Lord's-day morning, December 21, about a month after he had completed the sixty-third year of his age.

The following Epitaph, composed by the Rev. B. Fawcett, may be found in Kidderminster Church-Yard, near the Church, and on the north side of it.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS

DIED DECEMBER 21ST, 1755, AGED 63.

Thy life, dear man, through every scene
Has active, useful, lovely been;
Who e'er devised more liberal things?
Who higher stretched Devotion's wings?
Could friendship, trade, at home, abroad,
Be sacred more to Christ thy God?
How far from fear, to heaven how nigh!
Thus WILLIAMS liv'd, and learn'd to die.

CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE

OF

JAMES BONNELL, Esq.

Accomptant-General of the Revenue, Ireland.

Religious Tract Society,

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THE LIFE OF

JAMES BONNELL, Esq.

Accomptant-General of Ireland.

THIS Account of Mr. Bonnell is abridged from his Life, written by the Rev. W. Hamilton, Archdeacon of Armagh. This work was printed in 1704: it describes the ardent devotion and practical piety of Mr. Bonnell, and then gives extracts from his own writings, which shew that these excellencies were derived from a living faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for our sins and rose again for our justification.

JAMES BONNELL, Esq. was born at Genoa, the 14th of November, 1653. He was the son of Samuel Bonnell, merchant, who resided some time at Genoa, and many years at Leghorn. His grandfather was Daniel Bonnell, of London, merchant; his great grandfather, Thomas Bonnell, a gentleman of a good family, near Ipres, in Flanders, who, to avoid the Duke d'Alva's fury, then cruelly persecuting the Protestants in the Low Countries, transported himself and his family into England, and settled at Norwich; where he was so well received, and so much esteemed, as to be afterwards chosen mayor of that city. Thus a zeal for religion, professed in its greatest purity, was shewn by his ancestors, and constantly maintained by himself in times of the greatest difficulty and danger.

Samuel Bonnell, father of James Bonnell, applied himself to the Italian trade at Leghorn, which he did with such success, that about the year 1649, he was worth at least ten thousand pounds, and his credit was much greater than his fortune: but

both were soon impaired by several accidents, by great losses at sea, but particularly by his zeal for the Royal Family, of whose sufferings he ever had a most tender sense, and whom he privately supplied with considerable sums of money. And there yet remain letters to him from the then Queen mother, from King Charles the Second, and his brother the Duke of York, acknowledging his friendship to them, and the supplies they had so seasonably received from him; and recommending Mr. Killigrew to him, whom they sent to promote their interests in those parts. All the losses and misfortunes which befel him, he bore with great submission to the will of God, and composed many devout meditations upon those melancholy occasions.

About the year 1655, Samuel Bonnell removed with his family into England; and upon the restoration of the Royal Family, the services he had done them, and his known abilities for such an employment, procured him a patent to be Accomptant-General of the revenue of Ireland, his son's life being included in the patent with his own. But this he was not long possessed of, for he died in the year 1664, leaving his son, James Bonnell, and one daughter, to the care of his wife, a woman of singular piety and prudence, both which she employed in the education of her son, chiefly in giving a right tincture to his mind, and seasoning it with the love of virtue and religion.

After he had been instructed in the first rudiments of learning in Dublin, he was sent to Trym school, and committed to the care of the Reverend Doctor Tenison, afterwards Bishop of Meath; by whose instructions he equally improved in learning and religion; and so great a sense had he of his master's kindness and care, that he mentions it more than once in his private papers, with very grateful acknowledgments. His lordship remembered with pleasure Mr. Bonnell's early accomplishments, and says, "he

then signalized himself for sweetness of humour and good nature, and was from a child of innocent and gentle behaviour, never inclined to vice, but strictly religious, and very ingenious: and he made such great progress in his studies, that he went early to the University, and acquired a great deal of learning in a short time, as I found when he returned to this kingdom, and came to visit me."

But as Mr. Bonnell, through the whole course of his life, was chiefly remarkable for his great piety; so it is the history of his piety the reader is here chiefly to expect; for that took very early possession of his heart, and, through divine grace, preserved him from the temptations of the world. The first books he read with pleasure, were those of devotion; and the care of his parents and instructors was so blessed by the grace of God, that he set out betimes in the way to heaven, prosecuted his journey with indefatigable diligence, and persevered in it to the last.

That Mr. Bonnell's piety was of this early growth, I shall shew by inserting here at large, his own account of it, which I find among his private papers:—

"From the beginning of my life, (says he), I had a great sense of piety: Lord! this was thy grace, thy gift, thy undeserved favour; my corruptions I had from nature, I brought them with me into the world. I remember the great delight I took in reading books of devotion at ten years old, and said then to my mother, if we were as holy as David, how happy should we be! At eleven years old, I used to get up from my bed-fellows on Sunday mornings, to say the prayers for that day out of the Practice of Piety, which was sent me as a token from a friend, and which I was pleased with, as an invaluable present. At twelve, I remember I found it difficult at waking to begin with God, (as the Practice of Piety directs,) and therefore I wrote out the words which are there proposed to be said, and put them under my

pillow, to have them ready at waking. At thirteen, I had read several books of piety and devotion. In the perusal of the Practice of Piety, I was pleased with the proposal of a methodical course of Religion, and allured with the arguments it uses to urge it; having been all along persuaded that it was my duty, so I was more easily inclined to it. At length, by my intense reading of this book, and being delighted with the meditations, soliloquies, and passionate passages of it, my whole thoughts were taken up with the things of another world, and I grew cool to all the delights of this. While these thoughts were upon me, the Lord's-day came welcome to me, which I was prepared to sanctify, according to the directions of my book, and former instructions, which I had long before received with my education; but I never found myself so willing to practise them, as then. On that day, my thoughts were wholly taken up with religious contemplations; so that when I went into my chamber in the evening, and there made a recollection of my whole life, according to the schemes for examination, which I had in the Practice of Piety and other books; and being taken up in an intense consideration of my sins, and my duty, of God, and heaven, and hell, &c. my affections were raised to a pitch higher than ordinary, and my spirits more fixed and composed. I then prostrated myself before God, and humbled myself for my sins; being, as I imagined, in such a pitch of godly sorrow, as would answer the characters of it, which my book proposed to me. Then taking up resolutions of amendment, and begging strength of God, I rose up from my knees, in a pleased persuasion that the work of repentance (which my book told me I must begin with, and be very solemn) was past: and that now, I might with comfort pass on, to the methodical practice of the duties of religion. So I cheerfully lay down, and cheerfully rose. I read the bible, I prayed, making

use of the forms in the Practice of Piety, and other books that I had, and on Sunday mornings I more largely confessed my sins, and examined myself. Thus I went cheerfully on, endeavouring to maintain my ground, and to persist in my practice; rejoicing much that the work of conversion, as I thought, was past with me, which the books I then read, and the persons that discoursed with me, had so much possessed me with. Nevertheless, under whatever opinion or notion soever I then did it, I do, as I have just cause, bless and praise the God of heaven, that he did so early let me see what was the practice of godliness; that I enjoyed so great an encouragement after holiness, as a taste of the sweetness of it. For this great and distinguishing goodness of the Lord, my soul doth, and ever will, praise his holy name! At this time, Dr. Tenison, my master, (of whose religious care of me I shall always have a very grateful remembrance,) discoursed with me about receiving the sacrament; I readily consented, not being a little rejoiced at the invitation, which seemed to come as it were from God himself. So I practised the directions which my books gave me, and endeavoured to prepare myself according to my light and ability. My notions of it were obscure, for the books I had read were so, and very allegorical. Yet I hope God will lay no sin to my charge, that might arise from thence; since it was what I was then capable of, from the instructions I had.'

These were the happy beginnings of Mr. Bonnell's piety; and his piety increased with his reason and years, till completed in a happy eternity.

At fourteen years of age, being fit for the University, he was removed from Trym school: but his friends, who were very anxious about his education, chose to send him to a private school in Oxfordshire; believing he would be there more out of the way of temptation; and resolving not to expose him

to the infectious dangers of a great city, and numerous acquaintance. But how much they were mistaken in their opinions may appear from Mr. Bonnell's own account:—'I was sent (says he) to Oxfordshire to a private house, for fear of being corrupted at the University. Our tutor was Mr. Cole, who had formerly been principal of St. Mary Hall, in Oxford; he read to us Aristotle's Philosophy, and instructed us in the Classics and Oratory: he preached twice every Sunday to his family and us. Here I stayed two years and a half; but my unhappiness was, that there was no practice of receiving the sacrament in that place, so that I could have no solemn,* earnest, and serious recollection of myself; neither were my associates such from whom I might learn any part of godliness, but on the contrary, all debauchery; so that my friends' care seemed herein to be in vain, had I not been otherwise principled before, and had some tincture of my Trym sentiments still on my mind. Our tutor was too remiss in matters of morality and religion, though I cannot accuse him of any thing that was ill.' At last he concludes, I cannot with comfort reflect upon the time spent in that place. And he has been often heard to say, when speaking of that private school, that in it were all the dangers and vices of the University, without the advantages.

From Oxfordshire he removed to Catherine Hall in Cambridge, having been entered there a year before by his friend and kinsman Mr. Strype, then of the same house. There his tutor was the learned Doctor Calamy, who, upon several occasions, expressed the esteem he had for his pupil, commending him to Mr. Strype and others for his learning, gravity, and manliness, both in discourse and behaviour; but chiefly for his constancy at religious duties, being hardly ever known to miss prayers all the time he continued at Cambridge. Here he enjoyed all those advantages, the want of which he lamented so much

before; the frequent returns of the sacrament kept his mind in a truly devout frame, put him upon the strictest researches into his past life, and the most solemn and serious resolutions of adhering to his duty. Here also he had friends and companions every way suited to his own genius and manner of life, such as were most remarkable for their parts and piety: the chief of whom were Doctor Gouge, afterwards minister of St. Martin in the Fields, London; Doctor Blackall, minister of St. Mary Aldermary, London; and Mr. James Calamy, his tutor's brother. Here he pursued all those methods of devotion he had begun before, and went on to further degrees of religious strictness; particularly, here he first resolved upon keeping fast days, which all his life after he religiously observed. 'This (says he) is what all books of devotion commend, and what I had known to be the practice of several religious persons. Looking upon it therefore as my bounden duty, I bethought myself what day of the week would be most convenient, and without any vows, immediately set upon it; and very great did I find the benefit of being sequestered from the world, and enjoying myself alone: it inured my mind to devotion, and kept it sensible and tender, and accustomed me to acts of mortification and self-denial. These days, if the weather were fair and calm, I would usually spend in the fields; if otherwise, in some empty chamber in the college; or in the absence of my chamber-fellow, in my own chamber; or in my study if he were there; but not so as to give him, or any else, the least suspicion of this practice, all the time I was there.'

His advancement in learning kept equal pace with his improvements in piety and years; for he prosecuted his studies with indefatigable diligence, and performed all his academical exercises with general approbation: and when sometimes his eager pursuit

of learning would occasion a thought to arise in his mind, that a whole day every week was what he could not spare from his studies, with indignation he would reject that suggestion, as coming from his spiritual enemy. He considered (as he expresses it) that it were just in God to punish such thoughts, by blasting all his studies; but if he cheerfully gave that time to God, his goodness would supply that and more to him, having promised to add all things to those, who first seek the kingdom of heaven and his righteousness.

From Catherine Hall (after he had taken his degrees in learning) he removed into the family of Ralph Freeman, Esq. of Aspeden Hall, in Hertfordshire, and undertook the education of his eldest son; a trust, which he ever esteemed one of the most weighty in the world, and which none should undertake without earnest resolutions of conscientiously discharging it. And it was very happy for Mr. Freeman, that he found one who had all those qualifications which he could wish in an instructor and friend for his son; great sweetness of temper, joined with a sound and penetrating judgment; a sedate gravity to command respect, mixed with an easy cheerfulness to gain love; a happy way of explaining the difficulties of learning, having clear notions himself of what he undertook to make intelligible to his pupil; a noble genius and lively fancy, tempered with discretion and prudence; and what was more valuable than all these, great strictness of life, and an excellent talent at recommending piety to young persons, which is a peculiar art; few knowing how to clothe religion in its true dress, most making it rather a burden than a pleasure to beginners, so as rather to frighten them from it, than engage them to love it.

This gentleman, Mr. Bonnell very happily instructed, making the most difficult parts of learning plain

and easy to him; but his principal aim was, to give young Mr. Freeman right notions of religion and virtue; which he not only endeavoured in his constant conversations with him, but for his use composed many pious meditations, with short reflections and advices upon the daily occurrences of life.

He continued in Mr. Freeman's family till the year 1678, and then went with his pupil into Holland, and stayed nearly a year in Sir Leoline Jenkins's family at Nimeguen, very much to his satisfaction. From Nimeguen, he went in the Ambassador's company through Flanders and Holland, and so returned for England. From that time he continued with his pupil till the year 1683, when Mr. Freeman was sent into France and Italy. In 1684, Mr. Bonnell went into France, and met Mr. Freeman at Lyons; and in his company visited several parts of France: and so great was his tenderness and concern for Mr. Freeman, that he being taken dangerously ill of the small-pox at Tours, Mr. Bonnell constantly exposed himself to that distemper, though he had never yet had it; and, upon his being able to use them, supplied him with many excellent meditations, and often joined with him in prayers and thanksgivings for his recovery.

By his prudent behaviour and ingenious conversation at Nimeguen, he procured Sir Leoline Jenkins's esteem and friendship, who, in his letters to Mr. Freeman's father, highly applauded Mr. Bonnell's conduct, and was ever ready to serve him with his interest at court, when his affairs required it. And with respect to his pupil, Mr. Freeman, as never man took truer pains to instruct and accomplish him, to improve him with knowledge, and adorn him with piety, so he continually reaped new satisfaction from the success of his labours; but chiefly from the most delightful part of them, his endeavours to give Mr. Freeman a right sense of his duty to God, and to fix the

impressions of religion in his mind. They frequently joined together in prayer, and every day their devotions led the way to their studies; the Te Deum and some of the Psalms being the first business of it. And though he kept Mr. Freeman close to these exercises, yet he managed them so, as that they might not prove uneasy to a youthful mind. And Mr. Freeman retained a most grateful sense of Mr. Bonnell's care of him, and has owned, in the kindest manner, since his death, that it was his prudent management and good instructions, which kept him from following many ill examples of great looseness and immorality; and hindered him from running into many mischiefs he should hardly otherwise have avoided: and that when he was absent from him, he constantly reminded him by letter of his former good instructions, which made the greater impression on him, as knowing they were meant in great kindness.

During Mr. Bonnell's stay in Mr. Freeman's family, he had frequent returns of sickness and pain; his constitution was tender, and easily injured: and I find by the meditations he then composed, that his body was an uncomfortable companion to his mind; and that he was frequently disturbed in his religious course by bodily disorders. He complains greatly of himself for being sometimes uneasy under a load of sickness, and wishing its removal with too much eagerness. One or two of these meditations, written in the year 1680, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, will give the reader a view of his happy progress in piety; and how bravely he encountered the difficulties he met with from the world and himself, from a distempered body, and those other infirmities which all mankind feel, and which are not to be entirely conquered while we are in this world.

Thus in one place he confesses his weakness to God, and prays for his help.—'O my God! what shall I think of myself? What shall I say to thee!

What am I but a sinful, discontented creature, whose obedience has at best been very imperfect! Thou hast long afflicted me with a lingering sickness in the flower of my life; and hast added (because I have not duly improved by this) other chastisements besides, and which, I hope, have not wanted their effect upon my soul. Thou Lord, art wise, and thy wisdom is deeply to be adored by us, which I humbly desire to do. But, ah! Lord, had my wisdom been to choose my chastisement, I would have had less of a painful sickness, and more of such other afflictions as thou layest upon men; and this, not to please my flesh, but for the good of my soul; having found by so much experience, that this is not so proper to kill our sins, and turn our hearts to thee; not so mortifying to the pride or discontent of our minds; not so quickening to repentance, and other christian graces, as the loss of estate, and displeasure of men; the falseness of friends, and injuries from others. True indeed, when once thou didst raise my sickness so as to consume my body and make even my life dangerous, through the blessing of thy grace it had a saving effect upon my soul; but in all other times the natural effect of it hath been, to make me intermit my devotions, and disturb my pious thoughts; to make me uneasy and discontented with my condition, and impatient after change. But in other afflictions, while the health of body remains entire, the heart is humbled, our devotions are quickened, and we fast and pray to good purpose, till our soul is brought over to thee, and confirmed in thy ways. If I now fast, it is not only all the time in pain, but ends in more, by increasing my distemper and in disposing my mind for the exercises of religion, the constant practice of which alone maintains the life of my soul. And yet thou choosest thus to afflict me still! However, Lord, I will fast; and O that I may never omit to pray. And do thou, O Lord, fortify my soul I

beseech thee, that I may ever persevere therein; let me consider that the life of my soul is above the health of my body, however I find it daily to decay.

Upon the whole, O my God, I am weary of being discontented and murmuring against thee. I humbly confess that I have found in the depth of my heart that my prayers to thee for making me contented with my condition have had too often this meaning, that thou shouldest make my condition such as I might agree to be contented with; and that when I have resolved to submit myself to thee and be contented, it has been with a prospect or secret hopes after such a condition; and that therefore when thou hast disappointed these wilful and groundless hopes, I have resumed my former impatience: this, Lord, upon a serious review, has been too often the sense of my heart. But behold I am truly displeased at myself, and both weary and ashamed of my impatience, and therefore do desire most humbly to return unto thee, and with thee, to condemn myself. Thou hast vouchsafed often to enlighten and quiet my soul, who have not deserved that favour from thee; and this one consideration shall satisfy me as it has done, that thou only knowest the time of my life here, and how to make a suitable provision for that time. Yet, O Lord, I groan under the burden of an aching flesh, and many never intermitting pains, though not extreme, which is thy mercy. My sins indeed deserve this, and more: but might I choose for the good of my soul, as I said, (which I know thou dost favour) I should, with submission to thy wisdom, desire some other kind of chastisement, and take leave to wonder at thy dispensation to me. But I am abundantly satisfied, and assured in myself, from thy immense wisdom and exceeding love, to which I heartily and cheerfully resign up myself, that even this is best for my soul, however unlikely it seems to me. Thy wisdom is above my shallow comprehen-

sion, and therefore to thee I sacrifice these glimmering sparks of my faint reason, and shall repose myself upon thy mighty love.'

Another time, reflecting upon the sins which had been the effect of his sickness and afflictions, he endeavoured to quiet his mind, by proposing to it the more dangerous sins which generally attend prosperity and health. 'You see, O my soul, (says he) what sins sickness and affliction lead you to; (which indeed are ill, and the Lord in mercy grant me pardon for them) but you do not see how much greater sins, health and plenty, freedom and applause, honour and the good things of this world, would have brought you into, had God vouchsafed them. It is not possible for thee to have a prospect of these, but from the wickedness of thy heart thou mayest guess what would have become of thee, had He dealt with thee with a more bountiful hand, and as he does with some others. The child that dare sin even under the rod, what would it have done in the midst of smiles?

'O let the consideration of those sins from which the goodness of God has kept thee, make thee heartily contented with the way that he has taken with thee, and exceeding joyful with that condition which hath been a means to thee of avoiding any one sin. It is a cursed delusion of the devil, who plunges souls in sin that have begun only to tamper with it, and draws those wholly away from God, who have wantonly turned a little out of the right path, by making them believe that now their hand is in, they may go on; that since they have begun a score, it will not much increase their guilt to gratify themselves in the next enjoyments: the sum of their guilt will be much the same, if having gone so far, they take the other satisfaction in also; the same repentance will serve to account for both, and the same humiliation to wipe out all; and this temptation seldom fails to overcome,

especially when there is a strong party within, and a predisposition in our minds by former commissions. But O my soul, let me know that it is infinite matter of rejoicing to be saved from *one sin;* that we who bear upon God's patience by our commissions should, rather than displease him, suffer any thing to avoid one evil. The contrary is the language of a heart alienated from God, and that has forgot the sweets of his favour; besides, the consequence is more fatal, and seldom terminates in one sin; but increasing the enmity of our will towards God, disposes us afterwards to commit the same and other sin, maliciously, and in a kind of defiance to him, which before we did out of weakness and childish infirmity. For the first sins which are committed by a child of God are innocent, in comparison with the additional repetitions which are committed on a presumption of God's reconcilableness and hopes of repentance; for this does two things, it habituates the person to the sin, and makes him more powerfully disposed to it by a bodily and mental habit and inclination; and it raises in his mind a sense of greater guilt, and by consequence of God's displeasure, the effect of which is, that he contracts an enmity to God. For being habituated and inclined to his sin, and knowing on the other side, that God is displeased with him for it, he likewise becomes angry with God who stands in the way of his enjoyment and his gratifying himself; and this excites enmity to God, which is the constant affection of a sinner, as love is of a saint. And nothing more hardens our heart from returning to God, or concludes us in a state of sin than this does; because it makes us sin maliciously, the breach is made wide, and reconciliation not easy; and in the mean time habits grow powerful, and they carry away the soul that is thus estranged from God with the same ease that a wolf devours a solitary sheep that is gone astray, and quite out of the sight of its shepherd. It is in the

condition of the Israelites when Moses was so long in the mount:—As for this man, and this God, who brought us out of Egypt, we know not what is become of them; up, let us make other gods.

'Hear, O Lord my God, the humble request of thy unworthy servant, according as I unfeignedly desire to pour it out before thee: let me have grace to serve thee, let me be delivered from every sin, and all occasions of falling; let me have grace to wait upon thee with never-ceasing diligence, in well-doing, in humble, constant, and earnest prayer; let me proceed in holiness, exemplariness, and all christian graces; make me inwardly sound in respect of myself, and outwardly influential to all I converse with, that thy grace may be in my heart and on my tongue, in my looks and in my eyes, and shine bright in all my actions.

'Teach me, O my God, the wisdom of salvation, and let me understand thy will and way of proceeding in dealing with my soul. In all my sufferings I find that this gives me ease, and makes me able quietly to submit while thou dost tell my soul that it is thy will I should thus suffer; for in submitting to thy will, I hope to please thee, and in gaining thy favour, I gain more than the world can make me lose. Farewell then all projects and vain contrivances; this is the will of my God, this must be best for my soul, here I will stay, and here will I submit.'

The great benefit of these severe trials from sickness and other afflictions, he expresses in the following meditation, composed soon after the former, and written in the same spirit:—

'O Lord, thou didst bring the wise heathen to the knowledge of thy Son by the leading of a star, how early didst thou make them partakers of this great blessing! thou didst form their minds by thy blessed Spirit to that degree of saving humility, that they were not offended at the meanness of our Saviour's

circumstances. Had not that exceeding great joy wherewith they were transported, when they saw the star conducting them to the place where our Saviour lay, buried all carnal affections in them, the pride of their heart would have made them start back as Naaman did from Elisha, saying, ' Surely we thought to have found some great prince richly attended; and in despite of the heavenly signal, they would have counted all but a delusion, and refused to submit their reason to so great absurdities : but thou, O Lord, didst not only enlighten their eyes, but didst touch their hearts, and inflame their spirits with heavenly affections, so that when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. Thou, O Lord, hast thought fit to afflict me in divers manners, in mercy, I trust, for the good of my soul, that thou mayest not condemn me with the world : but O, gracious Lord, while I find my soul moved to thee by such chastisements, while I find each of them to have its natural and due effect upon my spirit, while I find my soul humbled by reproaches, my mind drawn off the world and resigned to thee with humble and contented dependance at losses ; while it is thus with me upon each occasion, let men contemn and speak evil of me ; let the news come of the loss of my estate or other calamity, I shall rejoice, O my God, with exceeding great joy, because it brings me to the haven where I would be, and to that temper of mind, which is more precious than all things upon earth. Indeed, while afflictions have not this due effect, they are like wandering fires that lead my soul so much the more astray ; but when they have this effect, they are like the blessed star that conducts me to my Saviour, whom, when I find warming my soul with heavenly affections, I cannot but rejoice with exceeding great joy ; with joy, to find my Lord while I lose the world ; with joy, to find my heavenly physic work kindly on my soul, and an eternal health springing up in it. O my God, so guide

me, so conduct me, so prepare my soul and temper my mind, that I may cheerfully follow the motions of thy blessed providence, and yield myself to the mighty workmanship of thy eternal Spirit.'

In the year 1684, Mr. Bonnell leaving Mr. Freeman in France, came directly from thence into Ireland, and took his employment of Accomptant-General into his own hands, which had been since his father's death managed by others for his use. This is an office of much business and great trust: in the discharge of which, he was so remarkably diligent and faithful, so dexterous in dispatch, and so ready to oblige, that he soon equally gained the esteem of the government and the love of all who were concerned with him.

But as religion ever had the principal sway in his affections, so a mighty zeal for that, a contempt of this world, a mind raised above its perishing concerns, had before this time given him strong desires of quitting all secular employments, and dedicating himself entirely to the service of God. It could be no worldly consideration which suggested that thought to him, for the temporal advantages of his office were greater than what he could have expected in a long time from any ecclesiastical preferment, and his station was besides of sufficient dignity and credit. But in things relating to God he conferred not with flesh and blood; and nothing hindered him from actually entering into holy orders, but the consideration that his employment was a great trust, and that he must render an account to God, not only for the discharge of it, but for the hands into which he should put it: a man of knowledge and sufficient skill, but chiefly who had established a character of piety and unshaken virtue, was what he wanted. And such an one in the year 1688 he thought he had found, and had actually agreed with him about it, being not a little rejoiced with the hopes of being soon free from the noise and hurry of worldly business, and having nothing to do but take

care of his own soul, and do good to the souls of others. But the news of the revolution changed that gentleman's thoughts, and broke Mr. Bonnell's measures.

His desires of entering into the ministry were of a very early date, for several attempts were made by his friends, during his residence in England, to procure him some settlement in the church there, some of which might have succeeded, had he seconded his friends' zeal by any endeavours of his own; but that he was so far from doing, that he reckoned it a great unhappiness to the church, that interest and application had any share in the disposal of spiritual things. And when his friend Mr. Freeman, out of a sense of Mr. Bonnell's great merit, and the services he had done him, designed to have purchased the advowson of a benefice, that he might present Mr. Bonnell to it, he himself was the only person that opposed it, and so disappointed the kind intentions of his friend.

And it is probable that some endeavours of his friends for his advantage occasioned the following meditation, written in the year 1680, wherein we shall see what were his sentiments of soliciting for employments in the church, and what motives he proposes to himself why he should in all those affairs cheerfully submit to the will of God, and acquiesce in his wisdom, which is graciously promised for the guidance of all who with firm faith seek divine direction.

'I have often thought it (says he) a great misfortune of some men, whose condition engages them in soliciting preferment and places which they often miss, and an unhappy effect of some employments, particularly in divinity. And I cannot but pity such men whose employments almost necessarily engage them in such conflicts as seem very uneasy to flesh and blood, and very apt to shock a christian temper; for to what is one carried more violently, than to grudge and hate a rival or competitor? to speak evil of him

when occasion is offered, and to envy him if he succeeds? And what jealousies, what animosities, what heart-burnings, are commonly the effect of such debates, and are naturally apt (without much struggling with one's self) to be produced by them? Yet this, O my soul, will be made easy to thee, if thou doest all with relation to God. If thou countest it thy only business in this world to serve God, and considerest that no service can be pleasing to him that is not submissive; for if I serve God only as I will myself, I cannot suppose it will be acceptable to Him; wherefore, I will desire no place, preferment, or employment, to please myself, (especially in the church, but indeed nowhere else) but to serve God. If therefore I fail of any thing of this nature, for me to be dissatisfied or envious, or angry or the like, is as if I should proffer my service to a master, with great professions of humility and respect, to do a piece of work which he thinks fit to set another servant about, and I immediately fly out into the most unmannerly and undutiful expressions, both against one and the other. I cannot say that God wholly casts me out of his service, for wherever I am in this world, I am in it: all I wait for is a change of duties, and if God thinks not fit to employ me in that way, if indeed I principally desire to serve him, as I profess, I ought to be far from being displeased.

'Fancy, O my soul, that thou hearest thy God thus speaking to thee: 'My son, it is but a little time that you will stay in this world, no matter how you are employed, so you do it faithfully and well: the greater the charge is, the greater duty, and the greater account will be expected: since by all your labour you strive only to please me, you will do that more by labouring according to my will where I set you, than where you seek to place yourself. It will not be long before I shall take you to myself; in the mean time, do your duty where my providence shall place

you. And if other things fail which you desire or aim at, count that I think not fit to remove you, and let it satisfy you because it pleaseth me.' 'Ah, Lord, perfect this important lesson in my heart, which I am beginning to learn, and thou to teach me; and change me more and more by the power of thy grace, till I at last be transformed into the heavenly likeness of thy dear Son, Amen.'

During King James's reign, Mr. Bonnell discharged his office himself; and though he was one whom the party that then ruled could never hope to bring into their interests, yet so fully were they convinced of his abilities and faithfulness, that they never thought of removing him from his employment: for such openness and sincerity shone in all his actions, such unshaken fidelity was his rule and guide, so known an enemy was he to faction and intrigue, that he was not only free from blame, but even from suspicion, and the enemies of his religion reverenced his person.

He wanted not his share of those apprehensions which the state of these kingdoms (and of Ireland in particular) raised in the minds of all true Protestants; he saw the clouds gathering, and expected and prepared for a storm; but the effects which these threatening dangers had upon him were different from what they produced in the generality of men. For instead of being dismayed at the prospect of them, instead of sinking under a load of fears and despairing of deliverance, he considered the true end and great benefit of judgments; and what need most churches have of being awakened by corrections, who are too apt to be corrupted by prosperity, and lulled asleep by a long course of peace and safety. Therefore writing to his friend Mr. Strype in the year 1686, he expresses himself thus: "The army is already changed, and God knows what an effect an ecclesiastical commission might produce in the church. I find our churchmen expect it. Our civil officers depend on the king's

pleasure, among the rest, myself. I hope there is a happy time coming of weeding the church of England, and had rather, if it please God, bear my share in suffering, than that any scandalous persons should make it part of their character to be of a church so truly resembling the primitive, if it might be made happy with a quickening discipline."

All that reign his thoughts were very much employed in arming himself against those dangers which he saw approaching, and in preparing for the severest trials. His private papers are full of excellent prayers and meditations, proper for a devout christian in times of difficulty and distress. And he seems to have then laboured more than at any time of his life before, to disengage his affections entirely from this world, and bring his mind to such an indifference to it, that he might not be at all solicitous about his fate here, but be ready and willing to remove upon the first summons. It was then his daily work to fortify his soul with a noble faith in God, with true christian courage and bravery, and the firmest resolutions of sacrificing all, even life itself, to God and his duty, should he be called to it.

And that he was thus employed, the two following meditations, among many others of the same kind which might be here inserted, composed in the year 1687, will sufficiently show.

'The wicked (says he) flees when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion. Grace reforms and changes nature: it makes the proud man humble; the furious man meek and patient; the luxurious man temperate and mortified; but can it also make a coward valiant? This seems to be so deeply rooted in our bodily frame, that without moulding us anew, it cannot admit of any alteration. And on the other hand, men that are naturally stout, though ever so vicious, still retain their courage. How then shall we understand this sentence of the wise man? Either

we must conceive it of wicked and righteous men, who have naturally equal degrees of courage, and then in case of terror, see who is the bravest man, or else we must take it in case of public calamities, when God visits; then the wicked tremble as a leaf, but the righteous are bold as a lion. Fear is a great sin in a good man; for why should he fear, who has the Lord of Hosts for his shield, and most sure protector? His heart standeth fast and believeth in the Lord: his heart is established and will not shrink: he is not afraid of any evil tidings, nor of any terror or amazement. Though the earth be moved, and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea, yet will he not fear. These are the characteristics of the good man. Faith that removes mountains, works this change also; and makes women and children out-brave death and tyrants in their cruellest forms. It is only want of faith, of believing in the Lord, that makes good men fear. Peter, who had ventured where never man went before, when he saw the waves arise, was afraid. Our Saviour gives the reason, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?' I believe, that except the Lord keep the house, the watchman waketh but in vain: I believe, that God is my keeper in the way of my lawful calling and abode; if I fear, I either do not believe, or do not believe enough. If it be His will to give me up to the violence of evil men, wherefore should I fear his will? We fear only for something we are fond of: the good man has given up all his earthly concerns to God. If I am still afraid for any of these, and think this fear only an innocent and unavoidable infirmity of my nature, I mistake; for it is a certain proof that I am still fond of what I pretend to have given up to God: it is a contradiction to my profession, and a manifest sin. But if (as I said) it be the will of God, to give me up to the violence of evil men; my body, my goods, or my

life; why should I be afraid of the will of God, which is full of goodness and kind intentions towards me? If it be not his will, I know all the powers of earth and hell cannot hurt me. I will lay me down therefore in peace, and take my rest; for thou, O Lord, only makest me dwell in safety. I will repose myself under the shadow of thy Divine pleasure, and in it shall I find a sure retreat, though my body and all my earthly concerns be given up to violence.'

The other Meditation is as follows:

'In time of wealth and prosperity God requires us to watch and be sober; to keep the world at a distance from our affections; to live in it, but not to live to it; to be reasonably pleased with it, but not to dote on it. But there is a time, when he requires us to be utterly estranged from it; when the dispute is not about enjoying it more or less, but about quitting it altogether. A time when we are to have the loins of our minds girt up, as the Israelites had their bodies, the night they were to go out of Egypt; when we are to be as indifferent to life, or this world, as they were to the land they were leaving; when we are to put our lives in our hands, and not love them to the death. And this time is, when such a case happens, as we find mentioned in the 13th of the Revelation, when we have our choice to worship or die; no way to escape death, but by a sinful compliance; when none but they whose names are written in the book of life, and have ears to hear, of all that dwell upon the earth, shall refuse to worship the beast, or his image. When power is given to it, to fight against the saints, and to overcome them; then is the time for the patience and faith of the saints. This is a time when there is to be no parleying with the world; it must not come into our thoughts; we must either resist bravely, and save our lives by losing them, or die for ever.

We may observe more severe and lively expressed punishments denounced against such sinful compliance than against all the immoralities and sins reproved in holy writ. Thus Rev. xiv. 9, 10, 11. If any man worship the beast and his image, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture, in the cup of his indignation; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone, in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb: and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever; and they have no rest day and night. And the reason is, because the temptation is greater to this than any other sin; and therefore it is balanced with great terrors, to arm us against it. The dispute here is not about resisting some little temptation, from which we might hope to recover ourselves again, and repent; but about resisting a sin that can never be repented of; about parting with life and all, at once, or falling for ever. And on the other hand, as the terror is great; so God stands by, animating his own soldiers, and encouraging them to quit the world resolutely, and die bravely, ver. 12, 13. Here is the patience of the saints, here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus. And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works shall follow them. And they sing the song of Moses, and the song of the Lamb, chap. xv. 3. The triumphal song after the overthrow of Pharaoh, and the Lamb's triumphal song after his glorious resurrection, when he ceased from his labours, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.'

By such exercises as these, Mr. Bonnell was very well fitted for whatever could befal him; and he took the true way to make dangers not only tolerable but easy, by fleeing to Him for succour, who can either

give safety, or enable us to bear trouble; can remove the rod, or sweeten its pains. Nor was he less earnest in his prayers for the removal of those calamities he saw falling upon the church, than careful to fit himself to bear his own share of them. And we have reason to bless God, that he (among other religious persons) was then devoutly employed in fervent addresses to God for his church and our holy religion; since we may reasonably believe, that their pious intercessions shortened our troubles, and preserved us under them. Such public blessings are the devout and religious, since to their prayers even the wicked owe their peace and safety.

And how constant, how earnest his prayers in those days of trouble were, the following meditation of his will shew.

'If it should please God to let this storm blow over us which now hangs so black, and turn his judgments into a blessing, I should not be capable of any comfort from such a happy day, if I should reflect, that I had not performed my part in praying earnestly to God for such a blessing. They only that sow in tears shall reap in joy: if I have no part in that holy sowing, I shall look upon myself to have no share in that happy harvest. I shall be like the sullen Samaritan lord, who would not believe the Prophet's word. I shall see the plenty with mine eyes, but not be suffered to taste of it. If persons join together for an adventure, and put in their several stocks, surely the gain, when it returns, will be divided between them, and a stranger shall not intermeddle with their profit. Good people are now stirring up themselves to join earnestly together in prayer for a removal of the judgments that threaten us; and surely if I join not with them by my humble prayers, I shall see a blessing falling into their bosoms; I shall see it, and look sad, and go away empty.'

And as Mr. Bonnell saw danger coming on with a

very composed mind, so his apprehensions did not grow greater at the near approach of it. For I find, in his private papers, an account of his behaviour, when this kingdom was universally alarmed at the report of a massacre, designed to have been acted upon the ninth of December, 1688. This news astonished the Protestants every where, particularly in Dublin, and great multitudes fled in confusion to the sea-side to escape, as they best could, for England. What share Mr. Bonnell had in these fears, and how quickly he got the better of them, what now follows will best shew, written on that very day of terror and disorder, when the impressions, which a common danger might raise in the best resolved mind, would probably be strongest.

'How inconstant are human things! Blessed is the soul that has his hope fixed on thee, O Lord. Last Thursday the letter threatening a massacre to all the English on this day came to town; and people not receiving such satisfaction from the Lord-Deputy as they expected, began to think of England, and multitudes flocked away. I went myself to Ringsend, thinking if there were any alarm, I was nearer to take shipping. I had the duties of my place upon me, and no leave to go: therefore I would not go, unless in case of extremity, when no duty could be attended on. If I desired to follow the direction of God, and to watch and observe the guiding of his providence in every lesser affair of my life, surely I should do it in the most important one, my life itself; for if I may presume any thing relating to me to be his care, this no doubt is. Now the index of his will is his providence; and the index of his providence is my duty: this is the star that points out to me the course I am to take. If I am discharged from my duty, I may expect God's protection in going from hence; if not, in staying here. While I waited at Ringsend, uncertain in my resolutions, I remembered a verse of the first lesson

at last night's prayers, which then I took notice of, but forgot it in the hurry of going away. Is. xxx. 15. 'In returning and rest shall ye be saved, in quietness and confidence shall be your strength.' 'God requires of us a confident reliance on him in the station wherein he sets us, a quiet doing of our duty, and he promises his safe-guard to such: I thought, therefore, I would return, and put myself into his hands, and endeavour quietly to compose my soul to await his pleasure. Instead of hurrying about to enquire for news, I would retire by myself with my God, and settle matters between him and myself. Behold I am come, O my God, hide not thyself from thy servant in the day of danger. O shut not out thyself from me this day, when the matter in debate is my appearing before thee for ever. I have deserved, I must humbly acknowledge, that thou shouldest withdraw thy grace and favour from my soul. But cast not away, O Lord, all thy past favours, and let them not be lost upon me. Pardon, for thy tender mercies, my unworthiness of them, and awaken my soul to behold thee, that thy presence may purify it from all the dross it has contracted by conversing in the world, and fit it for thyself. Lord, thou lovest to succour in distress; nothing is so pleasing to generous love, as to rescue from danger those whom it is pleased to favour. For what sentiments does this awaken in an ingenuous heart! What returns of love does it provoke! Who can refuse to adore that watchful love which seasonably comes in to its preservation! This then, O Lord, is my humble confidence in thee; for I not only hope for deliverance from thee, but that thou wilt make this deliverance a means to my soul of returning to thee love and praises for ever. O pardon, gracious Lord, the sins that have more immediately provoked it; even our not having laid to heart, so much as we should, the terrors of thy soul, O most gracious Lord Jesus, which thou didst undergo for our sakes, when

thy soul was sorrowful even unto death, and thou didst cry out, Father, save me from this hour: by thy terrors, O Lord, sanctify this thy judgment, and let us always love to meditate on thy agony for our sakes. Amen.'

I find another excellent meditation of his, upon the same public troubles, composed by him, December 22, 1688, when our fears and distractions were at the greatest height; and which I shall here give the reader, that he may see how Mr. Bonnell, by a firm confidence in God, secured the peace of his own mind in that general disorder; and may learn the way to be safe and happy, should God send the same calamities upon us.

'Isaiah xxx. 15, Thus saith the Lord, the holy one of Israel, in returning and rest ye shall be saved, in quietness and confidence shall be your strength: in returning from your solicitous cares and anxious fears, and vain projectings for your escape and safety. The time you bestow upon these, to how much better purpose would it be laid out in waiting upon me, and in imploring my aid and protection, who am so easily able to defend you! And this is the reason why in time of danger, I require your resting quietness and confidence in me; because if I think proper not to give you deliverance, this fits your souls for myself; to enjoy me in a much better condition. But if I send deliverance, this makes you know that it comes from my hand, and disposes you to make me thankful returns for it. They that in danger do not dispose themselves to a dependance on God, and confidence in him, if deliverance comes, are apt to impute it to an arm of flesh, or to chance, and the revolution of things. But those souls that quiet themselves in God, and with a humble confidence depend wholly on his power and readiness to help them, if it be his will, see plainly that what deliverance they obtain is wrought by his hand; this makes them prize the mercy, and praise him for it. O my

God, I see many of thy servants, in conscience of their duty, expose themselves to hazard in this place; I have also a duty here; thy providence has continued it on me; the present season does indeed acquit me from attending it for some time; but should I not, by removing, be a discouragement to thy servants who are obliged to stay here? Lord, thou hast ordered and governed my whole life hitherto, and every circumstance of it; I know I am now under thy protection and care; I know thou art not unmindful of me; (pardon my unworthiness to assure myself so,) O keep my eyes stedfast upon thee, and upon the indications of thy will and providence, that I may not be forward to do any thing of my own head, lest I put myself out of the way of thy mercy and protection. Thy people in the wilderness were not to stir till the cloud began to remove before them. Let me attend the motions of thy providence with a constant eye lifted up to thee. If thou callest me from hence, by any providence, let me go in obedience to thy will. If thou requirest me to stay here, and bear thy good servants company, (for surely thy suffering servants are the purest of thy flock,) let me stay in obedience to the same will, and dispose myself to bear with them, the issues of thy pleasure upon us; that we may glorify thee by life or by death, or whatsoever thou shalt ordain to us. Hear me, O gracious Lord, in the multitude of thy mercies, and prepare my heart for thy will, and to receive the decrees of thy infinite wisdom concerning me; prepare me always for thy holy presence, and whether I live or die, let me be ever thine. Grant the same mercy to all thy distressed servants in this place; and as thou hast visited us with one common trouble, so unite us in thy fear, and make us partake of the same grace and mercy. Lord be glorified in us, and let our souls find acceptance with thee, through the beloved, our Lord Jesus Christ and only advocate. Amen.'

Thus armed with confidence in God, Mr. Bonnell waited the issue of our common dangers: and as he put himself into God's hands, so from God he had safety and protection, and even liberty during all our troubles. He was continued in his employment without his desiring it, and it was happy for many Protestants that he was so; since whatever he received out of it, he distributed among them with a liberal hand. He sought out opportunities of relieving his needy brethren, and went about doing good to the necessitous and oppressed. He boldly pleaded for them to those who were then in power; and ventured, without concern, his own interest, favour, and even his necessary subsistence (so courageous does piety and charity make men) to get the injured Protestants relieved.

When in the progress of the war, the Protestants in Dublin were denied the exercise of their religion; their churches turned into prisons, and their ministers confined,' Mr. Bonnell deeply lamented those sins which brought down that which he accounted the severest of God's judgments; and endeavoured to supply the want of the public prayers of these churches by the greater constancy and fervour of his private devotions. Thus, June the 25th, 1690, a few days before the victory of the Boyn, he expressed the sorrows and devotion of his soul, in the following meditation:

'Justly, O Lord, for our negligence in thy worship and service, dost thou shut us out from the liberty of meeting together to celebrate it. Yet even this I trust will turn to good to those that fear thee, in making them more zealous and fervent in praying to thee in private; and afterwards that thou wilt give them grace to redeem the faults they have been guilty of, by greater fervency in public, when thou shalt graciously restore to us the liberty of it. But, Lord, we are not better than thy servants who are totally deprived of these means. Oh! that it is not to be

said how far we may be worse than they;) why then should it be presumed that thou wilt deal with us so much more graciously than thou hast thought fit to do with them? We are in thy hands, and have deserved no good from thee. Justly mayest thou deprive us of the liberty and exercise of our religion. But let not then the extraordinary supplies of thy grace be wanting to us, for thou canst work without means, as well as with them; and even this severe dispensation of thy providence will be turned to a mercy to all of us, if it puts us upon repentance for all our abuses of that great freedom of thy holy ordinances which thou hast so long indulged to us; for our irreverent, careless, undevout behaviour in thy worship; for our pleasing ourselves in other things in our coming into thy house of prayer, besides meeting and serving thee our God. If it help us to repent of these abuses of thy house here, before thou take us to thy house in the heavens; and if it fill us with hungerings, and thirstings, and longings after those opportunities of serving thee which we have too slightly valued hitherto, thou mayest make even a total deprivement turn to a greater blessing to us, (as I trust thou wilt do if thou shouldst think fit so to deal with us) than the freest enjoyment. Thou knowest how to conduct thy servants to thyself, for this is the end of all their travels. O let this aim fill our souls, and we shall unconcernedly leave to thee the ordering the things of this world which we have done with.'

But these calamities were soon over, and were succeeded by all that joy which long wished for liberty, safety, and peace could give. One general release discharged all our prisoners; and our churches again returned to their true use, and became houses of prayer. And as Mr. Bonnell had always expressed his sorrow in penitential complaints and fervent prayers to God, so now his joy turned all to praises. But how different were his

reflections upon that surprising turn of affairs, from those of most others, who shared in the deliverance it gave! As different, it is to be feared, as his behaviour had been before. The mutual caresses of the Protestants, after their new-gained freedom, he improved to the noblest purposes, thence to raise his mind to heaven, and to contemplate those endearments and that seraphic love and joy which shall fill the souls of the faithful at their meeting in that happy place.

'How did we see (says he) the Protestants on the great day of our revolution, Thursday the third of July; (a day ever to be remembered by us with the greatest thankfulness, O had it been begun with visiting our churches, and presenting ourselves there to God our deliverer,) they congratulated, and embraced one another as they met like persons alive from the dead! Like brothers and sisters meeting after a long absence, and going about from house to house to give each other joy of God's great mercy; enquiring of one another how they past the late days of distress and terror! What apprehensions they had; what fears or dangers they were under; those that were prisoners, how they got their liberty, how they were treated, and what from time to time they thought of things!

O that this may be a happy type to us, as it is as lively an emblem as this world can give, of the joyful meeting of the servants of God in heaven at the great day of Jubilee, when all the terrors of death and judgment shall be over, and Christ our great deliverer shall have put all our enemies under his feet. How will they then embrace and congratulate for their escape from all their terrors and fears! How will they welcome one another into that blessed and secure abode of eternal peace and joy! How may we suppose, will they enquire of one another, how they past through those days wherein they were parted? What difficulties they met with in life after the others had left them? With what apprehensions or terrors they

past through their last great agony? And what comforts or supports they had under it? One will say, I remember you were a prisoner in bondage to sin, and under the slavery of divers lusts; how were you set free? How did you conquer those great and stubborn enemies we left you conflicting with? I remember, to another, you were with child in those days, loaded with the incumbrances of the world, and cares of getting and keeping riches and providing for a family, in a degree above what was necessary either for their happiness or your state. To another, you were on the bed of sickness in the time of this alarm, oppressed with distracting crosses, domestic disturbances, foreign enemies and oppressions, inward pains and diseases. How did you get through all your infirmities? How did you escape, who were not able to stir from the bed? With joy, each will reply, 'God did all this for us!'

After this manner did Mr. Bonnell improve that great deliverance; and so much did religion possess his thoughts, that (as I find from his papers) it was his usual practice, from the daily occurrences of the world, and the most familiar affairs of his life, to draw such reflections as might best keep his mind in a devout frame, and confirm him in his duty.

But his share in that general joy was soon abated, from two causes; the one particular to himself; the other of more public concern. The death of his mother was his particular cause of grief which he heard of by the first letters that came from England, and which he lamented with true religious sorrow. He bore her the tenderest respect, as well as the greatest love; for she had done every thing for him which natural fondness and religious concern could suggest; and he was sensible of all his obligations to her, from duty and gratitude, as well as nature. His meditations upon her death shew a spirit truly afflicted for

such a loss, yet submitting without a murmur to the will of God; with great love to his parent, yet greater to Him who had taken her away.

His other cause of trouble, and what touched him as sensibly as any loss could do, was the little reformation which the judgments of God had wrought in this kingdom. He reasonably expected that those who had lamented the want of their churches would throng to them with joy when they were restored to them, and praise God continually for that great mercy; that unity and love should universally prevail among those who were not only professors of the same religion, but had been fellow-sufferers for it; and that disputes, contentions, and revenge should be for ever done away. But when he saw our troubles succeeded by a torrent of vice, and the rod no sooner removed, but God, who had appointed it, forgotten by too many: when he saw immorality and profaneness conquer as fast as our victorious arms; and that the same army that delivered us, did corrupt us too; so melancholy a prospect very much moved him, raised many sad thoughts in his mind, and made him conclude that the time of our complete deliverance was not yet come.

Soon after this I find him lamenting the decay of piety, and prevalency of vice: these were always matter of grief and indignation to his mind; but chiefly after our great deliverance, when the vilest ingratitude was a new aggravation of every sin. His sense of these things the following meditation will shew, written August 17, 1690.

'How do I fear that the standard of piety is lost in the world, and of that holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. I know Christ will uphold his church, and the Holy Spirit will be with it in every age to the end. And therefore, even in this age, he has his faithful servants. But I fear they

are so few, and the number of others so great, that either they are not taken notice of in the crowd; or that people are so hardened and blinded, that seeing they do not see, and hearing they will not understand; but choose rather to look upon these as men of unnecessary severity, than such as keep up the model of the gospel. By this means we in this generation may all be pigmies in grace, and not come unto a perfect man unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, but measuring ourselves by one another, we may think ourselves proper Christians. Where do we see piety practised in all its parts, private, domestic, and public? Some few that are much conversant in good books; and primitive accounts of things, may have an idea of Christianity, beyond what this age could give them: but, then, how easy it is for the corruption of the age we live in to make this be forgotten, or to hinder it from being brought down to practice? Piety is rarely learned wholly by books; we need continual examples and the conversation of good people to bring these notions into practice. The reason of this seems to be, that piety always decays during the peace of the church. A good man that lives in the continual prospect or apprehension of death, is quite another thing from the same good man that lives out of this prospect. When the whole church therefore lives continually in this apprehension, (as was the state of the primitive church for the first three hundred years after Christ,) no wonder if it is quite different in the measure and exercise of piety from the church at other times. It is true, they were not always under actual persecution, but then it must be considered, that for some time after God frees men from this hard state, the sense of their former troubles leaves a deep impression upon their minds. They had contracted firm habits of strict and pious living; and the first freedom that God gave them* from their fears, did not make them relax any thing of their

strictness; but only increased their thankfulness, and more cheerful serving him in their former road, till God thought fit to bring again their former straits upon them by a renewed persecution. And so it was for a while after God put a final end to their persecutions, by the emperor Constantine's becoming a Christian. With what zeal did the Christians flock to the public churches, consecrated from heathen fanes to temples of the living God, and cover the pavements with their prostrate bodies! But by degrees this fervour decayed; lukewarmness and worldliness crept into the church, and has been ever since striking its roots deep into it to this very day; the whole Christian church having never since suffered any *general* persecution. It has pleased God to afflict particular churches, and rouse them up; but this has been so little general, that we may well fear that the spirit of religion is almost decayed in the world: and as nothing but a great persecution in human appearance can awaken it, so, in the mean time, we know not where to look for it, but have reason to fear, that if we think it enough for us to be as good as our neighbours, we shall come short at last of the kingdom of heaven. Alas! it is the easiest thing that can be, to go to heaven according to the notion of the men of the world now. At their rate, who will be damned? But surely there must be two heavens, at a great distance the one from the other: one for the superficial Christians of this age, and another for the pious and painful, the mortified and religiously strict Christians of old; or else these superficial Christians can go to no heaven at all.'

To both these I shall add a prayer of his upon his birth-day, November 14, 1690, and though only part of it falls in with what went before, yet no doubt the pious reader will be sufficiently pleased with the whole.

'O most high and glorious Lord God! Who hast

made me, and given me such great capacities, even to be able to love thee: I was nothing when thou wast pleased to give me a being, and am nothing yet, but what thou art pleased to make me. Thou orderest and disposest of me with the tenderness of a father, and with infinite wisdom. Sometimes thou hast vouchsafed me leisure, and the quiet enjoyment of thyself: at other times thou hast filled me with hurrying, and business, and with cares, if not so much hurrying, yet more distracting than either. Sometimes thou hast granted me health, a cheerful temper, and the sense of thy love: at other times, thou hast left me no more than the bare remembrance of these enjoyments, to carry on my soul in the unrelishing discharge of my duties. But as thy wisdom produces strong trees from tender plants, by bringing them through the vicissitudes of day and night, of summer and winter, and leaving them sometimes stript of all their leaves, even appearing almost to be dead, making these changes the necessary means of their growth and solidness; so thou hast instructed me hereby, not to wonder at thy appointing such changes to my soul, but in them all to bless and adore thee, and to make it my business, in whatever state I am, to endeavour to go on to serve thee. When last I began my yearly collections of this sort, thou hadst shut me up, and thy servants in this place, in distress and terrors: we are now, by thy mercy, freed from dangers, yet involved in new troubles: delivered from judgments, yet oppressed with old sins. Good God! What will become of us? Why should we be stricken any more; we shall revolt more and more. Surely thy exterminating sentence will next go out against us, and make us cease to be a people, since we will not cease to be a wicked one.

'But, O most gracious Governor and Guide of my whole life, shut not up my soul with those who will not be reformed; enable me to reform myself, and

then vouchsafe to make use of me for thy glory, in the way thy wisdom has ordained to me; O thou who hast known me before I was, and made me what I am. Amen.'

These apprehensions of the decay of piety stirred up anew, in Mr. Bonnell's mind, his former desires of betaking himself entirely to the service of God, and quitting all secular business. In order to this, he entered into a firm resolution of parting with his employment, as soon as he could find one, upon whom, with an easy mind, he might devolve so great a trust; and in a little time he actually agreed with a gentleman of sufficient abilities for it. But that gentleman's delays first, and afterwards his resolutions of living constantly in England, kept Mr. Bonnell much longer engaged in his employment than he could possibly have expected. But at last he was freed from it by a new agreement.

While this tedious affair was transacting, Mr. Bonnell changed his condition of life, and entered into a married state, which he did in the latter end of the year 1693. The person he made choice of was Jane Conyngham, daughter to Sir Albert Conyngham. Mr. Bonnell had some years before entered into a strict friendship with this gentlewoman. He believed her temper and manner of life very well suited to his own, and that she had those qualities which he chiefly desired in a wife. And as this was an affair of the greatest moment to him, of any in this world, so I have those materials in my hands which shew that with all imaginable constancy and ardour, he begged God's direction in his resolution and choice, that every thought of his mind, and every step he should take, might be overruled by his providence; that providence to whose conduct and disposal he had long before resigned up himself and all his concerns, and whose motions he was fully determined, without the least reluctance, to follow.

He continued in a married state five years and five months; but, the latter part of that time, it pleased God to allow him but little health; the last year especially, when his disorders returned more frequently, and with greater violence than before. Those bodily distempers shook his resolutions of entering into holy orders, at least thus far, that if he should take that sacred character upon him, he would apply himself to the duties of it so far as he was able, but without undertaking a parochial cure: for thus I find him expressing himself, some years before his death. 'If my want of health should hinder me from taking a cure, which I very much apprehend, I could contentedly spend my time in the most profitable manner I was capable of, for the good of the church, particularly in devotional things, which seem to be my talent, and in which, without much more study, I might hope to succeed.'

And such high thoughts had he of the extent and difficulty of the pastoral duty, that he esteemed his frequent returns of sickness, equivalent to a declaration of providence, that he was not designed for the more laborious performances of it, though the bent of his desires was continually that way.

But even these desires were at last interrupted by that fatal sickness which brought him to his end. For, in April 1699, he was seized with a malignant fever, which about that time raged very much in Dublin. His head was now so much affected, that he had not a constant command of his thoughts, nor that undisturbed exercise of his faculties, which all men desire in those extremities. For some days of his sickness his reason was clear, and to the last he had frequent intervals of perfect understanding. And then it is impossible to conceive one in the greatest pain and anguish, more submissive, more patient, more resigned to the will of God: then prayers and praises, or calling upon others to pray for him, were his only language. But

no murmur, no complaint came out of his mouth. And though, no doubt, he had all the comforts of a good conscience, and powerful supports from God, in that great conflict of nature, yet he expressed himself with all that humility and awful concern which becomes a sinner, when he reflected upon that pure and holy God, at whose bar he was soon to be tried. 'Now' (says he) 'must I stand or fall before my great Judge.' And when it was answered, that no doubt he would stand firm before him, through the merits of our crucified Saviour; his reply shews upon what a firm foundation he built his dependance and hopes: 'It is in that (said he) I trust; he knows it is in that I trust.' And his last moments of reason were spent in those heavenly exercises, wherein every good man would desire to breathe out his soul; and which to him, no doubt, were the happy beginnings of endless praises above. He died the twenty-eighth day of April 1699, in the forty-sixth year of his age, and his body was interred in St. John's Church, Dublin.

Having thus gone through the most remarkable passages of Mr. Bonnell's life, and given the reader some general view of his piety and virtue, I shall now describe his character and excellencies; to recommend him as a pattern worthy our imitation, in all the duties of the Christian life; and to shew from him, how beautiful Christianity is, when reduced to practice; and not as it is with most men, confined to the thoughts, and made an inactive notion of the mind.

As to his person, he was tall, well-shaped, and fair. His aspect was comely, and shewed great sweetness, mixed with life and sprightliness. There was a venerable gravity in his look, a natural modesty, and sincere openness. But in the house of God, his countenance had something in it, that looked heavenly and seraphical; an undissembled piety, a devotedness that can never be imitated nor acted when it does not

reside in the heart; and which appeared always easy and unforced. His natural and acquired seriousness was tempered with a very engaging cheerfulness in conversation.

He was master of the accomplished, as well as the necessary parts of learning; had thoroughly digested the Greek and Roman authors, understood the French language perfectly well, and had made good progress in the Hebrew. In philosophy and oratory he exceeded most of his contemporaries in the University; and applied himself with good success to mathematics and music. In the course of his studies, he read several of the Fathers; and among his private papers, I find some parts of the Greek Fathers particularly Synesius, translated by him into English. He had a delicacy of thought and expression that is very rarely to be met with; so that there was particular beauty and warmth in any thing that he composed, especially upon pious subjects. He had a nice taste both in men and books, and was very conversant with our best English divines. Few understood, or practised better, the arts of genteel conversation; and none more industriously avoided all discourse that looked affected and vain, or any way seemed to aim at raising himself. He had a particular art of obliging, and seldom talked with any but he gained upon them without designing it. His abilities for business were very well known to all the officers of the revenue, and to many others who had experience of them besides: and those who were obliged to attend him, were so treated by him, as if it had been his duty to wait on them: it being his great study to give every one ease and despatch; and none knew what delays or difficulties meant where he was concerned, or had power to remove them.

But these are things of a lower nature (though very excellent in themselves) when compared with his piety towards God, his justice and charity to man,

his sobriety and temperance with respect to himself. I shall therefore, in the prosecution of this work, consider Mr. Bonnell as a Christian; and give the best account I can, from such materials as I have before me, of his discharging the several duties we owe to God, our neighbour, and ourselves.

The love of God, the first and greatest duty of the law, was what he earnestly endeavoured to excite and confirm in his soul. His papers are full of excellent meditations, to engage us to love God with all our faculties and powers; and penitential complaints of his love's falling so short, both of his duty and desire. And he took the true way to kindle this heavenly flame of divine love in his heart, even by frequently contemplating those attributes of God, which are aptest to command our love; his infinite goodness, and unlimited bounty; his paternal care, and watchful providence; but chiefly that stupendous instance of his love, the redemption of the world by the death and passion of his Son.

He had great and noble thoughts of Christianity, and never reflected on the wonderful compassion of God in sending his Son to die for us, without the strongest emotions of love, and thankfulness, and wonder. The love of Christ was the subject of his daily thoughts; it filled his heart and employed his pen. And his private meditations upon the astonishing love of our Redeemer, shew of what spirit he was that composed them;—a spirit truly affected with that infinite love, all over humility and gratitude, and overflowing with love, acknowledgments, and praise.

I shall here insert a few of these meditations, by which the reader may judge of the rest.

'Can my soul (says he in one place) ever think enough, O my God, of the wonders of thy love, in all that thou hast done for thy creatures! That the Majesty of heaven, and the whole incomprehensible Trinity, should be concerned and engaged for our

redemption, when one word of thine, O my God, might have made infinitely more creatures than all the sons of men! By this the holy angels know, and wonder at the unaccountable methods of thy proceeding: one while, looking with adoration and amazement on thee, our common Creator and Lord; and another while, on us men, to see whether we are not affected with the like adoration and wonder, who are so deeply concerned in it. 'Can ye, O mortals, (say they) be patient to let our God do all this for you, and take no notice of it, as if it were your due, and not the wonder of heaven? Did you know, O mortals, did you know, what our God is, that does these things for you; did you know him, as we know him, you would shrink back at the thoughts of it, and your souls would be overpowered with confusion. O, too stupid men! too highly favoured, and too little sensible of it, were it not that some few souls among you have burning and reverential thoughts of this astonishing condescension, surely we should sue to the Majesty of our God, to have leave to make you examples of vengeance for your brutish ingratitude. But, O ye tender souls, who honour, who adore our God, partake of the effects of his wonderful clemency and love, since it has pleased him so to proceed, so to condescend, we envy you not this extraordinary effect of his grace, this miraculous mystery of his goodness and unsearchable wisdom, which we ourselves desire to look into and adore, not yet being able to comprehend it till the consummation of all things, but know withal that you can never do it enough. O then awaken your souls, and think that time sadly lost (to ingenuous and grateful spirits) in which you have not a continued sense of this before you: that God, when with one word he might have created beings more numerous and glorious than you shall ever be, yet hath chosen thus to deal with you with such wonderful condescension, and miraculous methods of love and mercy.'

'Yes, O my Father, O my God! I will continually contemplate and adore thy boundless love: and though we cannot fathom the reason of this thy choice, yet we cannot but see that thou didst design hereby to make us creatures of love. For even in this dark vale, where our capacities are so narrow, and our conceptions so imperfect and weak, we cannot but see that this wonderful method which thou hast taken, constrains us to love thee. For this thou hast desired to have us, (and desired it so earnestly, as not to think much to pay thy precious blood to thy Father's justice for our ransom,) that thou mightest love us, and we might love and adore thee for ever. Where now are our souls that we run not hastily to meet this thy love, and prostrate ourselves humbly before it? Shall the Son of God desire us for his love, and that at so dear a rate, (to shew us the earnestness of his desiring it,) and shall we ourselves be so backward as to be at no pains to be made worthy of it? So heavy as not to conceive more highly of it? So dull as not to desire it more, and delight in the thoughts of it. Ah! most gracious Saviour, shed abroad thy love in our hearts; and if we cannot love thee as we ought, let us, at least, delight in the thoughts of thy love to us, and thy so earnestly desiring to have us for thy love. Amen.'

The following are extracts from two meditations:—

'Ah Lord Jesus! though thy servants, who enjoy thy love, rejoice in it, and praise thee for it; yet surely, even they who are deprived of the sense of it, know how to prize it. Happy souls that breathe thy love, and live in the free air of it! Is it nothing for a poor man to have leave to love the Son of God! Nothing for a creature to have leave to love its Creator and Redeemer? That ever it should be permitted to such as we are, to love thee! And yet so it is; so condescendingly gracious art thou. But ah! miserable state of infirm nature, that we should know what it is

thus to love thee, and yet sometimes be without this love! Lord, thou hast made me capable of loving thee; and I value neither my being, nor my faculties, nor any thing I have, but that I might attain to the happiness of loving thee. Thou art ever mindful of me, and continually interceding for me: I am ashamed to live without loving thee: I beg that I may be faithful to thy service; but I beg also, that I may be grateful to thy goodness, and love thee with all my powers.'

'O our most gracious God, thou hast so loved us, as to give thy Son for us; so loved us, as to love him for his excess of love and pity, and goodness towards us. All that is God, conspired in this adorable mystery of love to man, when thou, O Father, couldst patiently see the innocent Jesus tormented for our sakes, when thou, O Lord of Glory, in thy human nature, couldst bear a part with us in the saddest effects of sin, and all because thou didst love us, and to bring us to love thee; that thereby thou mightest raise us to the highest degree of glory which infinite love could contrive for those whom it intended to honour: when thou hast thus loved us, suffered and died for us, what shall we say, what shall we think of this thy love? What shall we think of ourselves, for whom all this is done? What of thy wrath which we hereby avoid? O boundless ocean of overflowing love! Let the sense of it ever fill our souls that we may adore it, according to its unmeasurable greatness. May all the humble praise that creatures can pay, be the constant tribute of our souls, to this thy love. May all that is our soul, and all that is our body, even to every atom, be filled with zeal to praise thy goodness. And when we find ourselves too weak to express our full sense of thy love, may we call upon and join with angels, and archangels, and all the company of heaven, to laud and magnify thy glorious name. Amen.'

I shall add but one meditation more upon his love to God, and that has a particular relation to God's laws and commandments; by which the reader may judge of the sincerity and fervency of this his Divine love, especially with respect to the adorable mystery of our redemption.

'Psalm cxix. 127, 'I love thy commandments above gold and precious stones.' The commandments of God are the rule of our life, the revelation of the holy will of God, the means of perfecting our nature, and making us ever happy. So passionately did David love them, that he had rather all the jewels of his crown should be lost, than one of them be taken away. Not one of them is to be spared, they are all adorable, all to be beloved. Who would be content to lose one of his members, though not essential to his life? But the commandments of God are links of the chain of eternity, of as much worth as heaven and immortality: who can but love that which is holy, just, and good? What true servant of God can but love every declaration of the will of his heavenly Father? Is it not condescension enough to captivate our hearts, that the Almighty should reveal his will to us? Better heaven and earth should pass away, than one tittle of the law of God should be withdrawn. I love then every commandment of my God, even that which most contradicts my sinful and natural inclinations, and would not wish it to be taken out of the number for a thousand worlds. For I know the will of my God is holy, (his will is our sanctification,) and I cannot be happy without being like him; nor can I be like Him that is holy, if any part of this his law should be withdrawn. O Almighty God, give unto us the increase of thy grace; and that we may obtain that which thou dost promise, make us to love that which thou dost command, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'

Thus did Mr. Bonnell love God, with all his heart

and soul; and upon this foundation, were all the other graces of christianity strongly built, but none took earlier and deeper root in his soul than humility: that virtue so peculiar to christianity, so becoming a creature and a sinner. How soon this grace took possession of his heart, appears from the account already given of his early piety, particularly his care to conceal his keeping fasting days at the University; and afterwards it increased and improved with his life, it being his constant study and prayer to be like Him whom he so dearly loved, and to be lowly in heart, as our Redeemer was.

None could more industriously avoid all approaches to pride and vain glory; or whenever he was surprised into a secret complacency at esteem and praise, could be more humbled before God for it, and more bitterly bewail it. He always aggravated the fault in himself, represented it in its blackest dress, and was his own severest accuser. His private papers are full of arguments against pride, meditations upon the deformity of that sin, and devout prayers to be protected from its assaults: some of these I shall insert here, both to shew how truly humble he was, and to engage others to follow his example.

' Didst thou, O blessed Lord, feel so many inconveniences, and endure such contradiction of sinners? Didst thou come from heaven to be a man of pain and sorrows? To be despised among thy friends, slandered and blasphemed by thy enemies, and not to have where to lay thy head? Wert thou opposed in all thy endeavours to do good, and ill requited for many of thy mercies? Couldst thou hear thyself called a friend of publicans and sinners, a glutton and wine-bibber, and a confederate with Beelzebub the Prince of the Devils? O what love was that to man, which made such great troubles and miseries seem light and easy? Should it

be said, How can this be? thou thyself givest us the reason: 'For I am meek and lowly in heart'; and it is this, in the midst of all troubles, that procures rest to my soul. So then to be clothed with thy humility is so far from being a burden, that like our usual garments, it serves to defend us from the injuries of the air and weather, from piercing cold and scorching heat, from the cold of disdain and want, and the heat of injuries and persecutions.

'Hear then, O my soul, the charming language of thy kind Saviour! Put on the clothes that he wore, humility and meekness, in which he found so much ease, and which will bring so much rest to thee. And grant, O my dear Saviour, that I may groan to be clothed upon with thy robes; and out of love to thee, may think that work easy, which by making me like thee, (in humility and meekness,) will make all other things easy to me, and bring true and eternal rest to my soul, Amen.'

To the same purpose does he argue with himself in another place, as follows:—

'Lord, thou invitest me to come unto thee for ease, but is it not by becoming 'lowly in heart' as thou wert? But what means lowly in heart? Surely there is a lowliness that is not in heart: an affected shew of humility before men, while pride may yet reign within. Outward fawning, affected complaisance, or submissiveness, are not that lowliness of heart which will give us ease, while at the same time we may grow impatient at an affront, and not be able to bear an outrage. If our heart boil within us at an injury, and is put into a tumult by a slight or disrespect, it is plain that we have not ease, and, consequently, have not learned to be lowly in heart.

'We find three correspondent expressions used by our blessed Saviour: 'poor in heart, pure in heart, and lowly in heart.' All which must refer to the inward

sentiments and affections of our minds, in opposition to the usual acceptation of these words : poor, pure, and lowly, when applied to outward things, and that in which they all seem to agree is,—desire. Thus he is poor in heart who desires not riches, whether he hath them or not; he is pure in heart who desires not sensual pleasure, whether he is capable of it or not; and he is lowly in heart who desires not honour, whether he hath it or not. These desires all proceed from this principle, that we so value unseen things, the things of God, and heaven, and eternity, as not to desire wealth, nor be troubled at the disrespect of men; and to dread that pleasure which should make us unworthy of pleasure in the favour of God.

'That therefore which makes us lowly in heart, is conversing with another world; for that* renders us incapable of being proud of any thing that men can do to us. What cares a truly learned man to be thought learned by peasants? They will think the same of one that has no other learning but hard words; nay, perhaps will think such a one more learned than he who is truly so. What cares that happy soul whose conversation is in heaven, for the judgment of the men of this world? 'They value me,' says he, 'for my outward figure, beauty, riches, wit, accomplishments, that is, for trifles : these things do not make me valuable, it is real goodness does that, in respect of that world which only is of value, and God only is judge of this, because it lies in the heart; men of this world are no more judges of it, than peasants are of learning. If they think well of me, it is but by accident, a mere chance, they guess at it, and may as well guess wrong as right; and shall I think myself more valuable for their guessing? If I am good, I am indeed more valuable for being so, not for their thinking me so. But if thou, my God, dost not account me so, woe be to me! their judgment will do me little service.'

In another place, I find the following prayer:—

'Lord, it is not enough that thou givest me leave to think of thee; give me a heart also to think humbly of myself. It is not enough that thou openest me a glade to look towards thee; O shut up the world on each side also from my eyes. For the remembrance of having thought on thee will not yield me pleasure; if I cannot think on thee without being moved to consider what the world will think of me. If thou givest me leave to think on thee, O let me gain this by it, to know myself to be nothing, and the world worse than nothing. And, O Lord! O gracious goodness! heal my soul, and change the evil affections that are there, and then shall I neither think of the world, nor of myself, but of thee, who art the only centre and happiness of my soul. Amen.'

And how his prayers for humility were answered, and what a happy progress he made in that heavenly virtue, the following meditations will shew:—

'God be blessed, I can bear a great many slights and affronts, nay, and delight in them too. But how, or on what ground is it, that a man can love being cast down? It is because I believe these slights and affronts are sent on purpose by God for the good of my soul. I take them as tokens of his love, and therefore I love them. Should he increase my estate, or cause great presents and honours to be given me, I should not so heartily delight in them, because I should not so surely know that they were sent out of love and for the good of my soul But all things that cause my humiliation I am sure are so; having a natural tendency to this end, namely, the bettering my mind. I immediately find that they take my heart off from the world, that they abate my pride, (which is a tickling pain) and introduce a due esteem of myself, and that humility in which consists the safety of my soul, and by consequence the joy of my life.

'Watch and be sober, 1 Thes. v. 6; Be sober, be

vigilant, 1 Pet. v. 8. Whatever makes our minds drunk is opposite to this sobriety; and every thing that makes us think unreasonably does thus intoxicate us, that is, makes us think otherwise than sober reason would dictate to us, which is the true notion of drunkenness. Most sorts of pleasures do this, but particularly that which we take in the esteem of men. These unhappy words *I* and *me*, what a ferment do they raise in our blood! How troublesome, yet pleasing! How unquietly importunate, how fond are we to talk and tell stories of ourselves! And yet how sick does it make our souls! If we hear ourselves well spoken of, it may perhaps pass over, and we may recover our minds. Yet there is danger that even this will return again to our thoughts; and perhaps, when we are better employed. But surely I had almost as willingly meet the devil (under God's chain) as these thoughts; that is, the devil in his ugly and frightful dress, as in this (for it is the devil still) tawdry pleasing disguise. If then there is so much danger from a few words transiently spoken, what shall we say when we put forth all our strength for hours together in company, to shew our parts, our reason, our learning, or whatever else we please ourselves, or may please others in? What is this but to bathe ourselves in poison, and let it soak into our blood, and fill all our veins? Lord, in the midst of what snares do we walk, on what precipices do we stand! It is a miracle of thy almighty goodness that makes it possible for creatures thus beset to be ever able to get to heaven. Nothing less than thy mercy and power could save us out of them.'

Agreeably to all these meditations, advices, and prayers, was Mr. Bonnell's practice. A modest unaffected humility appeared in his words, his actions, and very countenance.

His charity to the poor, though very great and extensive for his fortune, (as will be afterwards shewn,)

yet was always managed with the greatest secrecy and modesty imaginable; it being his great endeavour to conceal it as much as possible, of which we may be convinced by the following meditation, wherein he enquires why, by doing our alms openly, we have no reward?

'The end of alms is not solely to relieve the poor; for what was the widow's mite (which yet was a great charity) to this purpose? God needs not our alms for this end, any more than he did the sacrifices of old to enrich himself. All the beasts of the forest are mine, saith God. In like manner, with one act of his will he could enrich (if he thought fit) all the poor in the world. But he requires our alms as he did the sacrifices of old, only as testimonies or fruits of the inward graces of our minds. A sacrifice without contrition was a vain oblation; but the sacrifices of God are a broken heart. Again, the poor are as truly relieved by alms without charity as with it; which shews that the relief of the poor is not primarily intended by God, but a sincere desire of pleasing him. It is then the inward graces of the mind that are rewarded by God, such as true humility, contempt of the world, reliance on God's providence, and sincere desires to please him; which graces cannot be in the mind of one that affects to do his alms openly. For what humility is there in one that is greedy of vain-glory? What reliance on God's Providence in one that thinks to purchase favours from the world by shews of goodness? What contempt of the world in one that traffics with it, and hopes for reward from it? What sincere desire to please God in one that above all things seeks to please men? So then, here being no graces to be rewarded, no reward is to be expected. In sum, outward acts have the outward rewards which, by the established laws of God and nature, arise from them, as trees spring from seeds; but the inward and spiritual acts of the mind have spiritual and eternal rewards assigned them by God.

'Vain-glory is opposite, not only to one grace, but it eats out the life of all graces in our souls. We have great reason therefore to watch against this vice with all our care, especially in religious matters: for if the light that is in us be darkness, how great is that darkness! If the good we do is principally designed to please men, how void are we of all goodness!'

It is now time to consider Mr. Bonnell with respect to other virtues besides humility; I shall therefore conclude this part of his character with the following prayer:—

'While I walk the streets let not my head seem full of business; but what I delight in and desire always, let head and heart be full of my Saviour. Take from me, O my God, a haughty gait, a proud look, and supercilious forehead. I consider how my Redeemer walked the streets of Jerusalem, how modestly and plainly he was apparelled, how little he coveted to make a figure, how little to see or be seen, how meek and humble his behaviour was, how far from striving, or quarrelling, or lifting up his voice in the streets! Let my deportment, O my God, be such as if I walked with thee then, for thou dost vouchsafe to walk with me now.'

One so humble as Mr. Bonnell was could hardly fail to be meek and patient, and such he was in a very high degree. Those who conversed with him, saw a spirit of meekness and gentleness in his words, and actions, and behaviour; and it could hardly be otherwise but that he, who was so lowly in his own eyes, must endure injuries from men with great meekness, and corrections from God with submission and patience. For he very justly esteemed pride the parent of most of our disorders, particularly of anger, impatience, and revenge. To this purpose he expresses himself in the following meditation:

'I have a notion that the sting of all affliction is pride; it is this gives a pungency to every grievance, and makes it pierce our hearts. Others bruise but do not wound us; they sit heavy on us without, but do

not gnaw and fret us within. I am not perhaps afraid of losing my estate, but I am afraid of losing my value and reputation in the world; I am not afraid of a low condition, but I am afraid of contempt; I am not afraid of sickness and death, but I am afraid of scornful pity; I am not afraid of a plague, of a war, or a famine, but I am afraid of an insulting enemy, and the tyranny of one that hates me. Upon this reason also it is true what David says: It is better to fall into the hands of God than of men. For we have no dispute whether we should humble ourselves before God or not, but the difficulty of doing this to men creates us all our uneasiness. If persons are impoverished, or sick, or suffer from Heaven, they seem to have no religion if they are not capable of consolation; but if they groan under the yoke of an imperious man, and are chained to him as his slaves, they must have the highest top and perfection of religion to admit of comfort; since the last vice which religion has to dispossess and conquer is pride. Job felt all the blows of Heaven with an unwounded soul; and the reason is because the strokes of Heaven drive us to humble ourselves before God, dethrone pride, and calm the soul: but the perpetual gratings of an ill-natured insulting man, whom you must every day see, and yet with dread and boiling of heart; this stirs up our natural choler, foments and awakens pride, and renders our misery insupportable. It is the boiling of choleric humours in our body, with which our soul is so tenderly touched and so nearly sympathizes, that is the sting of all affliction: and that is pride. This is the fatal ferment that no consideration can allay. O Lord, my God, grant that I may purge out this old leaven, even the leaven of pride and malice, and then whatsoever afflictions, diseases, troubles, befall me, I shall find peace: peace with myself, peace with men, and peace with thee; for the yoke of my humble and meek Saviour does indeed bring rest and peace to the soul. Amen.'

As few men had greater trials of patience from frequent and violent returns of sickness, so none could bear it with a more composed spirit, and a more cheerful submission to the will of God. His papers are full of pious meditations upon the advantages of suffering, God's end in afflicting us with pain, and the use we ought to make of it. Thus in one place he observes,

'Never so well do we contemplate what our Saviour suffered for us as when we ourselves are in pain; what his tender and delicate body felt, when it hung not only in unintermitting but still increasing torments so many hours on the cross, as when our bodies are racked with some grievous distemper. Who can then but say to Him with the penitent thief,—'I, indeed, am justly in pain, for I receive the reward of my deeds; but this man hath done nothing amiss.' Nothing indeed amiss hast thou done, O my adorable Redeemer, therefore it is more for thee to feel pain one moment (to choose to feel that for our sakes which did not belong to thee, and to which thou wert no ways subject) than for all the men in the world to be in torments a million (perhaps an eternity) of years. For since eternity of torments is the natural consequence of sin, it is more for the Son of God to feel pain one moment (against nature) than for men to be naturally in pain for ever. Pain is the consequent of sin, as shadows fall from dark (or solid) bodies; but thou couldst feel no pain except by thine own choice: therefore I conceive each moment of thy pain with the same horror as I do an eternity of torment for sinful men: and such we all are without the fruit of thy pain. Thou didst, indeed, bear our infirmities, and wert bruised for our sins. Thou didst vouchsafe to drink of our cup, and partake of our natural miseries, that by thy stripes we might be healed, and saved from our natural torments by thy voluntary pains. No longer is pain a curse; thou, by feeling it, hast made it blessed; no longer is hanging on a tree a curse, thou hast made it to

penitents a step to glory. Sanctify, O gracious Lord, I beseech thee, my pain which I now suffer; for by thy feeling pain thou hast sanctified it to all thy faithful servants. Let it make me fearful of that wrath which devours to the nethermost hell, and of those pains which shall never end. Let it make me zealous for the good of souls, and labourious to snatch them from everlasting burnings. But above all, let the sense of what thou didst feel, make me undervalue my own sufferings, to whom pain and misery are naturally due; and not only let me patiently bear them, but rejoice that in this, at least, I am made like unto thee. Amen.'

At another time afterwards, he was so far from being disturbed at the prospect of sickness, that he made it a matter of joy and thankfulness, as the meditation that here follows will shew.

'I bless thee, O my God, that I can rejoice in the thought of this approaching pain and sickness, which thou art preparing to bring upon me, as what I hope will be an effectual means to cure me of all sinful affection of loving any thing beside thee. How easy will the greatest torments of pain be, when I can see thee directing them to this end, which I have so long strove and laboured after!

'Lord, thou wilt help me to perform the difficult task which thou hast given me, and though thy helping me give me pain, yet that pain to my body shall be ease and pleasure to my mind; for by it I trust that I may come to love thy glory above all things, and to love all things only in thee, that my heart and my soul may be filled with thee, and my mouth may continually speak thy praise.

'This coarse upper garment in which thou hast clad me, O my God, by making my continued indisposition to require it, is the ballast of my soul: I will love it, and bless thee for it; it keeps me from vanities, from affecting courtship and setting up a figure in the world. I will therefore wrap up myself in it; and not

desire to be free from a necessity of using it, but wear it joyfully as thy livery, and as a badge of my being under thy care. Amen.'

I shall now consider how he discharged the duty of prayer, both public and private; how constant and devout a guest he was at the Lord's table; and how religiously he observed the Lord's day.

As to the duty of prayer, it was his constant and daily work and most delightful entertainment, and he discharged every part of it in an exact and regular way. His practice from his youth was to begin the day with God, and consecrate to him his earliest thoughts; and in this he persevered all his life long. The evening he consecrated to God as well as the morning. He usually retired into his closet and with great exactness examined the state of his soul, and by reading and meditation put himself into a right temper for prayer, which was then performed in the fullest and devoutest manner. And when ready to step into bed he kneeled down and offered up a short prayer, and then lay down in peace. This was his practice so constantly that neither the coldness of the weather, nor any bodily indisposition or weariness, made him neglect it.

In his family he had constant prayers every night, and in the morning too, when he was not hindered by business which called him early abroad, or brought company unseasonably to him, a misfortune which he very much regretted whenever it befel him. And he not only prayed with his family, but read largely of the Scriptures to them, as his health and time allowed.

That great infirmity of human nature, with which the best men are frequently disturbed, inattention and wandering thoughts in prayer, Mr. Bonnell had very well considered; he himself not being entirely free from it. It is what he often complains of with great grief, and for which he prescribes the properest remedies. His meditations upon wandering thoughts

in prayer, are too many to be here inserted; yet a few of them I cannot pass over. They shew a mind so deeply affected with the sense of its imperfections, so desirous to have its burdens removed, yet so patient and submissive under them, that they must needs make due impressions on every devout reader.

'Lord, (says he in one place) it is but a few hours ago, that I was triumphing in thy favour, and in the blessed liberty thou gavest me of attending upon thee. I can now scarcely attend to a few sentences. Surely watching unto prayer consists in carefully avoiding all those things that have too strong an influence on our minds and affections, and are apt too forcibly to take up and engage our thoughts. But there is no watching against bodily disorders which God thinks fit to send upon us, (O that they may be all in mercy!) and which make every trifle harass our thoughts, as much as an important affair.

'Pity me, O God of all pity, who puttest pity into the hearts of men towards one another; and who yet are influenced by only slender drops of thy overflowing ocean of goodness. Fain would my heart come before thee; fain would my thoughts ascend to thee, and stay themselves upon thee: but like feathers thrown up into the air, a cross wind of earthly distractions comes, and hurries them away, and scatters them all over the earth. If there is a pain in life, surely it is, to desire to serve thee, and not to be able. But the desire shall certainly prevail at last; for the desire is from thee, but not the inability.'

Again, in another place, he thus expresses himself.

'It seems an intolerable burden to me, to be thus distracted in my devotions by worldly things, and makes me impatient, till I get more out of the way of them, by changing my employment and station in the world. Yet the thought of this itself is damped, when I consider these two things: first, that bodily indispositions may make my head as unfit to attend on

holy things, in the midst of the greatest leisure and most sacred employment, as worldly business does now; and that even then, charity will oblige me to descend to the worldly matters of my friends: orphans, widows, and distressed persons must be assisted and relieved. Secondly, what shall become of the rest of mankind and of my Christian brethren, who remain under the same circumstances in which I am now; and from which they cannot get free, though perhaps I may? Must not they go to heaven, nor have comfort on earth in the worship and service of God? Why then should not I be content to bear my burden in life, as well as they; and struggle with difficulties in common with them? This is not the place of our enjoyment, but of our warfare; therefore I will humbly prepare myself to the combat, O my God: and when thou seest me ready to go on to fight, in obedience to thy pleasure, thou wilt order for me, what thou knowest is for the good and comfort of my soul.'

He was very early touched with a lively sense of his obligations to commemorate our Saviour's passion in the holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and I find from his own meditations that as he improved in knowledge and years, his desires after that divine feast grew stronger still. For there he found all the endearing comforts of religion: God's goodness displayed, and his justice satisfied; the contemplation of which gives the truest peace and joy to humble and penitent minds.

The following is an extract from one of his sacramental meditations:—

'We pray to God and our Saviour for pardon by his agony and bitter sufferings; how does this oblige God to pardon us? O wretches that we are! to have brought this load upon thee! See, O my soul, what thou hast done! What thy sins have

done! They have brought thy greatest Friend, the beloved of God, his only Son, the everlasting Prince, to this sad condition! Canst thou see it without trembling? Canst thou see it and live? It would be grief extraordinary only to see him in this condition; what heart would be unmoved at it, that knows Who it is that suffers?

'By the agony of thy soul, when thou didst make atonement for sins, pardon my sins, and have mercy on me. Wherefore didst thou endure that agony, but to obtain remission of sins; that thou mightest distribute and give it to those that humbly cry unto thee for it; that thou mightest give gifts unto men, of the trophies purchased with thy blood? My soul is wounded by thy agony; O let me partake of the fruits of it. David's law was, "That those that stayed by the stuff, should share with those that took the spoil." Lord, who is able to bear thee company in thy grievous conflict? Weak and faint, we must be left behind: but our soul goes along with thee, is bound up with thine, and is wholly filled with concern for thee. O let us partake of the fruit of thy labours, of the issues of thy sufferings. Thou hast obtained pardon and peace; O bestow some share of it upon thy servants.

'Let me go on, O my Lord, to suffer with thee, while I live in this sinning world. O vouchsafe to let me have a share in thy sufferings, and speak peace to my soul, that I may pass my days in a humble confidence here, and rejoice with thee one day hereafter, in forgetting both thine and my misery and trouble. Amen.'

At another time he offered up the following prayer, with respect to every part of our Saviour's bitter passion; the commemoration of which is the principal end of the Holy Communion:—

'O my Saviour, O my God! By thy lying prostrate on the earth in a cold night, and thy soul's being

exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: by thy grievous agony, in which thou didst sweat drops of blood, between thy wonderful love to thy church, and the infirmity of thy human nature which drew back at the apprehension of those sufferings which thou wert to pass through for us. By thy thrice lifting up strong cries to thy Father, to remove from thee that bitter cup if it had been his will, and had been possible for his justice otherwise to be satisfied. By thy firm resolution which thou didst take up, to go through that great work for our sakes: and by thy meek resigning thyself to thy Father's will, and ready concurring with his wonderful love to us, in designing to perfect our redemption by thy sorrows. By thy being betrayed by thy own disciple, and suffering that sinful wretch to kiss thy blessed lips. By thy being apprehended, rudely bound, and hurried away as a malefactor. By thy being forsaken of all thy disciples, and none of them daring to own or stand by thee. By thy being insulted over and treated as the meanest slave, without either respect or pity, and carried to and fro from magistrate to magistrate, from tribunal to tribunal, and every where falsely accused. By thy being buffeted and spit upon, mocked and reviled. By thy being crowned with thorns, rudely pressed down on thy sacred head, and entering into thy temples. By thy being arrayed in a mock habit, and a reed put into thy hand instead of a sceptre. By thy being sentenced to death as a criminal, and condemned to the vilest, most painful, and reproachful kind of death. By thy being scourged by merciless hands, the ploughers ploughing upon thy back, and making long furrows. By thy being loaded with a heavy cross. By thy being stripped of thy clothes, and fastened to it with nails, struck through the most tender and nervous parts, thy hands and thy feet, so that the iron entered into thy very soul. By thy being crucified in the midst between two malefactors, as if thou hadst been

the greatest of them. By thy being reared up on the cross, and the weight of thy body hanging on four wounds. By thy being exposed naked to the view of the world, bearing the shame as well as the torment of my sins. By thy precious blood issuing out of thy wounds, and forming a laver for my sins and those of the whole world. By the feverish heat of thy whole body, occasioned by the extremity of thy pains. By thy tongue's cleaving to the roof of thy mouth, and having vinegar given thee when thou wast thirsty; thy soul, in the mean time, more vehemently thirsting after our salvation. By thy having refused the wine and myrrh which was given thee to stupify thy senses, because thou wouldest feel all the pain of thy crucifixion for us in its greatest sharpness without the least mitigation. By the tender regard which thou hadst in the midst of thy violent pains for thy holy mother, and beloved disciple. By the sword which pierced through her soul, and the sorrow which wounded his spirit, and the extreme affliction which overwhelmed them both to behold thee suffering. By the gracious comforts vouchsafed to the penitent thief, in the midst of thy own distress. By the anguish of thy soul, not to be expressed, in beholding the wrath of thy Father, so hotly flaming against us for those sins of ours which thou didst bear in thy own body on the tree; and that too under so great weakness of body that both made thee cry out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" By thy voluntary giving up the ghost, (when thou mightest have brought down thyself from the cross, and no man could against thy will take away thy life,) that the work of our redemption might be finished by thee. By thy blessed side being pierced with a spear entering into thy heart, and letting out the last remains of thy blood, that thou mightest shed all of it for us, and give full proof to the world of thy being truly dead. By thy soul's being separated from thy

body, (that desirable union being violently dissolved) and its passing into the state of the dead and of perfect separation; and sanctifying that middle state to thy servants, for their souls to rest in till the resurrection.

'By all these several sorts and degrees of thy sufferings: by all this bitter pain, and sorrow, and shame, and agony, and anguish, which thou didst endure in thy body and in thy soul for miserable men, and for me a miserable wretch,

'*Have mercy upon me!*

'For wherefore didst thou suffer all this for us, and for me, but that thou mightest have mercy upon me? My sins, O Lord, have occasioned all this to thee; for less than this would not have atoned for them. Though in respect of thee, who wast the sufferer, O thou eternal Son of God, these thy sufferings are sufficient to atone for innumerable worlds: yet, since thou didst suffer them for me, I beseech thee, by the remembrance of all their bitterness, to have mercy upon me. Thou didst suffer the shame, and the pain, and the sorrow due to my sins; O pardon those sins which thou hast so dearly atoned for.

'Since then, O my Saviour, thou commandest me to commemorate these thy sorrows, and to 'do this in remembrance of thee,' Be it so. I will do it in remembrance that I have wounded, and grieved, and bruised thee: in remembrance that I have made thee behold the wrath of thy Father, and have separated thy precious blood from the body which thou didst give up for my soul. But at the same time, the thoughts of thy wonderful love in the midst of thy pains and sorrows must yield my soul unspeakable delight. Wherefore, while I am grieved with thy grief, I will feast myself in the pleasures and triumphs of thy love. I will partake of thy torments, and also of thy joys, which thy love did yield in the midst of thine agonies.'

From the preceding account of Mr. Bonnell's constancy and behaviour at the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the reader will of himself conclude, that he was a religious observer of the Lord's day; and such he was in a very strict manner, giving it entirely up to the service of God and exercises of religion. He had private and family devotions suited to the day; and all his dressing time he employed in repeating psalms, which had most relation to the business of it, as the 84th, 116th, 118th, and 122d, and others, as his time allowed him.

He expressed a great dislike to the practice of some families, in making the Lord's day a day of public feasting and entertainment; in so much, that most of their servants are deprived of the benefits of it, being to them neither a day of rest nor devotion. This he remedied in his own family as much as he could, without turning the day entirely into a fast. He generally, upon the Lord's day, had no company but his own family; that so no reserves might hinder him from entertaining them with religious discourse. But if other company were with him, he would be talking to his servants about the sermon, and bring in some religious subject to be discoursed of; and if abroad, he used the same method, but with his usual modesty and caution.

The Lord's day evenings he chose to spend alone, or in company where religion might be the only entertainment. But the rarity of such company made him at last resolve to visit none upon that day but the sick or the afflicted; and to decline receiving visits as much as possible, desiring to converse only with God and his own thoughts, till it was time to call his family together. Then he examined his servants and instructed them in the great principles and duties of religion. Then he usually read to them some plain, pious book for about an hour together; then one or more chapters in the Bible, and so went to prayers,

concluding the day with other devotions, only large additions of prayers and praises to it. Thus did he answer in his practice the end of the institution of the Lord's day, making it a truly Christian sabbath ; a day, not so much of rest as of religion, and a happy type of that eternal sabbath which the saints enjoy in heaven, who rest for ever from their labours, yet are for ever employed in the work of thanksgiving and praise.

Nothing gave Mr. Bonnell greater joy than any proposal or endeavour to promote the honour and service of God, and suppress immorality and profaneness; and some of his most sensible afflictions proceeded from the coldness and indifference he observed in most people to the great concerns of religion and another world. He was one of those who mourned in secret for our public sins, and by his powerful prayers contributed not a little to avert public judgments from us, or to shorten their continuance. Alas! he would often say to his intimate and religious friends, "What will this turn to? Where will it end? The true spirit of piety seems more and more wearing out of the world."

The religious societies which began in Dublin about the year 1693, gave him great comfort and joy; he not only approved of that pious design, but very much encouraged and promoted it. He pleaded their cause with letters in their defence, and was one of their most diligent and prudent directors. He considered very well the abuses, to which, by length of time, decay of zeal, and the neglects of those who are principally concerned to oversee and govern them, those societies might be liable, but he found they did present good, and that made him rejoice; and he used to argue, "that the possibility of a thing being abused is no reason to decline the use of it." He was likewise a zealous promoter of the societies for the reformation of manners, which apply themselves to the suppressing of profaneness and vice; he was always

present at their meetings, laid their design truly to heart, and thought much of it; he contributed liberally towards the necessary charge, and constantly prayed for their success.

Agreeably to his zeal for the religious societies, and for all public undertakings which might serve the interests of piety, were his private endeavours to promote it in all he conversed with; but he chiefly applied himself to young people, and took a particular pleasure in forming their tender minds to the love of God and religion; he watched all occasions of suggesting good thoughts to them, and encouraged, directed, and even reproved them, with such tenderness, concern, and address, as first to gain upon their affections himself, and then, so to improve the power he had with them, as to make them in love with their duty; to excite strong desires after holiness in their hearts; and to arm them with firm resolutions of adhering to it.

And as he industriously embraced all opportunities of gaining proselytes to piety, so he studied to make religion the subject of his constant conversation, and talked of nothing else with pleasure. He had a peculiar art of engaging company upon this subject, and managed his part of such discourse with so much modesty and prudence, that there appeared nothing of artifice or design, nothing that aimed at magnifying himself, or raising his own character: but when he spoke of religion, it was with natural easiness, with calmness and humility; and he never soured such conversation with uncharitable reflections upon others, who either differed from him in opinion, or fell short of him in practice.

Mr. Bonnell was nicely exact in every part of justice. He had many opportunities of improving his fortune, and met with temptations which few but himself would have resisted. But though he despatched all who had business with him in the most obliging manner, and with great readiness, yet he

never knew what a gratuity or reward meant; confining his gains entirely to his salary, and never allowing the importunity or gratitude of any to force pecuniary acknowledgements upon him. And when at one time three pieces of broad gold, and a guinea or two at another, were left upon his table by persons whom he had highly obliged, he gave the money all away among those who had formerly been officers in the custom-house, and were then in want; and acquainted his friends with his reasons for being so scrupulous. 'He owned he had done services to many in getting their business despatched, which strictly deserved considerable rewards; but should he allow himself to take them, he did not know how far such a practice might prove a snare to him, might tempt him to be unfaithful in his office, and bias him from his duty: and that therefore the surest way to be protected from all bribery, was to keep it at a distance, and never to allow himself to take any thing but just what the king allowed him, lest any approaches to that sin, however covered with specious pretences, might give an advantage to Satan to betray him into it. And he told his friends farther, that the reason of this declaration was, that his principles might be in some measure known; that so he might be better armed against gifts and presents; and neither be tempted to accept, nor put to the trouble of denying them.'

Equal to his justice was his charity, which, like that of Heaven, rejoiced in doing good to all. He had a true concern for the souls of men. He contemplated so constantly the amazing love of our Saviour to mankind, with his bitter sufferings to redeem their souls, that he was actuated with some degree of his infinite love, and burned with his heavenly flame. No man in his station could take more pains to give to all he conversed with, a true relish of piety and religion. He was continually dispersing good books among young people, his clerks, and

servants, and poor families; which he seconded with such constant instructions upon all fitting occasions, delivered with such kindness and concern as could not fail of making great impressions upon many of them.

The same divine charity to the souls of men shewed itself in his great and constant endeavours to direct and comfort those who laboured under troubles and discontent of mind. He had a very happy way of calming uneasy thoughts and quieting disturbed consciences. And in no work did he employ himself with greater readiness or success.

But his charity was not so entirely confined to men's souls as to neglect their bodies, great was his concern for both: and by his bounty to the one, he often made way for the success of his charitable endeavours for the other.

But so great, so generous was Mr. Bonnell's charity, as to extend even to injuries and enemies; in so much, that I believe few ever more fully obeyed the command, or imitated the example of our Lord, in loving his enemies and praying for his persecutors. When, immediately after the revolution, an attempt was made to deprive him of his employment, a gentleman having made great interest for it; and when things were brought to that pass, that both he and his friends looked upon his employment as lost; and when others, who were concerned for Mr. Bonnell, would express themselves with some heat against that gentleman; he commonly pleaded for him, and said every thing that could be offered in his favour. Those designs indeed miscarried, but Mr. Bonnell's charity was still the same. And how little such an attempt discomposed him, the following meditation, composed upon that particular occasion, will shew:—

'O, my God, I have often solemnly offered up to thee my place: thou now takest me at my word. Ought I not to rejoice and be satisfied that thou acceptest of any thing from me? For me now to be

any way troubled or repine at it, would be a childish act between man and man; much more sinful between a creature and his God. I bless thee for that entire readiness which thou hast put into me heretofore, to offer it up to thee. For this gives me now the greatest comfort in thy taking it from me.

'How happy am I in having disengaged myself from the world before this difficulty! How gracious has my God been to me, in having led me to it by the hand; that I might be light and free from all incumbrances, to follow his blessed will without uneasiness! I thought to have passed out of the world into a nearer attendance on thy service with ease, joy, and triumph. Thy wisdom has over-ruled my foolish measures. Thou hast thought fit that this change should not be without some hardship. But should I think worse of it for that? Are not the greatest things brought about by conflicts? To silence all the rest, was not the redemption of the world brought about by the bitter agony of thy dear Son? Shall I be afraid to follow his steps, or think that the issue will not be glorious, because thou leadest me to it through trouble?'

I shall conclude this account of his charity with his own description of it: and never any knew it better, or practised it more.

'Oh! what is the excellent gift of charity, without which, whosoever liveth is counted dead before Thee, and even he who gives his body in martyrdom, gains nothing! It is the ornament of a Christian mind; the complex of spiritual graces. It is to be meek under injuries, and tenderly compassionate to the miserable. It is to rejoice in the good of all men, and have a mean opinion of ourselves, of our own abilities and deserts. It is to hate no man; to treat none outrageously or bitterly. It is to be more concerned for the good of others than for our own praise; never to be transported in an undue measure; never to be captious,

nor apt to take things amiss; to mourn for every thing that is sinful, and to take exceeding pleasure in the good that any do; to be difficult in entertaining bad reports, and forward in believing good; unwilling to despair of any, and to undervalue our own pains to procure their benefit.

'This is to have the same mind which was in our blessed Saviour, and to resemble him as a child resembles his parent. In such he is pleased, is satisfied, and comforted over all the troubles he has undergone for our sakes. These only can be pleasing to him, and thought worthy by him to bear his name. Whatever other good is done, (if any be without this temper) never will be owned or accepted by him. Dear Jesus, let me think on this lesson till thou hast graciously taught it to my soul, that I may be like thee, whom I own for the joy of my heart, and the delight and support of my life. Amen.'

I have thus given a faithful, though imperfect representation of Mr. Bonnell's virtues; and am persuaded that the picture bears some resemblance to its original, whatever its particular defects may be, which are the fewer because so much of it is the work of his own masterly hand. And no doubt the whole will sufficiently convince the reader that Mr. Bonnell's piety and goodness were of a strain very rarely to be met with.

CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE

OF

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THE LIFE OF

Mrs. ISABELLA GRAHAM.

ISABELLA MARSHALL (afterwards Mrs. Graham) was born on the 29th of July, 1742, in the shire of Lanark, in Scotland. Her grandfather was one of the elders who quitted the established church of Scotland with the Rev. Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine. She was educated in the principles of that church. Her father and mother were both pious: indeed, her mother, whose maiden name was Janet Hamilton, appears, from her letters yet extant, to have possessed a mind of the same character as her daughter afterwards exhibited.

Isabella was trained to an active life, as well as favoured with a superior education. Her grandfather, whose dying bed she assiduously attended, bequeathed her a legacy of some hundred pounds. In the use to which she applied this money, the soundness of her judgment thus early manifested itself. She requested it might be appropriated to the purpose of giving her a finished education. When ten years of age, she was sent to a boarding-school, taught by a lady of distinguished talents and piety. Often has Mrs. Graham repeated to her children the maxims of Mrs. Betty Morehead. With ardent and unwearied endeavours to attain mental endowments, and especially moral and religious knowledge, she attended the instructions of Mrs. Morehead for seven successive winters. How valuable is early instruction! With the blessing of God, it is probable that this instructress had laid the foundation of the exertions

and usefulness of her pupil in after life. How wise and how gracious are the ways of the Lord!—Knowing the path in which he was afterwards to lead Isabella Marshall, her God was pleased to provide her an education of a much higher kind than was usual in those days. Who would not trust that God who alone can be THE GUIDE OF OUR YOUTH?

Her father, John Marshall, farmed a paternal estate, called the Heads, near Hamilton. This estate he sold, and rented the estate of Eldersley, once the habitation of Sir William Wallace. There Isabella passed her childhood and her youth. She had no precise recollection of the period at which her heart first tasted that the Lord was gracious. As long as she could remember, she took delight in pouring out her soul to God.

In the woods of Eldersley she selected a bush, to which she resorted in seasons of devotion; under this bush, she was enabled to devote herself to God, through faith in her Redeemer, before she attained her tenth year. To this favourite, and, to her, sacred spot, she would repair, when exposed to temptation, or perplexed with youthful troubles. From thence she caused her prayers to ascend, and always found peace and consolation.

Children cannot seek the favour of the God of heaven at too early a period. How blessed to be reared and fed by his hand, taught by his Spirit, and strengthened by his grace!

The late Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, afterwards president of Princeton College, was at this time one of the ministers of the town of Paisley. Isabella sat under his ministry, and at the age of seventeen she was admitted by him to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. In the year 1765, she was married to Dr. John Graham, then a practising physician in Paisley, a gentleman of liberal education and of respectable standing.

About a year after their marriage, Dr. Graham was ordered to join his regiment, the royal Americans, then stationed in Canada.

Before they sailed for America, a plan had been arranged for their permanent residence in that country. Dr. Graham calculated on disposing of his commission, and purchasing a tract of land on the Mohawk river, to which his father-in-law, Mr. Marshall, and his family were to follow him.

The regiment was quartered at Montreal for several months, and here Jessie, the eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Graham, was born. They afterwards removed to Fort Niagara on Lake Ontario, and continued in garrison there for four years; here Joanna and Isabella Graham were born. Mrs. Graham always considered the time she passed at Niagara, as the happiest of her days, contemplated in a temporal view. The officers of the regiment were amiable men, and attached to each other. A few of them were married, and their ladies were united in the ties of friendship. Thus secluded from the world, exempt from the collision of individual and separate interests which often create so much discord in large communities, they were studious to promote the happiness of each other, and enjoyed that tranquillity and contentment, which ever accompany a disinterested interchange of friendly offices. This fort being in a situation detached from other settlements, the garrison was consequently deprived of ordinances, and the public means of grace; and under such disadvantages the life of religion in the soul of Mrs. Graham was at a low ebb. A conscientious observance of the sabbath, which throughout life she maintained, proved to her at Niagara as a remembrance and revival of devotional exercises. She wandered, on those sacred days, into the woods around Niagara, searched her Bible, communed with God and herself, and poured out her soul in prayer to her covenant Lord. Throughout

the week, the attention of her friends, her domestic comfort and employments, and the amusements pursued in the garrison, she used to confess, occupied too much of her time, and of her affections.

Here we behold a little society enjoying much comfort and happiness in each other, yet falling short of that pre-eminent duty, and superior blessedness, of glorifying, as they ought to have done, the God of heaven, who fed them by his bounty, and offered them a full and free salvation in the gospel of his Son. No enjoyments, or possessions, however ample and acceptable, can crown the soul with peace and true felicity, unless accompanied with the fear and favour of Him who alone can speak pardon to the transgressor, and shed abroad his love in the hearts of his children: thus giving an earnest of spiritual and eternal blessedness, along with temporal good.

The commencement of the revolutionary struggle in America rendered it necessary, in the estimation of the British Government, to order the sixtieth regiment, which was composed in a great measure of Americans, to another scene of action.

Their destination was the island of Antigua; Dr. Graham, Mrs. Graham, and their family, consisting now of three infant daughters, and two young Indian girls, crossed the woods from Niagara to Oswegatche, and from thence descended the Mohawk in battaux (or flat boats) to Schenectady. Here Dr. Graham left his family and went to New York, to complete a negociation he had entered into for the sale of his commission, to enable him to settle, as he originally intended, on a tract of land which it was in his power to purchase on the banks of the river they had just descended. The gentleman who proposed to purchase his commission, not being able to perfect the arrangement in time, Dr. Graham found himself under the necessity of proceeding to Antigua with the regiment. Mrs. Graham, on learning this, hurried down with her

family to accompany him, although he had left it optional with her to remain.

At New York they were treated with much kindness by the late Rev. Dr. John Rodgers, and others, especially by the family of Mr. Vanbrugh Livingston. With Mr. Livingston's daughter, the wife of Major Brown of the sixtieth regiment, Mrs. Graham formed a very warm friendship, which continued during the life of Mrs. Brown.

On their arrival in Antigua, Mrs. Graham was introduced to the families of two brothers of the name of Gilbert, gentlemen of property, and great piety. They were connected with the Methodists, and, by their pious exertions and exemplary lives, with the blessing of God, became instruments of much good to many in that island.

Dr. and Mrs. Graham participated largely in the hospitality and friendship of many respectable families at St. John's.

Dr. Graham was absent in St. Vincent's for some months; having accompanied, as surgeon, a military force under Major Etherington, sent thither to quell an insurrection of the Caribbeans, or natives.

On his return to Antigua, he found Mrs. Graham almost inconsolable for the loss of her valuable mother, the tidings of whose death had just reached her. He roused her from this state of mind by saying, that 'God might perhaps call her to a severer trial, by taking her husband also.' The warning appeared prophetic. On the 17th of November, 1774, he was seized with a feverish disorder, which was not, for the first three days, alarming, in the estimation of attending physicians; yet it increased afterwards with such violence, as to terminate his mortal existence on the 22d. The Doctor calculated on death; expressed his perfect resignation; gave his testimony to the emptiness of a world, the inhabitants of which are too much occupied in pursuing bubbles, which vanish into air;

and died in the hope of faith in that divine Redeemer "who is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him." At the commencement of her husband's illness, Mrs. Graham entertained no apprehensions of danger to his life. When hope, as to the continuance of temporal life, was extinguished, her anxiety for his spiritual and eternal welfare exercised her whole soul. When he breathed his last, gratitude to God, and joy at the testimony he had given of dying in the faith of Jesus, afforded a support to her mind, which the painful feelings of her heart could not immediately shake; but when the awful solemnities were over—earth to earth, dust to dust—and the spirit gone to God who gave it—when all was still, and she was a widow indeed—that tenderness of soul and sympathy of friendship, for which Mrs. Graham was ever remarkable, were brought into severe and tumultuous exercise. Her husband, her companion, her protector, was gone; a man of superior mind, great taste, warm affections, and domestic habits. She was left with three daughters, the eldest of whom was not more than five years of age; and with the prospect of having another child in a few months. Of temporal property she possessed very little: she was at a distance from her father's house: the widow and the fatherless were in a foreign land.

The change in her circumstances was as sudden as it was great. She had now no sympathizing heart to receive and return the confidence of unbounded friendship; and thus, by reciprocal communion, to alleviate the trials, and enrich the enjoyments of life. All the pleasing plans, all the cherished prospects of future settlement in life, were cut off in a moment. While sinking into a softened indifference to the world, in the contemplation of her severe loss, she was, on the other hand, roused into exertion for the support of her young family, whose earthly dependance was now necessarily upon her.

The fidelity of her heart was now as strongly marked as her tenderness. She dressed herself in the habiliments of a widow, and determined never to lay them aside. This she strictly adhered to, and rejected every overture afterwards made to her, of again entering into the married state.

On examining into the state of her husband's affairs, she discovered that there remained not quite two hundred pounds sterling in his agent's hands. These circumstances afforded an opportunity for the display of the purity of Mrs. Graham's principles, and her rigid adherence to the commandments of her God in every situation. It was proposed to her, and urged on her with much importunity, to sell two Indian girls, her late husband's property. No considerations of interest or necessity could prevail upon her to make merchandise of her fellow-creatures, the works of her heavenly Father's hand; immortal beings. One of these girls accompanied her to Scotland, where she was married; the other died in Antigua, leaving an affectionate testimony to the kindness of her dear master and mistress.

The surgeon's mate of the regiment was a young man whom Dr. Graham had early taken under his patronage. The kindness of his patron had so far favoured him with a medical education, that he was enabled to succeed him as surgeon to the regiment. Notwithstanding the slender finances of Mrs. Graham, feeling for the situation of Dr. Henderson, she presented to him her husband's medical library, and his sword: a rare instance of disinterested regard for the welfare of another. This was an effort towards observing the second table of the law, in doing which, she was actuated likewise by that principle which flows from keeping the first table also. Nor was the friendship of Dr. and Mrs. Graham misplaced. The seeds of gratitude were sown in an upright heart. Dr. Henderson, from year to year, manifested his

sense of obligation, by remitting to the widow such sums of money as he could afford. This was a reciprocity of kind offices, equally honourable to the benefactress, and to him who received the benefit: an instance, alas! too rarely met with in a selfish world.

It may here be remarked, in order to show how much temporal supplies are under the direction of a special providence, that Dr. Henderson's remittances and friendly letters were occasionally received by Mrs. Graham, until the year 1795: after this period her circumstances were so favourably altered, as to render such aid unnecessary: and from that time she heard no more from Dr. Henderson, neither could she learn what became of him, notwithstanding her frequent inquiries.

It may be profitable here to look at Mrs. Graham, contrasted with those around her whose condition in the world was prosperous. Many persons, then in Antigua, were busy and successful in the accumulation of wealth, to the exclusion of every thought tending to holiness, to God, and to heaven. The portion which they desired, they possessed. What then? They are since gone to another world. The magic of the words, 'My property,' 'An independent fortune,' has been dispelled; and that for which they toiled, and in which they gloried, has since passed into a hundred hands: the illusion is vanished, and unless they obtained pardon and peace with God through the blood of the cross, they left this world, and, alas! found no heaven before them. But, amidst apparent affliction and outward distress, God was preparing the heart of this widow by the discipline of his covenant, for future usefulness; to be a blessing, probably, to thousands of her race, and to enter, finally, into that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

Her temporal support was not, in her esteem, 'an

independent fortune,' but a life of dependance on the care of her heavenly Father: she had more delight in suffering and doing his will, than in all riches. "The secret of the Lord is with those who fear him, and he will show them his covenant." To those who walk with God, he will show the way in which they should go; and their experience will assure them that he directs their paths. "Bread shall be given them, and their water shall be sure." She passed through many trials of a temporal nature, but she was comforted by her God through them all; and at last was put in possession of an eternal treasure in heaven, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal." May this contrast be solemnly examined, and the example of this child of God made a blessing to many!

Previously to her confinement, and the birth of her son, Mrs. Graham set her house in order, in the probable expectation of her decease. She wrote a letter to her father in Scotland, commending her young family to his protection; also a letter to her friend Mrs. Gandidier, giving the charge of her affairs, and of her family, to her and her husband Captain Gandidier, during their stay in Antigua.

In this letter she expressed her full confidence in the friendship of Mrs. Gandidier, but at the same time expressed much solicitude about her indifference to spiritual concerns; and dealt very faithfully with her conscience, as to the propriety and necessity of her being more engaged to seek the favour of God, through the mediation and atonement of the blessed Redeemer. The following extract, as to the latter subjects, will prove interesting to the reader:—

St. John's, Antigua, 1775.

And now, my dear friend, as the greatest happiness I can wish you, may that God whom I have chosen as my own portion, be your's also; may he,

by his outward providence, and by the inward operations of his Spirit on your heart, lead you to himself, and convince you of the truth. But, O my dear friend, shut not your eyes and ears against conviction: you are not satisfied that the Bible is indeed the word of God. Is it not worth inquiring into? What would you think of a man who had a large fortune, and the whole depending on proving some certain facts, who yet would not be at the pains to inform himself? Are the interests of this world of such importance, which in a few fleeting years we must leave, and have done with for ever? And is our final state in the next, which is to fix us in happiness or misery through the endless days of eternity, not worth a thought? Think, then, and seriously ask, What, if it be so! What, if this be, indeed, the word of God, given by inspiration for the rule of both our faith and manners, by which we are to be judged! What, if this same God, who so kindly reveals his will to men, has, with it, given the clearest evidences and strongest proofs that it is his own word! Think, I say, my dear friend, if it should be so, what they deserve, who either reject or neglect it, without taking the trouble to inform themselves, so as to be convinced, that it either is, or is not, of divine authority! How many great, learned, and wise men, have sifted these evidences with the greatest care, and the deeper they entered into the search, the more clear they appeared, even those whose lives are entirely contrary to it, and whose interest it is to wish it false, cannot deny. As to the various explanations of it—it is every one's duty to read for himself; and, although there may be some parts of it too deep for our capacity, and many parts which cannot be understood without an exact knowledge of ancient history; yet the simple truths of the gospel, what we are to believe concerning God, and what duties he requires of us, and what he forbids, are equally plain and easy. If we can only

once be satisfied, that it is indeed the word of God, set ourselves to study it with an unprejudiced mind, with a sincere desire to know the truth, and be led by it, with earnest prayer, that the same Spirit which inspired the writers, would make it plain to our hearts and understandings, that God himself would teach us its true meaning, and save us from error—we shall, I venture to say, be taught all necessary knowledge, and be led in the way to eternal life; for we have God's promise that it shall be so. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God."

Forgive me, my dear friend; the subject appears to me so important, that I know not how to have done. I love you with a sincere friendship; I love your soul, and am deeply interested in its eternal happiness. Once more, I commit you to that God who only can lead you to himself and to true happiness; and that you may know the truth of this, from deep experience, to the eternal joy, peace, and safety of your immortal soul, is the last prayer of your affectionate friend, who hopes to meet and rejoice with you in our Redeemer's kingdom.

It pleased God, however, to preserve Mrs. Graham's life at this time; and she soon after dedicated her infant son to her God in baptism; giving him the name of his father, John.

Having now no object to induce her to stay longer at Antigua, she disposed of her slender property, and, placing her money in the hands of Major Brown, requested him to take a passage for herself and family, and to lay in their sea-stores.

Mrs. Graham, after seeing a railing placed around the grave of her beloved husband, that his remains might not be disturbed until mingled with their kindred dust, bade adieu to her kind friends, and with a sorrowful heart, turned her face towards her native land. No ship offering for Scotland at this time, she

embarked with her family in one bound to Belfast, in Ireland. Major Brown and his brother officers saw her safely out to sea; and he gave her a letter to a gentleman in Belfast, containing, as he said, a bill for the balance of the money she had deposited with him. After a stormy and trying voyage, she arrived in safety at her destined port. The correspondent in Ireland of Major Brown, delivered her a letter from that officer, expressive of esteem and affection; and stating, that, as a proof of respect for the memory of their deceased friend, he and his brother officer had taken the liberty of defraying the expences of her voyage. Consequently, the bill he had given was for the full amount of her original deposit; and thus, like the brethren of Joseph, "she found all her money in the sack's mouth."

Being a stranger in Ireland, without a friend to look out for a proper vessel in which to embark for Scotland, she and her children went passengers in a packet; on board of which, as she afterwards learned, there was not even a compass. A great storm arose, and they were tossed to and fro for nine hours in imminent danger. The rudder and the masts were carried away; every thing on deck thrown overboard; and at length the vessel struck in the night upon a rock, on the coast of Ayr, in Scotland. The greatest confusion pervaded the passengers and crew. Among a number of young students, going to the University at Edinburgh, some were swearing, some praying, and all were in despair. The widow only remained composed. With her babe in her arms, she hushed her weeping family, and told them, that in a few minutes they should all go to join their father in a better world. The passengers wrote their names in their pocket-books, that their bodies might be recognized, and reported for the information of their friends. One young man came into the cabin, asking, 'Is there any peace here?' He was surprised to find a female

so tranquil; a short conversation soon shewed that religion was the source of comfort and hope to them both in this perilous hour. He prayed, and then read the 107th Psalm. While repeating these words, "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still," the vessel swung off the rock, by the rising of the tide. She had been dashing against it for an hour and a half, the sea making a breach over her, so that the hold was now nearly filled with water. Towards morning, the storm subsided, and the vessel floated until she rested on a sand-bank. Assistance was afforded from the shore; and the shipwrecked company took their shelter in a small inn, where most of the men seemed anxious to drown the remembrance of danger in a bowl of punch. How faithful a monitor is conscience! This voice is listened to in extreme peril. But, oh, infatuated man, how anxious art thou to stifle the warnings of wisdom in the hour of safety! Thousands of our race, no doubt, delay the preparation for eternity, until, visited with sudden death, they have scarcely a moment left for the performance of this solemn work.

Mrs. Graham retired to a private room, to offer up thanksgiving to God for his goodness, and to commend herself and her orphans to his future care.

A gentleman from Ayr, hearing of the shipwreck, came down to offer assistance; and in him Mrs. Graham was happy enough to recognize an old friend. This gentleman paid her and her family much attention, carrying them to his own house, and treating them with kindness and hospitality.

In a day or two after this, she reached Cartside, and entered her father's dwelling; not the large ancient mansion, in which she had left him, but a thatched cottage, consisting of three apartments. Possessed of a too easy temper, and unsuspecting disposition, Mr. Marshall had been induced to become security for some of his friends, whose failure in business had

reduced him to poverty. He now acted as factor of a gentleman's estate in this neighbourhood, of whose father he had been the intimate friend, with a salary of twenty pounds sterling per annum, and the use of a small farm. In a short time, however, his health failed him, and he was deprived of this scanty pittance, being incapable, as the proprietor thought, of fulfilling the duties of factor.

Alive to every call of duty, Mrs. Graham now considered her father as added, with her children, to the number of dependants on her industry. She proved, indeed, a good daughter; faithful, affectionate, and dutiful, she supported her father through his declining years ; and he died at her house, during her residence in Edinburgh, surrounded by his daughter and her children, who tenderly watched him through his last illness.

From Cartside she removed to Paisley, where she taught a small school. The slender profits of such an establishment, with a widow's pension of sixteen pounds sterling, were the means of subsistence for herself and her family. When she first returned to Cartside, a few religious friends called to welcome her home. The gay and wealthy part of her former acquaintances, flatterers, who, like the butterfly, spread their silken wings only to bask in the warmth of a summer sun, found not their way to the lonely cottage of an afflicted widow. Her worth, although in after life rendered splendid by its own fruits, was at this time concealed, except to those whose reflection and wisdom had taught them to discern it more in the faith and submission of the soul, than in the selfish and extravagant exhibitions of the wealth bestowed by the bounty of Providence, but expended too often for the purposes of vanity and dissipation.

In such circumstances, the christian character of Mrs. Graham was strongly marked. Sensible that her heavenly Father saw it good, at this time, to depress

her outward condition, full of filial tenderness, and, like a real child of God, resigned to whatever should appear to be his will, her conduct was conformed to his dispensations. With a cheerful heart, and in the hope of faith, she set herself to walk down into the valley of humiliation, "leaning upon Jesus," as the beloved of her soul. "I delight to do thy will, O my God, yea, thy law is within my heart," was the spontaneous effusion of her genuine faith. She received with affection, the scriptural admonition, "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time: casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."

She laid aside her childrens' fine frocks, and clothed them in homespun. At Cartside, she sold the butter she made, and her children were fed on the milk. It was her wish to eat her own bread, however coarse, and "to owe no person any thing but love." At Paisley, for a season, her breakfast and supper were porridge, and her dinner potatoes and salt. Peace with God, and a contented mind, supplied the lack of earthly prosperity; and she adverted to this her humble fare, to soothe the hearts of suffering sisters, with whom she corresponded at a later period of life, when she was in comfortable circumstances.

Meantime, the Lord was not unmindful of his believing child; but was preparing the minds of her friends for introducing her to a more enlarged sphere of usefulness. Her pious and attached friend, the wife of Major Brown, had accompanied her husband to Scotland, and they now resided on their estate in Ayrshire. Mr. Peter Reid, a kind friend when in Antigua, was now a merchant in London. This gentleman advised her to invest the little money she had brought home, and which she had still preserved, in muslins, which she could work into finer articles of

dress; and he would ship them in a vessel of his own, freight free, to be sold in the West Indies. His object was partly to increase her little capital, and partly to divert her mind from meditating so deeply on the loss of her lamented husband; for she shed so many tears while at Cartside, as to injure her eye-sight, and to render the use of spectacles necessary. The plan, so kindly proposed, was soon adopted: and the muslin dresses were, accordingly, shipped: but she soon afterwards learned that the ship was captured by the French. This was a severe blow to her temporal property, and more deeply felt, as it was received at the time when her father was deprived of his employment.

Mrs. Brown, after consulting with the Rev. Mr. Randall, of Glasgow; the Rev. Mr. Ellis, of Paisley; Lady Glenorchy and Mrs. Walker; proposed to Mrs. Graham to take charge of a boarding-school in Edinburgh.

The friends of religion were of opinion, that such an establishment, under the direction of such a character as Mrs. Graham, would be of singular benefit to young ladies, destined for important stations in society. Her liberal education, her acquaintance with life, and her humble, yet ardent piety, were considered peculiarly calculated to qualify her for so important a trust.

Another friend had suggested to Mrs. Graham the propriety of opening a boarding-house in Edinburgh, which he thought could, through his influence, be easily filled by students. She saw obstacles to both; a boarding-house did not appear suitable, as her daughters would not be so likely to have the same advantages of education as in a boarding-school. And to engage as an instructress of youth on so large a scale, with so many competitors, appeared, for her, an arduous undertaking.

In this perplexity, as in former trials, she fled to her unerring Counsellor, the Lord, her covenant God.

She set apart a day for fasting and prayer. She spread her case before the Lord, earnestly beseeching him to make his word 'a light to her feet, and a lamp to her path;' and 'to lead her in the way she should go;' especially, that she might be directed to choose the path in which she could best promote his glory, and the highest interests of herself and her children. On searching the Scriptures, her mind was fastened on these words, in John xxi. 15. "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He said unto him, Feed my lambs." Never, perhaps, was this commandment applied with more energy, nor accompanied with a richer blessing, since the days of the apostle, than in the present instance. Her determination was accordingly made. She resolved to undertake the education of youth, trusting that her Lord would make her a humble instrument to feed his lambs. Here was exhibited an instance of simple yet powerful faith, in a believer surrounded by temporal perplexities; and of condescension and mercy on the part of a compassionate God. Light, unseen by mortal eyes, descended on her path.

How weak, perhaps enthusiastic, would this have appeared to the busy crowd, blind to the special providence exercised by the God of heaven towards all his creatures! When the assembled universe shall, at the great day of judgment, be called around the throne of the Judge of the whole earth, such conduct will then appear to have been truly wise and judicious: but to the eye of carnal reason, absorbed in the devices and calculations of worldly wisdom, it now appears delusive and unavailing. Mrs. Graham, at this season of difficulty and deprivation, like the Psalmist, "gave herself unto prayer," realizing, in a measure, the poet's description:

'Prayer ardent, opens heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man in audience with the Deity.'

Although her faith was strong, yet her mind was under such agitation, from her total want of funds to carry her plan into effect, and from other conflicting exercises, as to throw her into a nervous fever, which kept her confined to her bed for some weeks. On her recovery, she felt it her duty to "go forward," trusting that He who had directed her path would provide the means that were necessary to enable her to walk in it. She therefore sold her heavy furniture, packed up all her remaining effects, and prepared to set out from Paisley for Edinburgh, on a Monday, sometime in the year 1780.

On the previous Saturday, she sat by her fire musing and wondering in what manner the Lord would appear for her at this time, when a letter was brought to her from Mr. Peter Reid, inclusing a sum of money which he had recovered from the underwriters, on account of Mrs. Graham's muslins, captured on their passage to the West-Indies. Mrs. Graham had considered them as totally lost, but her friend had taken the precaution to have them insured.

With this supply, she was enabled to accomplish her object, and arrived in Edinburgh with her family. Her friend Mrs. Brown met her there, and stayed with her a few days, to comfort and patronize her in her new undertaking. Mrs. Brown was her warm and constant friend, until her death, which happened in Paisley, in 1782, when she was attending the communion. She bequeathed her daughter Mary to Mrs. Graham's care; but in 1785 the daughter followed the mother, being cut off by a fever, in the twelfth year of her age.

It may be proper here to introduce the name of Mr. George Anderson, a merchant in Glasgow, who had been an early and particular friend of Dr. Graham. He kindly offered his friendly services, and the use of his purse, to promote the welfare of the bereaved family of his friend. Mrs. Graham occasionally drew upon both. The money she borrowed, she had the

satisfaction of repaying with interest. A correspondence was carried on between them after Mrs. Graham's removal to America, until the death of Mr. Anderson in 1802.

During her residence in Edinburgh, she was honoured with the friendship and counsel of many persons of distinction and piety. The Viscountess Glenorchy, Lady Ross Baillie, Lady Jane Belches, Mrs. Walter Scott, (mother of the poet,) Mrs. Dr. Davidson, and Mrs. Bailie Walker, were among her warm personal friends. The Rev. Dr. Erskine, the Rev. Dr. Davidson, (formerly the Rev. Mr. Randall,) and many other respectable clergymen, were also her friends. She and her family attended on the ministry of Dr. Davidson, an able, evangelical, and useful pastor.

Her school soon became considerable in numbers and character. Her early and superior education now proved of essential service to her. She was indefatigable in her attention to the instruction of her pupils. While she was faithful in giving them those accomplishments which were to qualify them for acting a distinguished part in this world, she was also zealous in directing their attention to that gospel by which they were instructed to obtain an inheritance in the eternal world. She felt a high responsibility, and took a deep interest in their temporal and spiritual welfare. As a "mother in Israel," she wished to train them up in the ways of the Lord.

She prayed with them morning and evening, and on the sabbath, which she was careful to devote to its proper use. She took great pains to imbue their minds with the truths of religion; nor did she labour in vain. Although she was often heard to lament that her life was unprofitable, compared with her opportunities of doing good, yet, when her children, Mr. and Mrs. Bethune, visited Scotland in 1801, they heard of many characters, then pious and exemplary, who dated their first religious impressions from

those seasons of early instruction which they enjoyed under Mis. Graham, while in Edinburgh.

Mrs. Graham's manner in the management of youth was peculiarly happy. While she kept them diligent in their studies, and strictly obedient to the laws she had established, she was endearéd to them by her tenderness; and the young ladies instructed in her school, retained for her, in after life, a degree of filial affection, which was expressed on many affecting occasions. This was afterwards remarkably the case with her pupils in America. Her school was completely governed by a system of equitable laws. On every alleged offence, a court-martial, as they termed it, was held, and the accused tried by her peers. There were no arbitrary punishments, no sallies of capricious passion. The laws were promulgated, and obedience was indispensable. The sentences of the courts-martial were always approved, and had a salutary effect. In short, there was a combination of authority, decision, and tenderness, in Mrs. Graham's government, that rendered its subjects industrious, intelligent, circumspect, and happy. She enjoyed their happiness; and, in cases of sickness, she watched her patients with unremitting solicitude and care, sparing no expence to promote their restoration to health.

A strong trait in her character was distinctly marked, by her practice of educating the daughters of pious ministers at half price. This was setting an example worthy of imitation. It was a conduct conformable to scriptural precept. "If (said the Apostle Paul) we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things? Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things, live of the things of the temple? Even so hath the Lord ordained, that they which preach the gospel, should live by the gospel." Always conscientious in obeying the commandments of her God, she

observed them in this matter, giving, in her proportion, at least, the widow's mite.

By another plan (for she was ingenious in contrivances to do good,) she greatly assisted those in slender circumstances, especially such as were of the household of faith. Believing that the use of sums of ten, fifteen, or twenty pounds in hand, would be serviceable, by way of capital, to persons in a moderate business, she was in the habit of making such advances, and taking back the value in articles which they had for sale. She charged no interest, being amply repaid in the gratification of her own feelings, when she beheld the benefit it produced to her humble friends. The board of her pupils being paid in advance, she was enabled to adopt this plan with more facility. Were such a spirit more prevalent in the world, what good might be done! The heart would be expanded, reciprocal confidence and affection cherished; and, instead of beholding worms of the dust fighting for particles of yellow sand, we should behold a company of affectionate brethren, leaning upon, and assisting each other through the wilderness of this world. "Look not every man on his own things, (said Paul,) but every man also on the things of others. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

On the subject of promoting the external accomplishments of her scholars, it became a question of importance, how far Mrs. Graham was to countenance them in their attendance on public balls—to what length it was proper for her to go, so as to meet the received opinions of the world in these concerns. She consulted with her pious friends, and wrote to Lady Glenorchy on the subject. In after life, Mrs. Graham was of opinion, that she and her scholars had gone too far in conformity with the opinions and manners of the world.

Lady Glenorchy, being in a delicate state of health,

made frequent use of Mrs. Graham as her almoner to the poor. On one of these visits, Mrs. Graham called on a poor woman, with a present of a new gown. 'I am obliged to you and her ladyship for your kindness,' said the poor woman, rich in faith; 'but I maun gang to the right airth first, ye wad na hae come, gin ye had na been sent; the Lord had left me lately wi but ae goon for week day and sabbath, but now he has sent you wi a sabbath day's goon:' meaning in plain English, that her thankfulness was first due to the God of providence, who had put it into the hearts of his children to supply the wants of this poor disciple.

It being stated as matter of regret, that poor people, when sick, suffered greatly, although while in health their daily labour supported them, Mrs. Graham suggested the idea of every poor person in the neighbourhood laying aside one penny a week, to form a fund for relieving the contributors when in sickness. Mr. Douglas undertook the formation of such an institution. It went for a long time under the name of 'The Penny Society.' It afterwards received a more liberal patronage, has now a handsome capital, and is called 'The Society for the Relief of the Destitute Sick.'

In July, 1786, Mrs. Graham attended the dying bed of her friend and patroness, Lady Glenorchy: this lady had shown her friendship in a variety of ways, during her valuable life; she had one of Mrs. Graham's daughters for some time in her family; condescended herself to instruct her, and sent her for a year to a French boarding-school in Rotterdam; she defrayed all her expences while there, and furnished her with a liberal supply of pocket-money, that she might not see distress without the power of relieving it. So much does a person's conduct in maturer years depend upon the habits of early life, that it is wise to accustom young people to feel for, and contribute,

in their degree, to the relief of the afflicted and the needy.

Mrs. Graham had the honour of attending the death-bed, and of closing the eyes, of this eminent christian. It had been Lady Glenorchy's express desire that Mrs. Graham should be sent for to attend her dying bed, if within twenty miles of her, when such attendance should be necessary.

When Dr. Witherspoon visited Scotland, in the year 1785, he had frequent conversations with Mrs. Graham, on the subject of her removal to America. She gave him at this time some reason to calculate on her going thither, as soon as her children should have completed the course of education she had proposed for them. Mrs. Graham had entertained a strong partiality for America ever since her former residence there, and had indulged a secret expectation of returning thither.

After some correspondence with Dr. Witherspoon, and consultation with pious friends, her plan received the approbation of the latter. She had an invitation from many respectable persons in the city of New York, with assurances of patronage and support. She arranged her affairs for quitting Edinburgh. The Algerines being then at war with the United States, her friends insisted on her chartering a small British vessel, to carry herself and family to the port of New York. This increased her expenses; but Providence, in faithfulness and mercy, sent her in that time a remittance from Dr. Henderson: and a legacy of two hundred pounds, bequeathed her by Lady Glenorchy, as a mark of her regard, was of great use to her in her present circumstances.

Thus, in the month of July, 1789, Mrs. Graham once more prepared to "go to a land which the Lord seemed to tell her of;" and after a pleasant though tedious voyage, she landed in New York on the 8th day of September.

At New York she and her family were received with the greatest cordiality and confidence. The late Rev. Dr. Rodgers and the Rev. Dr. Mason were especially kind to her. She came eminently prepared to instruct her pupils in all the higher branches of female education: the favourable change effected by her exertions in this respect, was soon visible in the minds, manners, and accomplishments of the young ladies committed to her care. She opened her school on the 5th of October, 1789, with five scholars, and before the end of the same month the number increased to fifty. She not only imparted knowledge to her pupils, but also, by her conversation and example, prepared their minds to receive it in such a manner as to apply it to practical advantage. While she taught them to regard external accomplishments as ornaments to the female character, she was careful to recommend the practice of virtue, as the highest accomplishment of all, and to inculcate the principles of religion, as the only solid foundation for morality and virtue. The annual examinations of her scholars were always well attended, and gave great satisfaction. General Washington, while at New York, honoured her with his patronage. The venerable and amiable Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the State of New York, then the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Moore, never once was absent from those examinations. She was sensible of his friendship, and always spoke of him in terms of great esteem and respect.

She united in communion with the Presbyterian Church under the pastoral care of the late Rev. Dr. John Mason. This excellent man was her faithful friend, and wise counsellor. Under his ministry her two daughters, Joanna and Isabella, joined the church in the year 1791. Her eldest daughter Jessie, who had made a profession of religion in Scotland, was married in July, 1790, to Mr. Hay Stevenson, mer-

chant of New York, and she became a member of the Presbyterian Church under the care of Dr. Rodgers, where her husband attended.

The following devotional exercise shews Mrs. Graham's joy at the piety of her daughters:—

New York, October 10, 1791.

This day did the Lord's servant, in a solemn manner, take us all to witness, and call in the witness of angels, that we had once more avouched ourselves to be the Lord's; and that once more Christ and his salvation had been offered to all within the walls. This same day, for the second time, have my two daughters sat down at the Redeemer's table, among his professing people; and, I have reason to think, given their hearty assent to his covenant.

Glory! Glory! Glory! to the Hearer of prayer. I have cast my fatherless children on the Lord, and he has begun to make good my confidence. One thing, one only thing have I asked for them, leaving every thing else to be bestowed or withheld, as consisting with that; I seek for my four children and myself, first of all, "the kingdom of God."

My God, from day to day, adds many other comforts, and strengthens my hopes by promising appearances, that "the grain of mustard seed" is sown in the hearts of my three daughters. They have joined themselves to the people of God, and I have reason to think the Lord has ratified their surrender of themselves to him; he has made them willing for the time, and he will hedge them in to the choice they have made.

In the year 1791, her son, who had been left in Scotland to complete his education, paid his mother a visit. Mrs. Graham, considering herself as inadequate to the proper management of a boy, had, at an early period of his life, sent her son to the

care of a friend, who had promised to pay due attention to his morals and education. The boy had a warm affectionate heart, but possessed at the same time, a bold and fearless spirit. Such a disposition, under proper management, might have been formed into a noble character; but he was neglected, and left, in a great measure, to himself by his fiist preceptor.

For two years of his life, he was under the care of Mr. Murray, teacher of an Academy at Abercorn. He was a man truly qualified for this station. He instructed his pupils with zeal; led even their amusements; and to an exemplary piety added the faithful counsel of a friend. He loved, and was therefore beloved. Under his superintendence, John Graham improved rapidly, and gained the affections of his teacher and companions. Happy for him, had he continued in such a suitable situation. He was removed to Edinburgh, to receive a more classical education. Being left there by his mother and sisters, the impetuosity of his temper, and a propensity for a sea-faring life, induced his friends to place him as an apprentice in the merchant-service. He was shipwrecked on the coast of Holland; and Mr. Gibson of Rotterdam, a friend of Mrs. Graham, took him to his house, and enabled him to come to the United States. He remained at New York for some months. His mother deemed it his duty to return to Scotland, to complete his time of service. His inclination tended evidently to the profession of a sailor: she therefore fitted him out handsomely, and he embarked for Greenock in the same ship with Mr. John Mitchell Mason, the only son of the late Dr. Mason, who went to attend the Theological Lectures at the Divinity Hall in Edinburgh.

Mrs. Graham's exercises of mind on parting with her son, were deep and affecting. She cast him upon the covenant mercy of her God, placing a

blank, as to temporal things, in her Lord's hand, but cleaving with a fervent faith and hope to the promise of spiritual life: "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me."

The following is one of her devotional exercises at this period:—

New York, May 20, 1791.

This day my only son left me in bitter wringings of heart: he is again launched on the ocean:—God's ocean. The Lord saved him from shipwreck, brought him to my home, and allowed me once more to indulge my affections over him. He has been with me but a short time, and ill have I improved it: he is gone from my sight, and my heart bursts with tumultuous grief. Lord have mercy on the widow's son—"the only son of his mother."

I ask nothing in all this world for him: I repeat my petition. Save his soul alive, give him salvation from sin. It is not the danger of the seas that distresses me; it is not the hardships he must undergo; it is not the dread of never seeing him more in this world: it is, because I cannot discern the fulfilment of the promise in him. I cannot discern the new birth nor its fruits, but every symptom of captivity to satan, the world, and self-will. This, this is what distresses me; and, in connection with this, his being shut out from ordinances, at a distance from christians; shut up with those who forget God, profane his name, and break his sabbaths, men, who often live and die like beasts; yet are accountable creatures, who must answer for every moment of time, and every word, thought, and action. O Lord, many wonders hast thou shown me; thy ways of dealing with me and mine have not been common ones—add this wonder to the rest. Call, convert, regenerate, and establish

a sailor in the faith. Lord, all things are possible with thee: glorify thy Son, and extend his kingdom by sea and land; take the prey from the strong. I roll him over upon thee. Many friends try to comfort me; miserable comforters are they all. Thou art the God of consolation; only confirm to me thy gracious word, on which thou causedst me to hope, in the day when thou saidst to me, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive." Only let this life be a spiritual life, and I put a blank in thy hand as to all temporal things.

"I wait for thy salvation." Amen.

Three months afterwards, she learned that a press-gang had boarded the ship in which her son had been; and, although he was saved from their grasp by a stratagem of the passengers, yet all his clothes were taken away from him. Reflecting on this event, she says, 'Shall I withdraw the blank I have put into the Redeemer's hands? Has he not hitherto done all things well? Have not my own afflictions been my greatest blessings? Lord, I renew my blank.' After undergoing many sufferings, this young man wrote to his mother from Demerara, in the year 1794, that he had been made a prisoner; had been retaken; and then intended to go to Europe with the fleet which was soon to sail under convoy. His letter was couched in terms of salutary reflection on his past life; and a hope of profiting by past experience. This was the last account which Mrs. Graham had of her afflicted son. All inquiries instituted respecting him proved fruitless, and she had to exercise faith and submission, not without hope towards God, that the great Redeemer had taken care of, and would finally save, this prodigal son. She had known a case in her father's family, which excited their solicitude, and encouraged her hope. Her younger brother, Archibald Marshall, a lad of high temper,

though possessed of an affectionate heart, had gone to sea, and was not heard of at all for several years. A pious woman, who kept a boarding-house at Paisley, found one of her boarders one day reading Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul of Man, with Archibald Marshall's name written on the blank-leaf. On inquiry, the stranger told her he got that book from a young man on his death-bed, as a token of regard. That young man was Archibald Marshall—He was an exemplary christian: 'and I have reason,' added he, 'to bless God that he ever was my messmate.' The woman, who heard this account, transmitted it to Mr. Marshall's family, who were known to her. Mrs. Graham had no such consolatory account afforded to her; but under much yearning of heart, she left this concern, as well as every other, to the disposal of that God 'who doeth all things well.'

In the spring of 1792, she and her family were called to a severe trial, by the death of their beloved pastor, Dr. Mason. The congregation wrote immediately to his son, Mr. John Mitchell Mason, to hasten his return from Edinburgh to New York. After preaching to them with great acceptance for several months, he was ordained as pastor of the Church, in April, 1792. Mrs. Graham entertained for him the most affectionate attachment; and this attachment was reciprocal.

The following are extracts from two letters written by Mrs. Graham in the year 1793:—

TO MR. A. D., EDINBURGH.

"I rejoice to hear that your children are promising; I think it is the greatest comfort a parent can enjoy in this world. I have a large share of it in my three daughters; but my prodigal is not come to himself; he still feeds on husks, nor thinks of the plenty in his Father's house. I had great hopes last

winter: I heard he had been very ill in consequence of very severe treatment from his captain. The Lord has been emptying him from vessel to vessel, and I have been waiting the issue: but mine eyes almost fail, and my spirit frets, because I know the Lord can, and no other can. I have great hopes too, that God's time will come. I am also satisfied that it will be the best time; but still I cry, O how long! My dear friends I think I would recommend it to you to keep your children about you. No other had ever the influence over him that I had: and I regret that I did not bring him with me. Mrs. Stevenson, (Jessy,) who was so very delicate, is much under the rod; but she kisses it, and turns to him who appoints it. My two young ones are sweet, obedient, diligent girls: my word is as much a law, as when they were seven years of age. This also is of God; and to him I look for their continuing, and for my prodigal's return."

TO MRS. O—, EDINBURGH.

"My dear friend, let us ever keep sight of our Keeper and Leader, and fear nothing. I will tell you something for your comfort, and for your encouragement; it may also serve for your confirmation; I tell it you in confidence. It is now, I think, thirty-five years since I simply, but solemnly accepted of the Lord's Christ, as God's gift to a lost world. I rolled my condemned, perishing, corrupted soul upon this Jesus, exhibited in the Gospel as a Saviour from sin. My views then were dark, compared with what they now are; but this I remember, that, at the time, I felt a heart-satisfying trust in the mercy of God, as the purchase of Christ; and, for a time, rejoiced with joy scarcely supportable, singing almost continually the 103d Psalm. I took a view of the promises of God, and wrote out many of them, and called them mine; and among the foremost, was

that in the 89th Psalm, and 30th verse; and well has the Lord kept me to it, and made it good: for, my dear friend, never was there a more unsteady, unwatchful christian; never did the children of Israel's conduct in the wilderness depict any christian's heart and conduct, in gospel times, better than mine: and just so has the Lord dealt with me. When he slew me, then I trusted in him; when he gave me carnal ease and comfort, I forgot my Rock, and rebelled.

"Often did I stumble too, from legality, instead of looking at my own weakness and impotence, and trusting wholly in my Redeemer's strength. I was wroth with myself, wondered at myself, and thought it impossible I could be as I had been. I made strong resolutions, yea, vows, and became a slave in the endeavour to hedge in this wandering, worldly, vain, flighty heart; but alas! a few months found me where I was, with scarcely a thought of God from morning to night, prayer hurried over in words that had no effect on my heart; and the fear of hell, the chief restraint from sin, or spur to duty. Then, in general, the Lord had some affliction for me, which laid me afresh at his feet, and made me take a fresh grasp of Christ, and a fresh view of his covenant; then, again, I felt safety, joy, peace, and happiness; thus, by line upon line, by precept upon precept, and by stripe upon stripe, he taught me that I could not walk a moment alone. This is now my fixed faith; and, in proportion as I keep it in sight, I walk safely; but I still forget, and still stumble, and still fall; but I am lifted up, and taught lesson after lesson; and I shall stumble and fall, while sin is in me; but I am as sure that I shall be lifted up, and be restored, as I am sure I now breathe, and write these things; and the last stumble shall come, and the last stripe shall be laid on, and the last lesson taught, and that which concerns me shall be perfected. Then shall I

look back, and see 'all the way by which He has led me, to prove me, and try me, and shew me what was in my heart, that he might do me good in my latter end.'

"I am often, even in this valley of darkness and ignorance, allowed this restrospective view; and am led to say, "Not one word of all that he promised, has failed. Hitherto the Lord hath helped; he has been the guide of my youth, and even unto hoary hairs will he lead me;" and, when he calls me to pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall even then fear no evil, for his rod and staff shall support me; and I shall enter into the presence of my Redeemer, white and clean, dressed in his most perfect righteousness: angels and saints shall know me in this glorious robe: my Redeemer will acknowledge me as one of his ransomed people, and I shall finally be for ever with the Lord."

In July, 1795, Mrs. Graham's second daughter, Joanna, was married to Mr. Divie Bethune, merchant of New York. In the following month, her eldest daughter, Mrs. Stevenson, was seized with a fatal illness. Possessing a most amiable disposition, and genuine piety, she viewed the approach of death with the composure of a christian, and the intrepidity of faith. She had been in delicate health for some years before, and now a complication of disorders denied all hope of recovery. She sang a hymn of triumph, until the struggles of death interrupted her.

Mrs. Graham displayed great firmness of mind, during the last trying scene: and when the spirit of her daughter fled, she raised her hands, and, looking towards heaven, exclaimed, 'I wish you joy, my darling.' She then washed her face, took some refreshment, and retired to rest. Such was her joy of faith at the full salvation of her child; but when the loss of her company was felt, the tenderness of

a mother's heart afterwards gave vent to feelings of affectionate sorrow: nature will feel, even when faith triumphs.

The following were Mrs. Graham's remarks on this afflictive occasion :—

October 4, 1795.

WHY, O why, is my spirit still depressed? Why these sobs? Father, forgive! Jesus wept: I weep, but acquiesce. This day two months the Lord delivered my Jessie, his Jessie, from a body of sin and death; finished the good work he had begun, perfected what concerned her; trimmed her lamp, and carried her triumphant through the valley of the shadow of death. She overcame through the blood of the Lamb.

I rejoiced in the Lord's work, and was thankful that the one, the only thing I had asked for her, was now completed. I saw her delivered from much corruption within, from strong and peculiar temptation without. I had seen her often staggering, sometimes falling under the rod; I had heard her earnestly wish for deliverance from sin; and, when death approached, she was more than satisfied: said she had been a great sinner, but she had a great Saviour; praised him, and thanked him for all his dealings with her: for hedging her in, for chastising her; and even prayed that sin and corruption might be destroyed, if the body should be dissolved to effect it. The Lord fulfilled her desire, and, I may add, mine also. He lifted upon her the light of his countenance; revived her languid graces; increased her faith and hope; loosed her from earthly concerns; and made her rejoice in the stability of his covenant, and to sing 'All is well, all is well, good is the will of the Lord.' I did rejoice, I do rejoice; but O Lord, thou knowest my frame; she was my

companion, my affectionate child; my soul feels a want, O fill it up with more of thy presence, give yet more communications of thyself.

We are yet one in Christ our Head; united in him; and, although she shall not return unto me, I shall go to her, and then our communion will be more full, more delightful, as it will be perfectly free from sin. Christ shall be our bond of union, and we shall be fully under the influence of it.

Let me then gird up the loins of my mind, and set forward to serve my day and generation, to finish my course. "The Lord will perfect what concerns me;" and, when it shall please him, he will unclothe me, break down these prison walls, and admit me into the happy society of his redeemed and glorified members: then "shall he wipe away all tears from my eyes," and I shall taste the joys which are at his right hand, and be satisfied for evermore.

On May 16, 1796, Mrs. Graham wrote the following meditation:—

Psalm lxxxix. 30—34. "If his children forsake my laws, and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments: then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes: nevertheless my loving kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail; my covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips."

Amen. Blessed promise! It is "a well ordered covenant, and it is sure." Of all the provisions of the covenant, that has been to my soul among the most comfortable. Thanks be to God for the discipline of the covenant; often has it been administered. Thou knowest, and I know in part, how necessarily: although I shall not know, nor understand all, until that blessed rod shall have

perfected its correction, and shall never more be lifted up.

Many ups and downs has thy servant experienced in this vale of tears, many tears have watered these now aged cheeks; in a variety of ways hast thou stricken, and at times stripe has followed stripe, but mercy and love accompanied every one of them. I bless thee, I praise thee, for I have seldom received a stripe but I had with it a token of love. Sin was imbittered, a Saviour endeared, and grace given "to kiss the rod," and cleave to Him "that had appointed it." And now I can read in legible characters, where in many instances thy checks met my wandering steps, stopt me short of huge precipices, and preserved me from destroying even my worldly comfort. In some instances (I thank thee they have not been many,) thou hast been pleased to let me alone, to let me pursue my own ways: ways so wise in my own eyes, that I have either not sought counsel at all, or sought it, as Balaam did, with my heart set on my own will.

In some cases, thou hast let me "eat of the fruit of my own doings," and let me weary myself in my own way, until I found it not only "vanity and vexation of spirit," but sometimes a labyrinth from which I could find no escape: then did I cry unto the Lord; then did I remember my backslidings: then did I seek unto the cleansing fountain, and to the appointed Mediator, the maker up of the breach; then did I experience afresh the Lord's power to save.

In how many instances has he given a sudden turn to providences, which have been made means of my deliverance: not only so, but brought good out of my evil, so that I have been made to wonder, and to say, "Surely this is the finger of God!"

I destroyed myself, but in thee is my help found. O let these wanderings end: fix it deep on my mind,

that in the Lord only have I wisdom, as well as strength: that "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." When shall I learn to live simply on Christ, by the light of his pure unerring word, and the Spirit coinciding; and have done with these carnal reasonings, the wisdom of men! "Search me, O Lord, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Amen.

Mrs. Graham made it a rule to appropriate a tenth part of her earnings, to be expended for pious and charitable purposes. She had taken a lease of two lots of ground, in Greenwich Street, from the Corporation of Trinity Church, with a view of building a house on them for her own accommodation: the building, however, she never commenced. By a sale, which her son, Mr. Bethune, made of the lease, in 1795, for her, she got an advance of one thousand pounds. So large a profit was new to her. 'Quick, quick,' said she, 'let me appropriate the tenth before my heart grows hard.' And so she devoted it: fifty pounds of this money she sent to Mr. Mason, in aid of the funds he was collecting for the establishment of a Theological Seminary.

In the year 1797, a society was instituted at New York, for the relief of poor widows with small children; a society which arose into great respectability, and has been productive of very beneficent effects. The Lord, in his merciful providence, prepared this institution, to grant relief to the many bereaved families who were left widows and orphans by the ravages of the yellow fever in the year 1798.

It took its rise from an apparently adventitious circumstance. Mr. B—, in the year 1796, was one of the distributing managers of the St. Andrew's Society. The distribution of this charity was, of course, limited to a certain description of applicants.

Mr. B—, interested for widows not entitled to share in the bounty of the St. Andrew's Society, frequently collected small sums for their relief. He consulted with a few friends on the propriety of establishing a Female Society, for the relief of poor widows with small children, without limitation. Invitations, in the form of circular letters, were sent to the ladies of New York, and a very respectable number assembled at the house of Mrs. Graham. The proposed plan was approved, and a Society organized. Mrs. Graham was elected first Directress, which office she held for ten years.

At the half-yearly meeting in March 1798, Mrs. Graham made a very pleasing report of the proceedings of the managers, and of the amount of relief afforded to the poor. The ladies of New York were truly commendable, for their zeal in this benevolent undertaking.

In the month of September, 1798, Mrs. Graham's daughter, Isabella, was married to Mr. Andrew Smith, merchant of New York. Her family being thus settled to her satisfaction, she was prevailed upon to retire from her school, and to live with her children.

Miss Farquharson, her assistant, to whom she was much attached, declined succeeding her, choosing rather to enjoy the society of her patroness and friend. She was a young lady of genuine piety and worth. The Lord had designed her for another important station. She was married to the Rev. Mr. Loveless, of Madras, the London Society's excellent Missionary there. Mrs. Graham maintained a correspondence with Mrs. Loveless, and always regarded her with much affection.

The following is a letter of Mrs. Graham's to her friend P—.

December 22, 1801.

I DEDICATE the first of my temporal labours, on

returning health, to my dear P. Our Father's rod has been upon your friend and her family. I suppose by this time, through Miss P. to whom I mentioned the circumstance, you have heard that it has pleased God to remove our dear I. S. The stroke has been severely felt; she was one of those fascinating children that lay hold of every heart at first sight; and, having been long sickly, was become a woman in sense; pity and compassion for her sufferings, alternate hopes and fears for the issue, all tended to endear the little syren, and tighten the cord of affection. The stroke, after all, came unexpectedly. She had a gentle passage, and is now a member of that kingdom of little children, whom Christ pronounced blessed.

I was reading this day some of the first chapters of Matthew. John the Baptist made his appearance in the wilderness; he was clothed with skins; his meat was locusts and wild honey. When he had delivered his message for an appointed time, he was cast into prison, and then beheaded. This led my mind to think how few, of all God's favourites, had any comfort on earth.

What a trying life Moses had! Aaron had little better. David, though a king, was a man of deep affliction. Jeremiah was cast into a dungeon, and for many days sunk deep in mire: his whole life, a life of contest. All Christ's apostles were driven from city to city, often in want of the necessaries of life, and all but one were put to death for their testimony.

Jesus himself was a man of sorrows, his visage marred with grief. He, even He, was made perfect by suffering. We are apt to think that we could have suffered any thing but this. Of all crosses, this is the heaviest, for one of my temper, strength, and former habits of life. It may be so, and yet exactly that which is calculated to promote our best

interest. O for faith in the wisdom and the love of God, and for patience to endure unto the end! To *suffer* the will of God is yet more honourable than to *do* the will of God in prosperous circumstances.

When I was with my friend, she was wont to say, 'I must just lie at the Fountain, I make no progress.' My dear, I must ever, ever, return to that fountain. I desire to be found there at the moment when his word shall command my soul into his presence. Every review I take of my past life, I find more and more to repent of; and every day furnishes fresh matter for that exercise. I feel, like Noah's dove, no rest for the sole of my foot, out of that ark. I have been blessed with thousands and ten thousands of mercies, which have been marked with as many millions of marks of ingratitude. I have backslidden, and been restored times without number; and still my heart turns aside like a deceitful bow. Great and numerous have been my opportunities of serving my God in my day and generation: but woeful has been my misimprovement! Many of my friends think I have done well; but they see not as God sees; they see not as God has made myself to see, and I see not the thousandth part of the heinousness and the aggravation of my transgressions; and yet, after all, I dare look up. I can be but "the chief of sinners," and for such Christ died. He died for the ungodly. All, without exception, are invited to take refuge in his atoning sacrifice and meritorious life. In all my life, I have not done one single deed that will bear being weighed in the balance of the sanctuary. But in God's gift, Christ Jesus, I have a complete righteousness; here is my whole dependance; in this dependance I dare face my Judge, and no other.

Here is the same dependance for you, my friend; and, although your faith be but a trembling hope, if

you have no other, it is a safe hope. I know it is your desire, as it is mine, to live to Him who died for us; to be delivered from indwelling sin and corruption; and to be conformed to the image of our dear Lord. This is done in part, it will go on, and in due time shall be perfected; but it is God's way, that the more we advance in conformity to God's law, the more he enlightens us in the nature, extent, and spirituality of it; and the more he opens to view the deceitfulness of the heart; so as to keep his children humble, and pressing forward.

I desire never to be satisfied with myself, but ever to see so much of God's law in my own heart, as to reckon myself the chief of sinners, and the least of saints; but I desire to be full of confidence in Christ: here I cannot err; all the promises are free to every one trusting in Christ. Eternal life is a free gift—comfort, stedfastness, and high degrees of sanctification, it hath pleased God to make dependant on our faith, and diligence in the use of means. When I say *faith*, I mean faith in exercise, watchfulness, prayer, and reading; but the gift of eternal life is free, the sole purchase of another; and, when we take hold of God's covenant, he will keep hold of us by discipline, if need be.

During the prevalence of the yellow fever in 1798, it was with much difficulty that Mrs. Graham was dissuaded from going into the city to attend on the sick: the fear of involving her children in the same calamity, in the event of her being attacked by the fever, was the chief reason of her acquiescing in their wish to prevent so hazardous an undertaking. During the subsequent winter, she was indefatigable in her attentions to the poor: she exerted herself to procure work for the widows, and occupied much of her time in cutting it out, and preparing it for them. The managers of the Widow's Society had

each a separate district; and Mrs. Graham had a general superintendence of the whole. She was so happy in the execution of her trust, as to acquire the respect and confidence of the ladies who acted with her, as well as the affections of the poor.

The following letters of Mrs. Graham's refer to the melancholy ravages of the yellow fever:—

To Dr. H. Marshall, Rothsay, Bute.

November 11, 1799.

My dear Brother,

Before this reaches you, the public papers will have informed you of the desolation of New York, by the yellow-fever. We are among the escaped; and there are no breaches in the family. My health, and that of the family, made the country necessary to us at any rate, and we had left town previously to its becoming general: but Mr. Bethune kept in the city, only sleeping in the country, till forty-five were carried off in a night. The inhabitants abandoned the city in crowds, spreading over the adjacent countries; in Long-Island, Jersey, and New York, for sixty miles round. In the most busy trading streets, a person might have walked half a mile without meeting an individual, or seeing an open house or shop. Eleven physicians and surgeons fell sacrifices to it; five of them men of eminence; several were confined by mere fatigue, and had to retire to rest, relieving others when recruited. Dr. B—, one of our oldest and most eminent physicians, who had retired from business two years ago, and lived on his estate in the country, hearing of the distress of his brethren, and the impossibility of their answering all the calls of the sick and dying, left his retreat, returned to town, and slaved to the last. His affectionate wife would not be left behind, but determined to share or witness his fate. It has

pleased God to preserve them both. Notwithstanding the general flight, the mortality among those that remained was so great, that for three weeks from forty-eight to fifty-four died every twenty-four hours: this was no vague report, but that of the physicians, and published in the daily newspapers. The churches were shut up, except those which stood out of danger. Great numbers carried the infection with them to the country, as far as sixty and eighty miles, and died there; almost every one that took it in the country died, having no proper medical assistance. I do not remember one that recovered; many did in the city and in the hospitals. Some died without getting sight of a doctor; some, alone, deserted by every creature. The coffins were ready made, the graves ready dug, and the minute the last breath was fetched, they were buried with the utmost despatch. Many widows had to put their own husbands into the coffin, with the assistance of the maker; and often, very often, there was not a creature at the burial, but the man that drove the hearse, who assisted the sexton to put the body under the ground. I myself met a hearse, followed by three well-dressed females, not a man but the driver. Long before this your heart has asked, What became of the poor? Wonders were done for them; yet many suffered for want of nursing. A number of humane men formed themselves into a Society, sought them out, and ministered relief from the public funds. Two cooks' shops in different quarters of the city prepared soup, meat, vegetables, and bread. A committee sat in the alms house every day, from nine to one o'clock, to receive such reports or applications as might be made to them, either by, or in behalf of, the sick or poor; and they were visited, and nurses and medical attendance provided by the public, as well as every species of necessaries; but alas! nurses were not to be had; doctors

could be at only one place at a time. When speaking of the poor, I omitted mentioning the large donations which were sent from both town and country, to the committee:—flour, meal, fowls, sheep, vegetables, money, and clothes. One of the members of this Society told me that there was a plentiful supply; and temporary hospitals, and other buildings, were erected for the reception of the sick and recovering; every thing that could be done was done to soften the calamity.

TO THE SAME.

New York, March 3, 1800.

Here comes a letter of woe for my dear brother, on a subject almost already forgotten in New York, the Yellow-fever. Strange as it may seem, the disease, and all that it carried off, seem entirely out of mind. No mention made of the past, no apprehensions are entertained for the future. Country retreats are multiplying around, and people appear as if they had made a covenant with death. Potter's field is filled with our principal citizens; the prison, the prison-limits, with many of the survivors. The rest are feasting, dancing, and revelling, or weeping over feigned woe in the theatre. A few escaped, who have fled for refuge to the hope set before them; whose eyes have been opened to discern the danger, and accept the offered Saviour: among which number, I dare, through grace, reckon your sister and her children. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

Mrs. Graham's whole time was now at her command, and she devoted it very faithfully to promote the benevolent object of the institution over which she presided. The extent of her exertions, however, became known, not from the information given by herself, but from

the observations of her fellow-labourers, and especially from the testimony of the poor themselves.

In the summer of 1800, she paid a visit to her friends in Boston. When she had been absent for some weeks, her daughter, Mrs. Bethune, was surprised at the frequent inquiries made after her, by persons with whom she was unacquainted; at length she asked some of those inquirers what they knew about Mrs. Graham. They replied, 'We live in the suburbs of the city, where she used to visit, relieve, and comfort the poor. We had missed her so long, that we were afraid she had been sick: when she walked in our streets, it was customary with us to come to the door, and bless her as she passed.'

The following is a letter written by Mrs. Graham to Dr. Marshall, her brother:—

New York, April 24, 1802.

After a year's silence I have a letter from my dear brother. What I have suffered, *He* only knows, who knoweth all things. I am too happy to know that you live, and that your dear family are in a measure of health. The sweet Isabella has disappointed your fears, and lives. My dear brother seems the most afflicted for the present, and adds to present suffering, cares for futurity, to which he is not entitled. O, my brother, has God given his Son to be a suffering substitute in the room of sinners, and shall he not, with him, give all things necessary for life and godliness? O, my dear brother, you have, I think, taken hold of God's covenant: the style of your last, and of several of your former letters, seems to intimate this to be your desire. God is by Christ reconciling the world to himself. By the constitution of that covenant, transacted in heaven and executed in our world, the purchase-price is paid, a finished salvation provided, and ready to be bestowed, upon no harder terms than the sinner's

acceptance—its blessings are free. This is the record, that God giveth to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. God so loved a lost world, "that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Now, my brother, if God has inclined your heart to seek an interest in that salvation which he himself has provided for sinners, you have received it in part; for the subduing of the heart is God's work. God has appointed means by which we are called to be engaged; but the success of these depends on his blessing. That we can do nothing of ourselves is no discouragement, while he has not only promised, but commanded and promised: "Ask, that ye may receive—seek, that ye may find—and knock that it may be opened unto you; for every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." This salvation is all of God's providing. The subjects of it are ruined, lost, rebellious, ungodly sinners, under the sentence of condemnation. The substance of it is, a perfect complete surety-righteousness wrought out in the person of Christ, and transferred to, imputed to, made over to, the sinner as his own, as fully, as completely, as if he had wrought it out in his own person. When the sinner accepts of this as the gift of God to him—rests his soul upon God's promise that he shall have eternal life, he becomes, according to the order of God's covenant, an adopted son. It is no presumption to call God his reconciled Father, and to lay claim to all the promises in the Old and New Testament, as his own. It is his duty to cultivate confidence in God, to call him his Father, his own *reconciled* Father in Christ Jesus; who is, according to his own appointment, Mediator, Peacemaker, Redeemer; and the Holy Ghost, by the same appointment and order—the Lord, the Sanctifier.

Whenever the sinner considers himself as reconciled, by dwelling upon his happy deliverance, his escape, his blessed situation, and prospects; by viewing the grace by which he is delivered, and his obligations to his Deliverer, he becomes grateful: according to the order of this same well-ordered covenant, he receives favour to become the child of God. John, 1st chapter, "To as many as received him, gave he power to become the sons of God; even to them who believe on his name." It is the finished righteousness of our blessed Surety that redeems us from hell and death, and gives us title to eternal life; but our comfortable views of this, our stedfast hopes, our higher or lower attainments in the divine life, our God has made, in some measure, conditional If we make a bold, full profession—if we are diligent in the use of means—if we cultivate communion with God, by reading, meditation, and prayer, we are likely to become rich in faith, and holy in heart, life, and conversation. But if we, through shame, and the fear of contempt, conform too much to the world—be timid, sneaking christians, ashamed of God's method of salvation, and covering our christian motives under the cloke of philosophy, and benevolence, &c. we need not be surprised, if the Lord deny us the testimony of his Spirit, witnessing with our own hearts that we are born of God. Or if, through indolence or love of the world, we neglect prayer, reading, meditation—the means of conversing with God, we need not be surprised, if we are cold and languid, afraid of death, afraid of a thousand evils which the Lord may permit to haunt us: if we have little enjoyment in religion, and much chastisement and affliction. Some christians are saved, so as by fire; some reach the haven through mists, storms, tempests, without the cheerful sun, and arrive safe, through the merits of that Redeemer, who never failed one that hung upon him;

but they arrive like a poor shattered bark, that has hardly escaped shipwreck. Others go through this world doing the will of God, and suffering the will of God—fighting against corruption within, and temptation without, in faith and full confidence that they have grace to help in every time of need. They ask, and they receive: they fall often when unwatchful, but they rise again, and renew the fight, having an Advocate with the Father, and a merciful High Priest, who is touched with the feeling of their infirmities. They confess, ask forgiveness, believe that they are forgiven, still hold fast their confidence; the Lord, whose prerogative it is to bring good out of evil, making their very failures the means of more stedfast walking, by making them more humble, more dependant, more watchful, more prayerful. At length, they overcome, and have an abundant entrance into the kingdom of their Lord and Saviour. Like a stately ship in full sail, with wind and tide, they enter the haven of eternal rest.

O, my brother, be not a christian by halves—believe confidently, join the Lord's people fully and openly—watch, pray, fight against corruption within, and temptation without; ask, and believe, and you shall receive needful grace—go up through the wilderness, leaning on your Beloved; casting all your care on him, who hath promised to care for you, and to make all things work together for your good. He has said, "Leave your fatherless children; I will preserve them alive, and let your widows trust in me." He is the Father of the fatherless, the Husband of the widow, the stranger's Shield, and the orphan's Stay; take hold of this promise, insure it by trusting in it; for, wherever there is a promise held up to our faith, according to our faith shall it be. I think I mentioned, in a former letter, that it had pleased the Lord to take

to himself dear little Isabella Smith, one of the loveliest, sweetest babes I ever beheld. The stroke was severely felt, but resignation was given. She is not lost, but gone before, with many others dear to us. It will be but a little while, my brother, till we shall all have done with every thing here. O, let us dwell upon the purchased inheritance, and get above this vain, empty, ensnaring world. Let us try to lay aside every weight; and, as every one has some besetting sin, and *that* often the least known to himself, let us search it out, and pray that it may be realized, that we may put a mark upon our besetting sin, and a double watch, that we may be able to lay it aside, and to "run with patience the race that is set before us, and looking unto Jesus, who for the joy set before him, endured the cross, despised the shame, and is now sat down at the right hand of God;" where he rules over all, for the good of his people, who shall soon follow him, and be made partakers of his blessedness.

Give my love to my dear sister, and Agnes, and all the young ones.

Farewell! I am ever your affectionate sister,

I. GRAHAM.

Until January, 1803, she lived alternately with her children, Mrs. Bethune and Mrs. Smith; at this period Mr. Smith having removed from New York, Mrs. Graham resided with Mr. and Mrs. Bethune, until her departure to a better world. They loved her not only from natural affection, but for her superior worth: they valued her, for they believed that many blessings were vouchsafed to them and their family in answer to her prayers.

The Society for the relief of poor Widows with small Children, having received a charter of incorporation, and some pecuniary aid from the

Legislature of the State, the ladies who constituted the Board of Direction, were engaged in plans for extending their usefulness. Mrs. Graham took an active part in executing these plans. The Society purchased a small house, where they received work of various kinds, for the employment of the widows. They opened a school for the instruction of their orphans, and many of Mrs. Graham's former pupils volunteered their services, taking upon themselves, by rotation, the part of instructors. Besides establishing this school, Mrs. Graham selected some of the widows, best qualified for the task, and engaged them, for a small compensation, to open day-schools, for the instruction of the children of widows, in distant parts of the city. She also established two sabbath-schools, one of which she superintended herself, and the other she placed under the care of her daughter. Wherever she met with christians sick and in poverty, she visited and comforted them; and, in some instances, opened small subscription lists to provide for their support.

She attended occasionally, for some years, at the alms-house, (an establishment similar to a work-house in England,) for the instruction of the children there in religious knowledge. In this work she was much assisted by a humble and pious female friend, who was seldom absent from it on the Lord's-day. In short, her whole time was occupied in searching out the distresses of the poor, and devising measures to comfort and establish them to the extent of her influence and means. At the same time, far from arrogating any merit to herself, she seemed always to feel how much she was deficient in following fully the precepts and the footsteps of her beloved Lord and Saviour, "who went about doing good."

It was often her custom to leave home after breakfast, taking with her a few rolls of bread, and returning in the evening about eight o'clock. Her only

dinner on such days was her bread, and perhaps some soup at the Soup House, established by the Humane Society for the poor, over which one of her widows had been, at her recommendation, appointed. She and her venerable companion, Mrs. Sarah Hoffman, travelled many a day and many a step together in the walks of charity. Mrs. Graham was a presbyterian, Mrs. Hoffman an episcopalian. Those barriers, of which such an unhappy use has often been made to separate the children of God, fell down between these two friends, at the cry of affliction, and were consumed on the altar of christian love. Arm in arm, and heart to heart, they visited the abodes of distress, dispensing temporal aid from the purse of charity, and spiritual comfort from the word of life. These two friends were united by the ties of christian love and active usefulness on earth; they had both suffered afflictions, but had been supported by Him whose grace is all-sufficient. Such unions are not dissolved by death, but only rendered more close when they become eternal in the presence of that Divine Redeemer, whose footsteps on earth they humbly endeavoured to follow. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

At each annual meeting, Mrs. Graham usually gave an address to the Society, with a report of the proceedings of the managers through the preceding year. In April, 1800, she stated, that "again the pestilence had emptied the city; again every source of industry was dried up; even the streams of benevolence from the country failed. Those storehouses from which relief was issued to thousands in former calamities, now disappointed their hopes; and those who were spared by the pestilence, were ready to perish by famine. Such widows as had no friends in the country, under whose roof

they might for a time seek shelter, were shut up to the only relief within their power even to *that Society* which had formerly saved them in many a strait. They came, were received with tenderness, and assisted with food, advice, and medicine. Four of the Society's Board, at the risk of their lives, remained in the city, steady in the exercise of their office. One hundred and forty-two widows, with four hundred and six children, under twelve years of age, by far the greater part under six, have, from time to time, during the winter, been visited and relieved. WIDOW is a word of sorrow in the best of circumstances; but a widow, left poor, destitute, friendless, surrounded with a number of small children, who are shivering with cold, pale with want, looking in her face with eyes pleading for bread, which she has not to give, nor any probable prospect of procuring, is in a situation that calls for the deepest sympathy. Many such scenes were witnessed during the last winter; and, though none could restore the *father*, and the *husband*, the hearts of the mourners were soothed by the managers, while they dispensed the relief provided for them by their *Father*, and their *Husband*, GOD."

In her address for the year 1804, she says, 'In April last, it was reported that there were on the managers' books, two hundred and one widows, with numerous families of small children. Of this number, five had been ill all winter, several suffered severe fits of illness, and forty-six were women of broken constitutions, who, could it be afforded, would require assistance all summer. At the last anniversary, we reported, that Mrs. Hoffman and myself had visited twenty-seven new made widows; who previous to the meeting, were all in the enjoyment of health and prosperity. Of these women few had been accustomed to do more than make, mend, wash, and cook, for their husbands and families. Oh, how changed the scene!

Ye blessed agents of their Father, God; ye managers, who have supplied their wants, and soothed their spirits, ye can tell—and their pale visages and dejected countenances attest the truth of your report. That such evils exist, is painful to humanity; but, since they do exist, can there be a greater pleasure than to be instrumental in alleviating them? Seven years has this Society been the darling of Providence. From a feeble plant it is become a large tree, with spreading branches, under which many find shelter and sustenance.'

The winter of 1804-5, was unusually severe; the river Hudson was shut by frost as early as November: fuel was, consequently, scarce and dear; and the poor suffered greatly. Mrs. Graham visited those parts of the city where the poorer classes of sufferers dwelt; in upwards of two hundred families, she either found a Bible their property, or gave them one; praying with them in their affliction. She requested a friend to write, first one Religious Tract, and then another, suited to the peculiar situation of those afflicted people. One was called 'A Donation to poor Widows with Small Children;' the other, 'A Second Visit to Poor Widows with Small Children.' And, lest it might be said, 'It was cheap to give advice,' she usually gave a small sum of money along with the Tracts she distributed. There was at this time neither a Bible nor Tract Society in New York.

Mrs. Hoffman accompanied her in many excursions. In the course of their visits, they discovered a French family from St. Domingo, in such extremity of distress, as made them judge it necessary to report their case to the Honourable De Witt Clinton, then Mayor of the city. The situation of this family being made public, three hundred dollars were voluntarily contributed for their relief. Roused by this incident, a public meeting was called, and committees from the different wards were appointed to aid the Corporation,

in ascertaining and supplying the immediate wants of the suffering poor. The zeal of Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Hoffman paved the way for this public-spirited exertion, which, probably was the means of saving the lives of some of the destitute and friendless.

The following are some of Mrs. Graham's own remarks as to her interesting sphere of labour:

February, 1804.

A NEW thing is on the wheel in the city of New York. A Society of ladies organized for the purpose of relieving widows with small children, was new in this country. It is now, by the blessing of God apparently established. It was entered upon with prayer: it has been conducted thus far with prayer. The blessing of God has rested upon it, and much good has been done by it. Some of us have looked long, and requested of God to open a way by which the children of these widows might be instructed and taught to read his word, and, by his blessing on it, come to the knowledge of the way of salvation. One mean has been attempted, of an ordinary kind: twelve children were last week placed at school with Mrs. L—, to be taught to read, and some more are to be placed with another of our widows, for the same purpose. But this indeed is new;—a Society of young ladies, the first in rank in the city, in the very bloom of life, and full of its prospects, engaged in those pleasures and amusements which tend to engross the mind, and shut out every idea unconnected with them; coming forward and offering, (not to contribute towards a school, but) their own personal attendance, to instruct the ignorant. O Lord, prosper their work! If this be of thee, it shall prosper, and be productive of much good; but, if thou bless it not, it will come to nothing but shame. No good can be done but by thee, for there is none good but God;

and what are all thy creatures, but instruments in thy hand, by which thou bringest to pass the purposes of thy will? christians, redeemed, enlightened, sanctified, are no more; thou workest all their works in them; they themselves are thy workmanship, created in Christ Jesus, unto good works, which thou hast prepared, that they should walk in them. Worldlings also, are thy instruments: by them, also, thou workest and bringest to pass the counsels of thy will; thou puttest into their heart the good thing which thou workest, and girdest them for the purpose; though not the children of thy covenant, they are the instruments of thy providence.

O Lord, take up this matter; gird these young women to this very purpose, and prosper them in the art of teaching these orphans of thy Providence. And, O Lord, hear my more important petition. I am not worthy to be heard. O Lord, I am not worthy to be named in connection with any good done by thee. I am the chief of sinners, the chief of backsliders; every thing in me, of me, or by me, is vile, as far as it is mine. All that is otherwise, all good implanted in me, or done by me, is thine own; it is grace, free grace, the purchase of thine own anointed, my dear Redeemer, my dying, risen, ascended Saviour, and the fruit of the Holy Ghost, sent of the Father and of the Son, to set up a kingdom of righteousness in the hearts of the redeemed. Let me, then, a sinner saved by grace, to whom thou hast been pleased to give exceeding great and precious promises; let me, under the sprinkling of the blood of the covenant, and in entire dependance on my Surety's righteousness, let me draw near, and present my petition, in the name, and for the sake of Him whom thou hearest always. O Lord God Almighty, by this very thing build up thy Zion! Lay hold of these young creatures; and, while they are in the way of thy providence, bring them to the house of our Master's brethren! O, thou great Teacher, teach

thou the teachers and those that are taught! Be found of them who seek thee not, and say with power, 'Behold me, behold me,' to a people not yet called by thy name; and out of this small thing, in thy providence, bring revenues of praise to thy name as the God of grace. Amen.

And now, O Lord, for myself, I pray for deep humility. I ask for His sake who was meek and lowly, to be kept where my place really is, at the feet of all thy servants; and if it be thy pleasure to make me a useful instrument—make me humble in proportion. Let me ever remember my ways, and be ashamed, and never open my mouth any more, because of my shame, when thou art pacified towards me for all that I have done. Keep me in this contrite frame of mind. In all that to which thou callest me, give me a willing heart, and furnish me with every thing necessary to thy glory. And now prepare me to speak to these young women good and acceptable words. Save me from sacrificing truth, or departing in any respect from christian duty: give me such wisdom as may be suited to the occasion; in all things mine eyes are to the Lord, from thee let my fruit be found.

February 17, 1804.

Saturday the 11th.—Twenty-nine young ladies met with Mrs. Hoffman and myself, on purpose to receive instructions respecting the school. I delivered what I had prepared for them; they all seemed hearty in their engagements; and, on Monday, the 13th instant, Miss L—t and Miss L—n, attended at the school-room, and commenced teaching thirteen children; four have been added since.

Again, O Lord, let me request thy blessing on this Institution; put thy seal upon it, and mark it for thine own. Gird the teachers for their work, and open the minds of the scholars to instruction. And, O Lord, in thine own time, and by means of thine own

devising, provide spiritual instruction for the teachers, and those that are taught. Is it thy pleasure, Lord, that I should attend the children on a day appointed for the purpose? Wilt thou accept of me as an instrument, by which thou wilt do good to the souls of these children; and wilt thou keep me humble and contrite in my own soul? Bless also Mrs. L's school—there, too, let thy work appear: deal with her soul as thou dealest with thy chosen; teach her the way of salvation, and make her a teacher by thine own Spirit. If it be my deai Master's pleasure to use me, I would also attend that school as his instrument. Search me, O Lord, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

In the month of August, 1805, Mrs. Graham paid another visit to her friends in Boston, and spoke of them with much affection and esteem. She used to mention with peculiar approbation a Society of pious ladies there, who met once in every week, for prayer and mutual edification.

On the 15th of March, 1806, the female subscribers to proposals for providing an asylum for orphan children, met at the City Hotel; Mrs. Graham was called to the chair, a Society organized, and a Board of Direction chosen. Mrs. Hoffman was elected the First Directress of the Orphan Asylum Society. Mrs. Graham continued in the office of First Directress of the Widows' Society, but took a deep interest in the success of the Orphan Asylum Society also: she, or one of her family, taught the orphans daily, until the funds of the Institution were sufficient to provide a teacher and superintendent. She was a trustee at the time of her decease. The wish to establish this new Society, was occasioned by the pain which it gave the ladies of the Widows' Society, to behold a family of orphans driven, on the decease of a widow,

to seek refuge in the Alms-House; there being no melting heart to feel, no redeeming hand to rescue them from a situation so unpromising for mental and moral improvement.

The Society have received a charter of incorporation from the Legislature; and they have a handsome seal, with this inscription: INASMUCH AS YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE, YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME.

For several years it was customary with Mrs. Graham to visit the Hospital. Before the erection of the wing of that edifice, adapted to the reception of deranged persons, and now called 'the Lunatic Asylum,' she paid particular attention to patients of this description.

One instance is fresh in the recollection of the writer of this sketch. A French gentleman of fortune in St. Domingo, through the fidelity of one of his slaves, escaped the general massacre of the white people in his neighbourhood by the blacks in 1793. Warned by this faithful informer, he fled with his mother, sister, and young brother, on board of a French vessel, while they were pursued to the beach. They had saved and carried with them some of their jewels; but on their voyage the vessel was captured by a British Privateer, and carried to Bermuda. From thence they sailed in an American vessel for New York; but on their passage they were plundered by a French Privateer. From these cruel depredations they saved but a slender amount of property for their support in a strange land. This gentleman now improved those accomplishments which his education had bestowed, as the means of providing a subsistence for himself and his dependant relatives. In the year 1797, he returned to St. Domingo, and received a commission in the British army, then masters of the place. Having recovered a part of his property, he sold his commission, and prepared to return to New

York, with a prospect of rendering his family comfortable. On the day previous to embarking, he fell among thieves, and received a wound which no Samaritan could cure. A set of gamblers robbed him, by card-playing, of all the money in his possession; his distress and remorse of conscience were too strong for his mind to bear, and he became a maniac. In this state he reached New York. He refused to go to the Hospital, until Mrs. Graham led him thither. She had long befriended him and his family: he always listened respectfully to her requests, and she visited him often. Let the rest of his tale be told. He escaped from the Hospital, wandered to the southward, and was heard of no more. The remaining part of his family, after the peace of Amiens, returned to St. Domingo where General Le Clerc had led a French army, and afterwards, there is every reason to fear, were destroyed by Christophe, along with many more unhappy victims of the same description.

Oh slavery, thou bitter draught! the oppressor's chain becomes at length the murderous steel, sharply and secretly whetted by the oppressed! Thence arise confusion and every evil work. And what shall be said of gambling? There cunning, malice, rage, and madness, mingle their horrible expressions.

To the apartments appropriated to sick female convicts in the State Prison, Mrs. Graham made many visits. She met with some affecting circumstances among this class.

In the winter 1807-8, when the suspension of commerce by the embargo, rendered the situation of the poor more destitute than ever, Mrs. Graham adopted a plan best calculated in her view to detect the idle applicant for charity, and at the same time to furnish employment for the more worthy among the female poor. She purchased flax, and lent wheels, where applicants had none. Such as were industrious, took the work with thankfulness, and were paid for it:

those who were beggars by profession, never kept their word by returning for the flax or the wheel. The flax thus spun, was afterwards woven, bleached, and made into table-cloths and towels for family use.

Mrs. Graham used to remark, that, until some Institution should be formed to furnish employment for industrious poor women, the work of charity would be incomplete. It was about this time, that, deeming the duties too laborious for her health, she resigned the office of First Directress of the Widows' Society, and took the place of a manager. She afterwards declined this also, and became a trustee of the Orphan Asylum Society, as more suited to her advanced period of life.

The delicate state of health to which one of her grand-daughters was reduced in 1808, made it necessary for her to spend the summer season, for five successive years, at Rockaway, for the advantage of sea-bathing. Mrs. Graham went with her, it being beneficial to her own health also. In this place she met with many strangers: the company residing there treated her with much affection and respect. She always attended to the worship of God, morning and evening, in her room, and was usually accompanied by some of the ladies who boarded in the house. Her fund of information, vivacity of manner, and the interest which she felt in the happiness of all around her, made her society highly valued and pleasing. Few of those ladies who stayed with her at Rockaway for any length of time, failed to express, at parting, their esteem for her: and they generally added a pressing invitation for a visit from her, if ever she should travel near where they dwelt.

In the year 1810, while bathing, she was carried by the surf, beyond her depth, and for some time there was scarcely a hope of her regaining the shore. Her grand-children were weeping on the beach, and the company assembled there were afflicted but hopeless

spectators of her danger. At that moment of peril, she prayed to the Lord for deliverance, but acquiesced in his will, if he should see fit to take her to himself in this manner. Able to swim a little, she kept herself afloat for some time; she became at length very faint; and when her friends on the beach apprehended her lost, they perceived that the wave had impelled her somewhat nearer to them. A gentleman present, and her female attendant, stepped into the surf, and, extending their arms for mutual support, one of them was enabled to lay hold of Mrs. Graham's bathing gown, and to pull her towards them. When they brought her ashore, she was much exhausted, and had swallowed a considerable quantity of water. It was some hours before she revived, when she addressed the company in a very serious and impressive manner, that affected them to tears. Her health during the following winter, was much impaired by the shock it had received.

In the year 1811, some gentlemen of New York, established a Magdalen Society; they elected a board of ladies, requesting their aid to superintend the internal management of the Magdalen House. This Board chose Mrs. Graham their presiding lady, which office she held until her decease; the duties attendant on it she discharged with fidelity and zeal. In 1812, the trustees of the Lancasterian School solicited the attendance of several pious ladies, to give catechetical instruction to their scholars, one afternoon in every week: Mrs. Graham was one of those who attended regularly to this duty.

The following were Mrs. Graham's feelings on completing her seventieth year:—

July 29th, my birth-day, and the last day of the threescore years and ten of my sinful life. What an exhibition will that day produce, when the secrets of all hearts will be laid open, all my actions, and all the springs of them! Among all the myriads who shall

appear at the bar of God, will there be such a sinner, taking into view the early grace manifested?

Born again, I think, about the seventeenth year of my natural life; previously instructed in the doctrines and precepts of the Scriptures, as far as the natural mind can conceive, by pious parents and a faithful pastor; with milk provided for my spiritual infancy, and richer food set before me for my growth: the leaves of the New Covenant were opened to my view, and the fulness treasured in Christ, for my supply, to be delighted in—and delighted I was, and satisfied. But I "forsook the fountain of living waters, and hewed out broken cisterns that could hold no water." Where can language be found to depict my ingratitude, my madness, my folly? and where to describe the long-suffering, the compassionate remonstrances, the kindly, fatherly chastisements, the repeated pardons, and the restoring grace of God in the days of youth? how aggravated have been my backslidings, and what vengeance might have been taken on mine inventions! What were the sins of Israel and Judah to mine? When mine were committed, the great atonement was made, the adorable High Priest, Jesus, had with his own blood entered within the vail, and was sat down on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty of the heavens: "the minister of the sanctuary, and of the true tabernacle which the Lord pitched, and not man."

The new Covenant was established on better promises, himself the Mediator. "The new and living way was consecrated to the Holiest of all by the blood of Jesus;" a throne of grace was established; Jesus himself our Advocate and Intercessor. We are now privileged "to come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may find grace to help in the time of need." O how aggravated my sin above theirs, having such great and precious privileges and promises, and a "High Priest who can be touched with the

feeling of our infirmities, who was in all points tempted as we are;" who owns us as his brethren and sisters, yea, the very "members of his body," and whose Spirit dwelleth in us!

I set apart the day for fasting and deep humiliation, took another survey of my past sinful life, confessed particulars on my knees, made a fresh application to the blood of sprinkling, which cleanseth from all sin; and took a fresh hold of his new covenant of promise. "This is the covenant that I will make with them after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws in their hearts, and in their minds will I write them, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Lord, do as thou hast said. I rest my immortal soul on thy promise.

The following remarks of Mrs. Graham will shew her joy in witnessing the piety of her grandchildren:—

February 4, 1813.

My dear grand-children, J. and I. B. waited on their beloved pastor Dr. R—, and professed their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners, and their Saviour; signifying also their desire to give themselves to the Lord, and to his church, and to be in all things governed by it; to receive the seal of the covenant of grace, commemorate the dying love of their Redeemer the next opportunity, and swear allegiance to him over the symbols of his body and blood.

Glory to God for this fresh manifestation of his mercy and grace to sinners! Not unto us, O Lord God, but to thy name be the glory. Thou hast made a covenant with thy chosen, and with believers in him; and thou hast, by thy Holy Spirit, drawn them to take hold of this thine own covenant, and to give themselves to thee, to be made the subjects of it. And now, O Lord, remember thine own covenant,

and do as thou hast said. "Put thy laws in their minds, and write them in their hearts, and be unto them a God, and they shall be unto thee a people; be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities remember no more." Give them understanding to know and believe thy laws, memories to retain them, hearts to love them, consciences to recognize them, courage to profess them, and power to put them in practice. O grant that the whole habit and frame of their souls may be a table and transcript of thy law. Blessed Redeemer, gather these lambs in thine arms, and carry them in thy bosom. O seal them with the Holy Spirit of promise. They look forward to that feast of love which thou didst institute in that same night in which thou wast betrayed into the hands of sinners. If it may please thee, "manifest thyself to them as thou dost not unto the world." Blessed Shepherd, call these lambs by name; may they know thy voice, rejoice to hear it, and follow thee. In all the preparatory exercises, speak to their hearts, and commune with them in secret. O give them some love-tokens which they may never forget; and make thyself "known to them in the breaking of bread." Exercise their parents with thankfulness and gratitude, and thine aged servant, to whom, in an especial manner, "shame and confusion of face" belong, while she stands amazed at the stately steps of thy free sovereign mercy and grace to her, and to her seed according to the flesh. "Husband of the widow, Father of the fatherless, Shield of the stranger;" (all these thou hast been to me,) glorify thy name, magnify thy grace. Exercise these parents with deep humility: if they have received grace to be more faithful than I; yet thine holy eye has seen much short coming in them also. Glory to thy name for the grace in which they stand, and that thou hast enabled them to keep these lambs out of the world. Let this be a heart-searching time with us

all; humble us, and exalt thy name, and magnify thy grace.

O Lord, my covenant God, all my desire is before thee; is it not that thou mayest magnify thy grace in me and in my family? There are others, Lord, and the residue of the Spirit is with thee. Put forth thy power in the heart of I. G. S. and compel him to come in. And, O my dear J. S. and her family; thou biddest me open my mouth wide. Lord, see, there is much for thee to do. I praise thy name for what thou hast done, and lay me at thy feet, waiting for further manifestations of thy mercy, thy sovereign mercy; I have no other plea.

Work with us for thy name's sake, and with J. M—, for whom my worthless prayers have been presented to thee, as also a member of this family. O Lord, he is now going out into the world! he is no longer under the control of man: bring him under thy gracious control; call him into thy kingdom of grace, and make him a willing subject in the day of thy power. Father, glorify thy name!

During the last two years of her life, Mrs. Graham found her strength inadequate to so extensive a course of visiting the poor, as formerly; there were some distressed families, however, that experienced her kind attentions to the last. She would occasionally accompany the Rev. Mr. Stanford on his visits to the State Prison, Hospital, and to the Magdalen House. This gentleman was the stated preacher, employed by 'the Society for the support of the Gospel among the Poor.' He devoted his time to preaching in the Alms-House, Hospital, State Prison, Debtors' Prison, &c. with great assiduity and acceptance.

Mrs. Graham now spent much of her time in her room, in meditation, prayer, and reading the Scriptures; she seemed to be weaning from earth, and preparing for heaven. Prayer was that sweet breath of her soul which brought stability to her life. Genuine humility

was obvious in all her sentiments and deportment. Religious friends prized her conversation, counsel, and friendship : sometimes they would venture on a compliment to her superior attainments, but then always experienced a decided rebuke. To her friend Colonel L—, who expressed a wish to be such a character as she was, she quickly replied, with an air of mingled pleasantry and censure, 'Get thee behind me Satan.' To a female friend who said, 'If I were only sure at last of being admitted to a place at your feet, I should feel happy.' 'Hush, hush,' replied Mrs. Graham, 'there is ONE SAVIOUR.' Thus she was always careful to give her Divine Redeemer the whole glory of her salvation.

This example of humility, self-denial, and sensibility to the imperfection of her conduct, is the more to be valued, as it is so difficult to be followed. Flattery is too commonly practised; and there is no sufficient guard against the dangerous consequences, except a constant and humbling recognition of the spirituality of the law of God, and our lamentable deficiency in fulfilling it. Pride was not made for man; "I have seen an end of all perfection," said the Psalmist, "but thy commandment is exceeding broad." It was by cherishing this sentiment, by studying her Bible, by searching the heart and its motives, and, above all, by grace, afforded of Heaven, in answer to her prayers, that Mrs. Graham was enabled to maintain such a meekness of spirit, such a uniformity of christian character throughout her life. May all who read her history, be directed to the same sources of true peace, and genuine happiness !

In the spring of 1814, she was requested to unite with some ladies in forming a Society for the promotion of industry among the poor. This was the last act in which she appeared before the public.

A petition was signed by about thirty ladies, and the corporation having returned a favourable answer,

and provided a house, a meeting of the Society was held, and Mrs. Graham once more was called to the chair. It was the last time that she was to preside at the formation of a new Society. Her articulation, once strong and clear, was now observed to have become more feeble. The ladies present listened to her with affectionate attention: her voice broke upon the ear as a pleasant sound that was passing away. She consented to have her name inserted in the list of managers, and to give what assistance her age would permit in forwarding so beneficent a work. Although it pleased God to make her cease from her labours before the House of Industry was opened, yet the work was carried on by others, and prospered.

In the month of May, 1814, a Report was received from Mr. S. Prust, of Bristol, in England, of the Society for establishing Adult Schools. Mrs. Graham was so delighted with the perusal of it, as immediately to undertake the formation of such a School in the village of Greenwich. She called on the young people who were at work in some neighbouring manufactories, and requested them to attend her for this purpose every Sabbath morning at eight o'clock. This was kept up after her decease, as a Sunday School, and consisted of nearly eighty scholars. She was soon after translated from this work of faith on earth, to engage in the sublimer work of praise in heaven.

For some weeks previous to her last illness, she was favoured with unusual health, and much enjoyment of religion: she appeared to have sweet exercises and communion in attending on all God's ordinances and appointed means of grace. She was greatly refreshed in spirit by the success of Missionary and Bible Societies.

Mrs. Graham was very partial to the works of Dr. John Owen, the Rev. William Romaine, and the Rev. John Newton, and read them with pleasure and profit. One day she remarked to Mr. Bethune, that she preferred the ancient writers on theology to the modern,

because they dealt more in italics. 'Dear mother,' he replied, 'what religion can there be in italics?' 'You know,' said she, 'that old writers expected credit for the doctrines they taught, by proving them, from the word of God, to be correct; they inserted the Scripture passages in italics, and their works have been sometimes one half in italics. Modern writers on theology, on the contrary, give us a long train of reasoning, to persuade us to their opinions, but very little in italics.'

On the two Sabbath-days preceding her illness, she partook of the communion, and was, consequently, much engaged in religious exercises. The last meditation she ever wrote, was on Sabbath afternoon, the 17th of July, 1814; it closes with the following lines:—'I ate the bread, and drank the wine, in the faith that I ate the flesh, and drank the blood, of the Son of man, and dwelt in him, and he in me! took a close view of my familiar friend, death, accompanied with the presence of my Saviour, his sensible presence. I cannot look at it without this. It is my only petition concerning it. I have had desires relative to certain circumstances, but they are nearly gone. It is my sincere desire that God may be glorified; and He knows best how, and by what circumstances. I retain my one petition:—

'Only to me thy count'nance show,
I ask no more the Jordan through.'

Thus she arose from her Master's table, was called to gird on her armour for a combat with the King of terrors, and came off more than conqueror through Him who loved her.

On Tuesday, the 19th of July, she complained of not feeling well, and kept her room; on Thursday her disorder proved to be the cholera-morbus, and her children sent for a physician. She thought this attack was slighter than in former seasons. On Saturday, however, she requested that Mrs. Chrystie might be sent

for; this alarmed Mrs. Bethune, who knew that there existed an understanding between these two friends, that one should attend the dying-bed of the other. On Mrs. Chrystie's entering the chamber of her friend, Mrs. Graham welcomed her with a sweet expressive smile, seeming to say, 'I am going to get the start of you, I am called home before you; it will be your office to fulfil our engagement.' When she sat by her bed-side, Mrs. Graham said, 'Your face is very pleasant to me, my friend.' During Saturday-night a lethargy appeared to be overpowering her frame. On Sabbath morning she was disposed to constant slumber; observing Mr. Bethune looking at her with agitation, she was roused from her heaviness, and, stretching her arms towards him, and embracing him, she said, 'My dear, dear son, I am going to leave you, I am going to my Saviour.' 'I know,' he replied, 'that, when you do go from us, it will be to the Saviour: but, my dear mother, it may not be the Lord's time now to call you to himself.' 'Yes,' said she, 'now is the time; and, Oh! I could weep for sin.' Her words were accompanied with her tears. 'Have you any doubts then, my dear friend?' asked Mrs. Chrystie. 'Oh no,' replied Mrs. Graham; and looking at Mr. and Mrs. Bethune, as they wept: 'My dear children, I have no more doubt of going to my Saviour, than if I were already in his arms; my guilt is all transferred: he has cancelled all I owed. Yet I could weep for sins against so good a God: it seems to me as if there must be weeping even in heaven for sin.' After this, she entered into conversation with her friends, mentioning portions of Scripture, and favourite hymns, which had been subjects of much comfortable exercise of mind to her. Some of these she had transcribed into a little book, calling them her provision prepared for crossing over Jordan: she committed them to memory, and often called them to remembrance, as her songs in the night, when sleep had deserted her. She then got Mr. Bethune to read to her some of these

portions, especially the eighty-second hymn of the third book of Newton's Hymns, beginning thus:—

Let us love, and sing, and wonder;
  Let us praise the Saviour's name!
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder;
  He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame;
    He has wash'd us with his blood;
    He has brought us nigh to God.

Mrs. Graham then fell asleep, nor did she awaken until the voice of the Rev. Dr. Mason roused her. They had a very affectionate interview, which he has partly described in the excellent sermon he delivered after her decease. She expressed to him her hope, as founded altogether on the redemption that is in Jesus Christ. Were she left to depend on the merits of the best action she had ever performed, that would be only a source of despair. She repeated to him, as her view of salvation, the fourth verse of the hymn already quoted:—

Let us wonder, grace and justice
  Join, and point at mercy's store;
When thro' grace in Christ our trust is,
  Justice smiles, and asks no more:
    He who wash'd us with his blood,
    Has secur'd our way to God.

Having asked Dr. Mason to pray with her, he inquired if there was any particular request she had to make of God, by him; she replied, that God will direct: then, as he knelt, she put up her hands, and, raising her eyes towards heaven, breathed this short, but expressive petition, 'Lord, lead thy servant in prayer.'

After Dr. Mason had taken his leave, she again fell into a deep sleep. Her physicians still expressed a hope of her recovery, as her pulse was regular, and the violence of her disease had abated. One of them, however, declared his opinion, that his poor drugs would prove of little avail against her own ardent prayers, "to depart, and be with Christ, which was far better" for her, than her return to a dying world.

On Monday the Rev. Mr. Rowan prayed with her, and to him she expressed also the tranquillity of her mind, and the stedfastness of her hope, through Christ, of eternal felicity.

Her lethargy increased; at intervals from sleep, she would occasionally assure her daughter, Mrs. Bethune, that all was well: and when she could rouse herself only to say one word at a time, that one word, accompanied with a smile, was, 'Peace.' From her there was a peculiar emphasis in this expression of the state of her mind; "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you," had been a favourite portion of Scripture with her, and a promise, the fulfilment of which was her earnest prayer to the God who made it. She also occasionally asked Mr. Bethune to pray with her, even when she could only articulate, as she looked at him, 'Pray.' She was now surrounded by many of her dear christian friends, who watched her dying-bed with affection and solicitude. On Tuesday afternoon she slept with little intermission. 'This,' said Dr. Mason, 'may be truly called 'falling asleep in Jesus.' It was remarked, by those who attended her, that all terror was taken away, and that death seemed here as an entrance into life. Her countenance was placid, and looked younger than before her illness.

At a quarter-past twelve o'clock, being the morning of the 27th of July, 1814, without a struggle or a groan, her spirit winged its flight from a mansion of clay to the realms of glory!

Mrs. Graham's death created a strong sensation in the public mind. Several clergymen in New York made this event the subject of their discourses; and, in the annual Reports of many charitable institutions, an affectionate tribute of respect was paid to her memory.

CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE

OF

Mrs. M. M. ALTHANS,

SELECTED AND REVISED

BY THE REV. JOHN NEWTON,

Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth.

Religious Tract Society,

Instituted 1799;

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EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE,

BY THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

ABOUT Midsummer last, some papers were put into my hands, with a message from the person who sent them, to inform me that they were written by his late wife, who died in the preceding year. He wished me to read them; and that if I should meet with any passages which I thought worthy of being printed, I would take the trouble of selecting and revising them for publication.

This request, coming from an utter stranger, of whose name I had never till then heard, did not meet with my ready compliance. The quantity of materials, (I think not less than ten quires closely written) seemed to point out a task incompatible with my many engagements. I considered likewise that abundance of books of a similar kind were abroad; and that the private historics of christians in private life usually run so much in the same strain, that I saw no necessity for adding to the number. What is written by those whose memory is dear to their families and friends, may, for that reason, be thought by them to be striking and important; though, in reality, not so important, as fully to justify the appearance of such anecdotes beyond the circle of their own connections.

It was therefore from a point of civility, rather than with an intention of proceeding farther, that I consented the papers should be left with me, and promised to look them over at my leisure.

But I soon perceived that the Providence of God had sent me a treasure; and that the service enjoined me in this unexpected way, was a duty which I ought not to decline. It has proved likewise a very seasonable service for my own benefit; for which I have reason

to be thankful. I began and finished it under a heavy family affliction, which often unfitted my mind from attending closely to any thing but what was of immediate and necessary importance. At such seasons, the intervals I could allot to this employment afforded me a pleasure, and a profit, peculiarly adapted to my situation. The pattern before me, which I attempted to copy with my pen, made (I hope) some impression upon my heart, and greatly contributed to form my spirit to a measure of submission to the will of God, and of dependance upon his wisdom and goodness under my affliction.

The writer's maiden name was Jasper. She was the niece of the late Mrs. Beckman* (whose memory and character are still dear to her surviving friends). Though brought up with what we call better expectations, she had a share of the vicissitudes so common in human life, and lived in the capacity of a servant, from October, 1776, until a few weeks before her marriage, which took place in January, 1784. But this humble situation was so sweetened to her by the light of God's countenance, and so sanctified by the blessing of his Holy Spirit, that, in several parts of her Diary, she expresses great thankfulness to God, for those dispensations of his Providence, however painful at the time, which rendered it necessary. She was thereby secluded from many temptations and snares, which she apprehended might otherwise have retarded her progress in the christian life; and her state of dependance was not burdensome, because, in fact, she depended upon the Lord whom she served.

I have abridged the remarkable account she has left of her conversion. With respect to her Diary, if I had transcribed every paragraph which I thought well deserving of notice, instead of a small book, I must have published a folio. I have contented myself with

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* Widow of the late Dedrick Beckman, Esq.

selecting such passages as I judged might suffice to mark her character and spirit, and the principal incidents of her life. I have subjoined a few letters, out of many, which she wrote after she became a wife, a mistress of a family, and a mother. Of these, two were written to her husband, and two to her children, when she had a near prospect of death, and with a design that they should be delivered after her decease.

Her views of religion, and the general tenor of her conduct, were so different from the prevailing taste of our times, that I cannot expect this publication will be universally acceptable. But I believe it will be acceptable to every reader, whose hope is founded upon the principles of the gospel of Christ, and whose practice is regulated by its precepts. Nor am I without hope that some persons who have hitherto been too indifferent to their most important concerns, may not only be induced to read it, but, by the blessing of God, may derive instruction and benefit from the perusal.

What she wrote was for her own use, and it does not appear that, till a little before her death, she either desired or expected that any but her surviving relations, and intimate friends, would read a single page of it. She was certainly a person of good sense, but her situation in life precluded her from the advantage of much acquired knowledge; and her reading seems to have been chiefly confined to religious books. But it is hoped that the simplicity and ingenuousness of her manner will please competent judges. In revising what I have selected, I have sometimes changed a word, sometimes, but not often, the form of an expression; but, to the best of my knowledge, I have not altered one of her sentiments, nor added one of my own.

The data, or first principles, upon which she proceeds, are such as these: That God made us, and not we ourselves.—That He has given us a capacity and

thirst for happiness, which both experience and observation demonstrate, the world cannot satisfy.—That He has graciously invited us to seek his face, and to place our happiness in his favour, in communion with Him, and in conformity to Him.—That by the gift of the Son of his love, Christ Jesus the Lord, to be the Head, Surety, and Mediator, for all who believe in his name, He has provided every thing needful to dispel our fears and to encourage our hopes.—That death, with respect to the event, is certain, with respect to the time, no less uncertain.—That Christ Jesus the Lord, now proposed to us as a Saviour, will hereafter be our Judge.—That according to his righteous award, we shall all be fixed in an unchangeable state of happiness or misery for ever.—And that without faith and holiness no man shall see the Lord with comfort. These positions must be true, admitting the Bible to be a divine revelation. How lamentable then is it, that multitudes labour to exclude them from their thoughts, and presume to treat those who pay attention to them, as weak enthusiasts!

Having, myself, too long sojourned in the comfortless regions of scepticism and infidelity, I well know the gall and bitterness, the misery and the danger of such a state of mind. And now, through mercy, I know the service of God to be perfect freedom, the happiness and dignity of man. My sole design in this publication, is to promote the good of my fellow-creatures; to encourage those who are already walking in the paths of wisdom; and, if possible, to convince others, who are spending money for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not, that there are nobler pleasures, and brighter prospects attainable (if they seek them with all their hearts) than this poor transitory world can afford.

JOHN NEWTON.

Coleman Street Buildings,
Jan. 21, 1791.

THE LIFE OF

Mrs. MARGARET MAGDALEN ALTHANS.

Abridged Account of her Conversion.

I WAS born 23d of July, 1752. I can remember to have had, from early infancy, serious impressions of religion upon my soul. The awful thoughts of heaven, hell, death, and eternity, engrossed much of my attention. And I have often prayed, under the most alarming sensations, for mercy.

My father died when I was two years and a half old. My mother being a German, I was educated in that language, as well as in my native tongue, and in the fifteenth year of my age I was confirmed, in the German chapel, by the Rev. Dr. Wachsell. I must with gratitude acknowledge that he spared no pains to instruct me in the great principles of religion. But the endeavour of man cannot reach the heart, unless influenced by the Spirit and power of God. Though I was confirmed and admitted a member of the congregation, I knew no more what a change of heart meant, or an experimental knowledge of Jesus Christ, than one who had never heard of him.

After an illness, from which the Lord was pleased to raise me up, I went into the country to my dear aunt's, for the benefit of the air. Soon after she had an invitation from Lady Huntingdon to the opening of the chapel at Tunbridge Wells; and I, as being with her, was invited likewise. This pleased me, and I was some way happy in the thought of going; for though I made no profession of religion, I felt at times a love for the ministers and people of God.

But the day before we set out, I was so displeased and dissatisfied, that, rather than go, I wished myself at the farthest part of the globe. My aunt was confined with an acute pain in her head; and though I can say I always loved her with a sincere affection, yet at that time, I fervently wished (the remembrance now pierces my heart) that she might die suddenly, or some disaster might befall her, to prevent our going.

July 21, 1768.—However, the next morning we went; but I think I was as much possessed with the devil, as any of those who are recorded in the New Testament, for I was fully determined that nothing I might hear or see should make any impression upon my mind. While my aunt and Mrs. Heritage were holding sweet communion in talking of the things of God, I was reflecting upon some idle books which I had read, or repeating foolish songs or verses which I had learned; and I had, as I thought, sufficiently hardened my mind with prejudices against any thing that was serious. But oh! the amazing love of God! when he saw me perishing, he said unto me, Live!

On the Sunday (July 23), the Rev. Mr. Whitfield preached from Gen. xxviii. 17. "How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven!" I was much delighted, though I felt no particular impression of the truth at that time. How earnestly did he pray, that some poor sinners might acknowledge that chapel as the place of their spiritual nativity. I trust, through mercy, I can say it was the place of mine.

In the evening I heard Mr. De Courcy from Rev. i. 18. "I am he that liveth, and was dead," &c. I was again highly pleased, and I seemed resolved to set about a reformation; though I knew not where or how to begin.

On the Monday we had a sacrament at the chapel, such a one as I never was present at before: I had such a view of Jesus Christ crucified, that I seemed as

caught up into the third heaven, to hear things unutterable. Though I knew no more of the depravity of my nature than the board on which I kneeled, I seemed swallowed up by a sense of the love of God; and was firmly persuaded that Jesus loved me, and would save me. My state at that time has often appeared to me very mysterious: and I have been led to question whether I was not under a delusion. But the Lord has many ways of bringing sinners to himself. Some are driven by terror, others are drawn by love. The latter was my case; my heart was full of love to God, and yet, alas! I knew him not. This warmth of love continued for some days.

The next morning we set off for London. I returned in a state of mind very different from what I was when I went. Instead of the vain and foolish things I had repeated before, I now read hymns, and endeavoured to learn some by heart; and fully resolved, thinking myself sufficiently strong, that I would be very serious and religious for the future. I thought I saw a beauty in religion, and wished to be more acquainted with it.

On our way home we dined at a place called Spratsbottom. The house had pleasant fields behind it. I took my book in my hand, and sought a retired place, to read and meditate on the loving kindness of God towards me. And for the first time I ever sincerely prayed, I kneeled down, no eye seeing me, and earnestly entreated that the Lord would give me grace and strength to persevere in my resolution of devoting myself to Him, and that I might live and die in his fear. I looked back upon my past life, and was grieved to think that I had spent nearly sixteen years in the service of satan, and had been led captive by him at his will. When I came home, I endeavoured to set about the desired reformation. I prayed morning and evening, read the Bible, and outwardly appeared very religious. I was much delighted in going with my

aunt to hear the preaching. But still I knew not what a change of heart, or the new birth meant. I thought I had arrived at my highest attainment, and that all was well; I had already established a righteousness of my own, which I supposed was sufficient to justify me before God.

But the Lord soon gave me to see my mistake, in hearing a sermon by Mr. Whitfield, from the words, "Thy God thy glory," Isa. lx. 19. When he pointed out the wretched state of sinners by nature, that they have no power to help themselves, or to make satisfaction for one sin, and that without the atonement of Christ they cannot obtain pardon; my mind was much agitated. I began to see that I had sinned against a holy God, and was unable to offer restitution. This filled my heart with sorrow and my eyes with tears. Then was my former comfort turned into the deepest gloom. I saw it was impossible to help myself; yet, I thought I had one prop to support me, which was prayer. I wrestled with the Lord for mercy, and when I had learned to stammer a few broken accents, I was never happy but when at a throne of grace. And though I could say little more than, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' I had sometimes a gleam of hope, that if I sought him, I should find him. This hope animated and revived my drooping spirit.

In August, the Rev. Mr. De Courcy preached at the chapel. What I then felt, no pen can describe, nor heart conceive, but in the like situation. I saw myself lost, condemned by the law of God, and seemed as sure of damnation, as if already in hell. I could not pray, and indeed I thought prayer would be in vain, for if God was just I must perish.

Mr. De Courcy afterwards prayed with me at home, but I found no comfort; my gloom and heaviness increased, and my heart was filled with despair.

Some time after he gave us an account of the many trials and difficulties the Lord had carried him through.

I was so affected by what he said, and by my own situation, that I was obliged to leave the room. I retired, and endeavoured to look into the state of my heart, but could see nothing but deformity and abomination; and I thought, surely there cannot be mercy for such a vile guilty creature as I am. Great advantage the enemy took of me, urging that it was in vain for me to seek for mercy, that the curse of God was upon me, and that I should soon confess his justice in my destruction. But I cannot describe what I felt. I begged a few words with Mr. De Courcy in private, thinking, that opening my mind to him, might, in some measure, alleviate my distress. But when he entered the room, I could not speak for tears. He addressed me with much tenderness, said he saw the cause of my trouble, and prayed the Lord to remove it, by enabling me to believe that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. One thing which he said gave me some encouragement. He thought me sincere, and if the Lord had begun a good work in me, he hoped and believed he would carry it on. He advised me to read the scriptures, and to pray that the Lord would enlighten my mind, and shew me the things pertaining to my peace.

When he left me I reflected on those words, "The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin," and that word "*all,*" gave me some glimmering of hope. That day, after dinner, as I was walking in the fields, ruminating on my unhappy state, I opened my little Bible, and directly cast my eyes on those comfortable words, Psal. xxxvii. 5. "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass." As a draught of cold water to one fainting with thirst, so was this text to my distressed mind. I was enabled immediately to believe that the blood of Christ had sufficient efficacy to cleanse, even me, from all my sin, and that, if I persevered in seeking him, I should obtain

forgiveness. I could then emphatically say, "My sorrow was turned into joy." I felt a peace that I was before unacquainted with, and began to see that his ways are, indeed, ways of pleasantness. In this comfortable frame I continued for some months, and attended the preaching of the gospel with great delight.

Mr. De Courcy was in London most of the winter, and his preaching was much blessed to me; though I was not without temptations and inward trials, and seemed, at times, upon the point of giving up all. But the Lord was pleased to impart a spirit of prayer, the smallest incident in my concerns I was sure to lay before him; I had some very remarkable and speedy answers to prayer, which encouraged me in defiance of opposition to go forward. Once, when hearing Mr. De Courcy at the Lock, from Col. iii. 3. "when Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory,"—during the former part of the sermon I was remarkably dull, could neither believe nor pray; but in a moment, as it were, the cloud dispersed, the day-spring from on high dawned, yea, the Sun of righteousness arose upon my soul, with healing under his wings. The text was brought home to my heart with such a power, that I almost thought I had dropped the veil of flesh, and was entered upon the confines of immortality.

He soon went into the country, which was a great grief to me, for I thought no other minister's preaching could be so blessed to me as his. I believe many think so, when they are newly awakened. To love the particular instruments who have been made useful to us, is right; but we ought not to put them in the Lord's stead, and place that dependance on them which is only due to him.

In the year 1770, I was visited with a fever, which all around me thought would have terminated in

death. Though my body was racked with pain, I enjoyed at times much of the Lord's presence, and I could have undergone any suffering, so that I might

> Have clapp'd my glad wings, and tower'd away,
> And mingled with eternal day.

But after three weeks' illness, God was pleased to rebuke my disorder, and restore my health and strength.

After all this, my religious impressions wore off: nay, I even threw them off, almost at once. I was in company where there was dancing, and if I was particularly fond of any amusement, it was this. And though I began to think it was not consistent with my profession, I joined with the company, and came home with my heart as full of evil as it could hold. I neglected prayer, for I well knew that I could not serve God and Mammon together. For a time, (Oh, that I could write it with tears of blood!) I neither read the scriptures, nor prayed, nor gave myself any concern about the welfare of my soul. The vanities of time and sense again engrossed my whole attention. I saw five plays in the year 1773, and could not be easy without cards and dancing. I went to that length, as to make a public ridicule of every thing serious. But even then, though I affected to despise the people of God with my lips, my heart would not consent; for I knew that they were right, and that I was wrong. Oh! if God had then cut me off, and cast me into hell, how just would the sentence have been!

But in March, 1774, the Lord roused me from my sleep of sin, by a very awful providence; the sudden death of an intimate acquaintance and neighbour, with whom I had been walking at nine in the evening, and before one o'clock I was called out of bed to see her a corpse. I trust that to the latest period of my life, the impression this sight made upon me will not be forgotten. I caught a violent cold, which settled a hoarseness upon

me for nearly three months; during which time, the Lord was pleased to give me great brokenness of heart, for my many and wilful backslidings from him. Sometimes I feared I could not be forgiven; but the promises encouraged me. I read, "He will heal their backslidings, and love them freely;" that though I sought and went after other lovers, he would bring me into the wilderness, and speak comfortably to me; that he came into the world to save sinners, and had power to surmount and overcome every obstacle and difficulty in my way.

My dearest Saviour, forgive me! Oh, forgive me, and grant me grace to be a mourner, because of my transgressions!

Thou hast forgiven me much, much therefore I ought to love thee; but without thee I can do nothing. Grant a vile backslider grace to devote the remainder of her life to the praise and glory of thy name. Accept me as I am, and make me what thou wouldst have me to be, that I may live thine, die thine, and be thine for ever. Amen! Above all, I pray thee to keep me from the infection of worldly company.—None can know, but from experience, the great danger of being attached to those who do not reverence God. Where there are serious impressions, they will be soon smothered, by being much conversant with those who live in the spirit of the world. Mr. De Courcy once said to me, I hope you are sincere; and then you may easily withstand the *frowns* of the world; but if you can withstand its *smiles*, I shall think something of you.

Ah, if Jesus, the sinner's only friend, had not interposed, the world, the vain deceitful world, would have destroyed me. It can furnish more instruments for our hurt, than there are stars in the firmament. But if our enemies are mighty, the Lord Jesus is almighty; he can, he does, he will subdue them. He will conduct the poor sinners that cleave to him, and hang upon him, through all the changes of this mortal life, and

bring them safely home to himself. Then they shall have done with sin and sorrow for ever. Then they shall cast their crowns of glory at the Redeemer's feet, and ascribe, as is most justly due, honour, might, majesty, dominion, and power, to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever. God grant that I may be of the happy number.

MARGARET MAGDALEN JASPER.

Islington, Sept. 27, 1774.

Extracts from her Diary.

September 27, 1774.—O thou Omniscient, Omnipresent Saviour! Look down from heaven, the habitation of thy glory, upon a poor sinful creature, who intreats thy blessing and influence, in what I may from this day write down for my own edification, as time shall permit, of thy gracious dealings with my hell-deserving soul. Blessed be thy name, I can sing of mercy. Thou hast abounded towards me in loving kindness. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.

October 6.—This verse of Psalm xlii. was much blessed to my mind, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him." A precious cordial for a sin-sick soul. O my gracious Saviour, increase my faith! All things are possible to them that believe. Lord, I would believe, help thou my unbelief! Without thee I can do nothing. I cannot think a good thought, but as thou enablest me. I desire to cast myself as a blank into thy hands, that thou mayest write upon me as seemeth good unto thee. I was much affected to-day at hearing of the sudden death of a gentleman in the country. O Lord, prepare me to meet thee, that whenever death shall come, I may have nothing to do, but to die, and cheerfully resign my spirit into thy hands.

Oct. 12th.—My mind, to-day, was stupid and inattentive, and only awake to pride and unbelief. I was tempted to think, that if I were a child of God, there would not be these changes in my frames and feelings. But after many reflections, and a strict examination of my heart, I found the fault was entirely on my side. That text, Isa. liv. was a seasonable balm for my distress, "For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer." The apostle Paul had need of a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of satan to buffet him. Shall I then, who am so vile and sinful, presume to contend with my Maker? God forbid. Nor let my soul sink under these afflictions; nor conclude from them that the Lord doth not love me; but rather the contrary, for whom he loveth he chasteneth. The Lord was pleased to remove the cloud, in the evening, under a sermon I heard from Mark v. 36. "Be not afraid, only believe."

26th.—I was in a very peevish frame of mind to-day, and could have quarrelled with myself, or with any body. Oh, when shall I be delivered from these evils? The enemy suggests I am not fit to die. Were I to live till I am, in and of myself, fit to die, I must live for ever. My salvation must be free. And I am sure if I reach heaven, as I believe I shall, through the blood of the God-man, I shall testify to all the blessed around the throne, that free unmerited grace has brought me hither.

November 1st.—Not many months ago, as those who know me can witness, to what a length of sin did I run! Even to make a public ridicule of every thing serious. The remembrance of it grieves my soul. But when I left my God, was I happy? Alas! no. There is more happiness in the cross of Christ, than in all that the world can give. Without him, I must be completely miserable; and I was so then. Conscience flew in my face, and I had no power to re-

dress myself. To him I durst not look up; but when I was fallen far from him, he mercifully brought me back. Let none despair of his mercy, since it has been extended to a wretch like me. O Lord, give me a broken heart.

Nov. 15th.—Found a blessing in prayer, and was preserved in a serene calm spirit the former part of the day; but in the evening gave too much way to levity. O Lord, give me a tender conscience, that I may be pricked to the heart every time I offend. The least sin in my own sight, must be very great in the view of thy infinite purity.

December 2.—O Lord, thy judgments are right, and thou in very faithfulness hast afflicted me. I have received good at thy hand, and shall I not receive evil? Only forsake me not. Help me to say with Mrs. Rowe, "I have all things in possessing thee. Whatever tempests arise, yet thou art my God. I cry to thee, and the storm is appeased. I find my expectations from the world disappointed, friends prove false, and human dependance vain; but still thou art my God, my rock, my inheritance." Can I sink with such a prop?

17.—A domestic incident ruffled my temper, and it was long before I recovered humiliation and peace. Oh, for a tender spirit, that I may shun the least appearance of sin! Oh, for the lamb-like spirit of the holy Jesus, who bore all his sufferings with submission and patience!

October 25, 1775.—St Sepulchre's doleful bell awakened me this morning, and I was induced to see the malefactors pass in their way to Tyburn. The sight affected me more than I can express. Methinks I could have gone and suffered for them, if that would have saved their precious souls. They seemed hardened and obdurate. O sin, what evil hast thou brought into the world! I could say, when I saw them (like one of whom I have heard), there goes my picture. The same seed of evil, which has brought

them in the flower of youth to an ignominious death, is in my heart also; and if not subdued by the power of God might have prevailed, and I might have been guilty of equal wickedness. Oh what has grace done for me! It has delivered me from the power of darkness and translated me into the kingdom of God.

November 4.—How mistaken and blinded are they who can think of deferring their repentance to a sick or dying bed! I must confess that my disorder, which at present is only a slight cold, affects not my body only, but my mind, so that I can hardly attend to any thing serious. Nay, I feel peevish, fretful, and dissatisfied, as if I could quarrel with myself, and with all about me. What a comfort that the Lord Jesus has declared, "Sin shall not have dominion over you."

December 11.—I was this day called to walk through a fiery furnace, but my Saviour was with me. His arm is omnipotent.

15.—Through intricate and difficult paths, I trust the presence of the Lord was with me. Oh that I could cleave to him. Whatever he does, is well done. Nothing seems to lie before me but affliction upon affliction. My sorrows are only known to God.

31.—Lord, as I am constrained by thy providence to spend a silent sabbath, vouchsafe me thy blessing at home, for thou art not confined to places. Help me to examine my conduct during the year which is now closing. I am ashamed to think how many years I lived, before I thought of thee, and that since I have known thee, I have made so little improvement. Lord, I am thine by creation, thine by redemption. Oh then, accept me as I am, make me what thou wouldst have me to be! This year is nearly gone, thou only knowest whether I may see the end of the following year. Oh that I may be so prepared for death, that come when it will, I may have nothing to do but to die. Bless my dear relatives, and save

those of them, who now stand upon a dangerous precipice, from the pit of destruction. Bless all my friends, reward my benefactors, forgive my greatest enemies. Especially bless thy dear ministers, make them burning and shining lights, and may the happy time soon arrive, when the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the land and the earth, as the waters cover the sea.

January 18, 1776.—This evening met with a grievous trial.—But hush! shall I dictate to the Lord? Forbid it, O my God! may I be still and bow with humble submission; thou knowest what is for my good. Thou hast not promised to exempt me from trials, but to support me under them. What most pained me was a slight from one to whom I always was a sincere friend, and whom I looked upon as a friend to me. I did not deserve it at her hands; nor could I have so treated my greatest enemy, if in my situation. But I must not shew resentment, I must endeavour to overcome evil with good. O that the forgiving loving spirit of my blessed Lord and Master may reign in my heart! May I live upon him, and be content with every thing that befalls me!

March 27.—Walked in Westminster Abbey, and surveyed the sumptuous monuments over the remains of many whose names are enrolled in the book of fame. But, alas! what are they the better if not found written in the Lamb's book of life? What are the great warriors and captains, to the happy souls who overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil? These great conquerors could not conquer death; but the Christian can triumph over it. The believer's name is enrolled in the annals of heaven. May mine be buried in silence here, so that it be remembered there! My utmost ambition is then satisfied.

April 25.—I have laid a very important affair before the Lord; and have a hope that he will appear in my behalf. I know not how others may do, but sure I am,

that, I dare not undertake any thing, without making it matter of prayer. And though he often seems not to answer, still I must trust him. For who knows but he is now answering my prayer; though not in the manner I had conceived in my own mind. His ways and thoughts are not as mine. All that he doeth is well done.

October 2.—Very busy in packing up. Gracious Saviour, keep my heart serene. To go out in the capacity of a servant is a trial, as I was not brought up to it. But I believe it is the will of my Lord, and therefore I readily acquiesce. May his presence go with me, and his blessing rest upon me. Lord, do with me what thou wilt, only give me grace to live to the praise and glory of thy name, Amen.

7.—My mind is easier since I came into this family, and I am reconciled to my situation in a measure, though I am a servant. Lord, help me to tread in thy steps, who camest into the world, not to be ministered unto, but to minister. I cannot now have much time for writing, but I hope not to give up praying. May every action of my life be a religious act, by being performed for thee.

April 1, 1777.—This morning my dear master and family went from London for two months, and have left me in charge of the house. O Jesus, my only friend and refuge, vouchsafe me thy presence. Solemnly do I now commit myself into thy hands, to be both preserved and ruled by Thee. I am a little fearful, as I never was left in a house by myself before. But why should I be afraid? If I belong to the Lord, thousands of ministering angels are my invisible guard; and Thou thyself art with me. Into thy hands I commit all that I have and am, beseeching thee to keep me and the house by thine Almighty power.

April 28.—Drank tea at a house where I met with a clergyman whose wife I might have been. A difference of sentiments was the reason I did not accept

his offer. And indeed it is some degree of comfort to me, that of the many genteel offers I have had, I did not accept any. For as matters have turned out with regard to temporals, I can bless God that I now suffer as an individual, and that no one is involved in my distresses; which I trust he has sanctified to me. May he write a law of gratitude upon my heart!

June 10.—I told a wilful untruth this morning, which brought such remorse of conscience upon me through the whole day, as I scarcely ever felt before. It set me upon my knees more than once. O Father, forgive me, for Christ's sake; and rather let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, than be suffered to speak a known falsehood. Lord, what am I, if left for a moment to myself!

12.—I went out this morning about a business of my own, but went too much in my own strength. I seemed confident that I should not meet with disappointment. But the Lord shewed me, that though I had *proposed*, he had *disposed*. But of all the disappointments I have known, I never received one with more calmness and serenity than this. I was in a degree thankful. I was enabled to see that my proud heart needed this stroke to humble it. I must and do believe, that every dispensation of providence to me has been appointed out of love to my soul, by unerring wisdom, to lay me low, as in the dust before the Lord. Crosses I must still expect; Lord, prepare me for them

September 5.—When I came home to-day, after hearing a good sermon, a very trivial incident discomposed my mind so greatly, that I seemed as if possessed with the fury of an evil spirit. It may be well said, "Out of the heart proceedeth every abomination." When I came to reflect upon my behaviour, I could truly say, "The spirit of man will sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear?" O Lord, rebuke me not in anger, neither chasten me in

thy hot displeasure. Lord, I acknowledge my transgression, my sin is ever before me. How could I, who profess myself a child of thine, give way to such a spirit of passion and pride! The remembrance of it cuts me deeply. I can only cast myself at thy feet with the prayer of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Help me, O my God, for vain is the help of man!

Sept. 21.—A day of great temptation. The enemy pressed upon me many things, in which he charged me with being a vile hypocrite both to God and man. He urged that many go great lengths in religion, yet, at last, prove cast-aways; and that without doubt I should be one of the miserable souls to adorn his conquests. I was distressed beyond description; but I told him he was a liar from the beginning. But that, though I justly deserved to perish, I would trust in Jesus the sinner's friend, and that if I did perish, it should be crying for mercy. I asked him what he thought to do with me, supposing he could get me, for none but blasphemers dwelt in his pit; and if I was there I could not join with them. I said, satan, is there one praying soul in hell? thou art constrained to answer, No. Well then, I trust the Lord will not suffer me to be the first. I am the Father's gift to the Son, and the purchase of his atoning blood; and he has said of such, "They shall be with me where I am."

A sermon I heard in the evening from Zech. xiii. 9. proved very applicable to my case:—"I will bring the third part through the fire." It was observed, the Lord, for wise reasons, puts his children into furnaces and fires; temptation is one of them. Indeed, thought I, I have had a hot part in it this morning; Lord grant I may lose nothing by the fire but dross, and come forth purified like gold. My soul was much broken down under the word, and I trust I was enabled to see the hand of the Lord in the trial.

May 21, 1778.—Alas! How has my diary been

neglected! What was once a delight is become a burden. I have neither pleasure in writing, nor in reading what I have written. Must I believe that my profession of religion has been no more than a delusion; and that my hope has been in vain? I am plunged into an abyss of misery, and what is worse, though I know my danger I seem not apprehensive of the consequences. From a hard and impenitent heart, good Lord deliver me, and soften it by that efficacious blood which alone can melt the rock!

January 5, 1779.—I am going to a new place in the country, upon the recommendation of Mr. Hill. Lord grant that it may be for thy glory, and my own good. May thy presence go with me. May I seek the Lord, consult his will in his word, entreat his direction in all that I undertake, make him the beginning and the end of all my desires; then I shall be happy here and for ever.

6.—I was received with great kindness. Oh that God may sanctify this retirement to me! I shall now have opportunity of admiring the works of creation. Lord grant that every sublunary beauty and blessing, may lead me to thee who art the fountain-head.

May 10.—My conscience accuses me of ingratitude to that Friend, who, of all others, deserves every return of praise and service that a sinful creature can give. O Lord, it is thy prerogative alone to inspire my mind with a deep and suitable apprehension of thy majesty. Gracious Redeemer, I desire, though I know it is against the flesh, that thou wilt use any correction thou seest necessary to mollify my heart, and to make it a copy of thine. I must be made holy through sufferings. Thou hast said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, in me ye shall have peace." I praise thee that I do know a little of this peace, in the midst of crosses, losses, and

disappointments. If God be mine, I have enough. May my knowledge of him daily increase, and may it be my meat and drink to do his will.

December 11.—I have heard that the ship in which my dear brother sailed, is taken by the French and carried into Brest. Nature feels this stroke, and all the powers of my soul are at work. But I know an over-ruling Providence directs every event that befalls the children of men: and I trust I shall know hereafter there was a need be for this. But, O my dear brother, what must you feel? O Saviour, leave him not destitute, but, if it be thy will, deliver him from his confinement, and grant me to see him again in the flesh. Thy promises are my support, and it is my duty to rely upon thee. Permit me, a sinful creature, to enter into a covenant with thee, my great Creator; that by thy grace and assistance, I may give myself wholly up to thee, to bear whatever thy infinite wisdom sees fit to lay upon me with that entire submission which becomes me. It is through much tribulation I must enter thy kingdom. Let me therefore account affliction a badge of honour, and a mark that I belong to thee. Yet I cannot help feeling, and I humbly hope this is not sinful. Thou didst weep over Lazarus. O Lord, though I sorrow for my brother, I submit. I only beg that thy grace may reach his heart, and that we may be happy with thee together at last, in thy heavenly kingdom, when sorrow and sighing shall be no more.

31.—O Lord, how many blessings have I received from thee this year! and how ungrateful have been my returns! Thou hast preserved me safely through many dangers, trials, and backslidings. Still vouchsafe to dig about and manure this obdurate heart, and grant that I may never rest in any condition in which my whole prospect of happiness is not fixed and centered in thee. O that I may love thee more and

serve thee better! and at length, notwithstanding all impediments, be brought home to thee, to see thee as thou art.

April 3, 1780.—I am dull, having lost my companion, who is removed to sleep in another part of the house. Indeed, my dear Miss Langston, I did not know till now how much I loved you. However, though we are parted in the night, we have many opportunities of being together in the day. I trust we can both reflect with pleasure on the many happy retired hours we have had together. May the advantages appear in our future conduct through life. May we be still united in heart, and the friendship which is begun below, be daily growing till we meet above.

June 18.—What dreadful news from London! They say, that the mob, besides demolishing the Popish chapels, has destroyed the houses of many noblemen and others, set fire to the prisons, and released the convicts. Where this unhappy affair will end, the Lord only knows; but the people seem to be actuated by a spirit of rebellion. Awful judgments hang over this guilty land. Oh that in the midst of them, the Lord may remember mercy!

November 4.—The account I heard of my dear brother's death is confirmed. He was wounded in an engagement, and carried on shore, where he died and was buried.

I read the mournful news with sensations which I cannot describe. O, my dearest brother, why was not I with thee to perform the last kind offices of life, to bathe thy bleeding wounds with my tears, to wipe the clammy sweat from thy face, and administer some consolation to thy drooping spirit? Who knows what were thy sufferings, and the anguish of thy soul in the last moments of thy life? What tribute can I pay to thy memory, more than wearing a mournful habit for thy sake, and retaining thy image with the fullest impression upon my heart? There thou shalt remain

the subject of my serious thoughts, and I will weep for thee in my retired hours.

Dec. 31.—Another year is gone, Lord grant me grace to give up all my concerns and my heart to thee! Pardon my many provocations and backslidings, receive me graciously, and love me freely. Sanctify all thy dispensations to me. Thou hast lately cut off a right hand. Thou hast indeed wounded me in a tender part; but as I trust it was with a design to cure, though one whom I dearly prized is gone, I will still say, Thy will, O Lord, be done.

January 21, 1781.—I was favoured this morning with uncommon freedom in prayer. And having endeavoured to take an impartial review of my conduct through the last year, I confess, with shame and confusion of face, that I have not lived, O Lord, as becomes a child of thine; I have not kept up the dignity of a King's daughter, but forgetting my noble privileges, I have stooped too much to the grovelling vanities of this world.

O Lord, I have nothing to recommend me to thy favour. I must come as a beggar, pleading for that mercy which thou art more ready to give than I to receive. I can do nothing, not so much as think one good thought, without thee. I cannot trust to past experience, yea, I will not. I cannot trust to my frames and feelings, they often deceive me. I desire to renounce and abhor myself in every view I can take; and to come to thee this evening, as the vilest sinner breathing, to receive a full remission of my sins, and grace to devote my future life to thee alone.

Feb. 11.—It is my desire, and the Lord knows it is, to have no will of my own. I am convinced that he can do me no wrong; and I am happy when I can trace his providence in every event of my life. Nothing can happen by chance. I bless his name, that I am, in some measure thankful, that he has placed me in a state of dependance; by which I have gained such experience as I would not be without for the world.

March 21.—The returning spring begins to appear, the snow-drop shews its head, the violet cheers us with perfume. The hedges and the trees are shooting forth their buds, and in a few weeks they will be dressed in all their beauty, and the pretty birds, sheltered by their shade, will tune their notes to their Creator's praise. Few are acquainted with the real pleasure of a retired life in the country; I would not exchange it for the most magnificent palace, for all the grandeur the world can bestow. Here, my mind, free from the cares and hurries of the world, can contemplate the wondrous works of an Almighty hand. I prefer the beauties of the early dawn, to the finest sight the art of man can produce. How beautiful the streaks of gold which tinge the clouds; then the rising sun diffuses lustre all around, and the damps and chills of the night give place to the light and heat of the day. Come, you pleasure-takers, who waste the day and great part of the night in dissipation and folly, leave your downy pillows, and view the splendours of the morning! Creation and all its works fulfil the commands of God, and nothing but order and regularity is seen. Not so with man, he alone dares defy the authority of his Maker.

April 1.—The glory of the Lord shall fill the house of the Lord. How emphatically is this promise fulfilled, when the preaching of the gospel is attended with power and energy to the sinner's heart! Though hard as a flint, it then melts like wax before the fire, and becomes susceptible of the impressions of divine grace. O Jesus, my master, look down in mercy upon me, and warm my heart with such a sense of thy love, that from the strongest principle, gratitude, I may love thee above all!

May 8.—The experience of every day rebukes my heart for its ingratitude. I am engaged to love thee by the strongest ties, for thou hast abounded in mercy and loving-kindness to me. Yet my insensible heart

can be unmindful of thee, and can sometimes question the power, the goodness, yea, the very being of my God. Lord, what a poor creature am I in my best estate! Oh, be pleased to strengthen my faith, to confirm my hope, and to reconvert every moment all the faculties of my soul, to be instruments of thy praise as they have been of thy dishonour.

June 1.—My wishes aspire beyond the bounds of earthly things. I desire to look with the utmost indifference upon all that would stand in competition with thee. And though a prisoner upon earth, I would mount on the wings of holy thoughts and meditations to the throne of glory; there, with Mary, to cast myself at the Redeemer's feet, and learn of him, who is meek and lowly. May I cast all my sins into his sepulchre; and especially that abominable sin, pride. Lord, root it for ever out of my heart.

Do I not too often mistake self-love for the love of Jesus? and by looking too much to my frames and feelings, dishonour him, whom I wish to prefer as my chief good? My heart is deceitful above all things; and when my spirit is calm and happy, is too prone to lead me to think myself something, when in reality I am nothing but sinful dust.

Gave my little mite to the poor sufferers by the late fire. Lord, accept it; could I have afforded, I would have given much more. Could I envy the rich, it would be for the opportunities they have of doing good. But where little is given, little is required. I am content. I ask not for riches or honours; but this one thing I do ask, for an understanding heart, to know myself and thee. And then, who will, may take the world and all its vanities for me.

July 1.—What blessed seasons did my soul enjoy, when, with humble boldness, I could call thee mine! when I knew my title to heaven was not less sure than as if I was already there! Those were golden hours, but alas! they are gone. My sun has withdrawn his

beams, and a gloomy night has succeeded. O Lord, most holy, O God, most mighty, suffer me not to add sin unto sin. My peace depends upon thy favour; if deprived of that, I must be miserable! but return unto thy rest, O my soul; the Lord is merciful, and full of compassion, and will not cast off for ever.

July 13.—Lord, thou hast been a guide and a father to me who never knew my own father. But I trust he feared thee, and slept in Jesus. He chose for his funeral text, Isa. xxxviii. 17. "Thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." Being a little way out of London for the benefit of the air, he came to town with my mother and uncle. My uncle remarking it was a bad day, (it snowing very fast,) he said, Oh it is a fine day for my soul to go to heaven. He had just got out of the coach, and seated himself in a chair, when he died without a groan. I was then only two years of age, and can have no remembrance of him; but I trust to meet him, with all the blood-bought children of God, before the throne.

October 26.—We are about removing to London, the place of my nativity, and the scene of many sorrows to me. Sanctify them, gracious Lord, and they shall be blessings. And now I beseech thee to prepare me for whatever thou hast prepared for me. Farewell, rural retreats, where I have enjoyed sweet intercourse with thee. Thou didst love retirement when on earth, and didst spend whole nights in prayer for sinners like me. May I follow thy example, and improve every opportunity of secluding myself from the hurry of a giddy world.

January 5, 1782.—Lord, on thy truth I build my hopes for time and eternity; in other things, my views and hopes are often disappointed; but in thee I find an everlasting spring of consolation; and since thou remainest unchangeable, my all is safe. If thy truth could fail, the blessed regions above would be filled with horror, and the saints in light would have no

security for their bliss! but in thine immutability, all their joys and comforts are safe. My soul shall therefore make her boast in the Lord.

February 1.—Lord, pity the poor in this sharp weather, and incline the rich to relieve them. We have many noble charitable institutions; but still, were the one-half of what is spent in folly and dissipation employed in these uses, how many sorrowful hearts, widows, and fatherless, would rejoice! and what blessings would redound to the cheerful giver! "If ye have done it to one of the least of these," our Lord says, "ye have done it unto me." What consolation in a dying hour, from a consciousness, that time, talents, and fortune, were devoted to his service! Our good works will not recommend us to the favour of God, but as evidences of our love to him, they will meet with acceptance. Surely they who love Christ will love to tread in his steps: he went about doing good to the bodies and minds of sinners, and some of his greatest enemies were partakers of his bounty.

March 3.—I was remarkably favoured this morning in meditation, before we met in family worship. I could, with sweet and humble freedom, converse with the God who made me. I had such manifestations of his love to my soul, that I was, as it were, caught up to the third heaven, and could not but say, Now, take me to thy kingdom, that I may see thee face to face, without a veil. I do, in a measure, find my affections deadened to every thing but thyself. There is nothing here which I covet, or which I would not joyfully leave. Oh then satisfy my longing desires, and conduct me to the land of peace, to my heavenly home!

April 7.—Blessed be thy great name—thou hast in a measure removed the violent disorder from my throat and breast. I was, indeed, within sight of the grave, and expecting to be choaked. But I praise thee that my mind was quite easy, my hope blooming and full of immortality, and I could look upon death as a conquer-

ed enemy. But since it is thy pleasure that I should live longer here, I determine, in thy strength, and in thy name, to go forth against every enemy of my soul, and every hindrance to my salvation, until satan be finally bruised under my feet. The world shall no longer divide my heart with my Saviour, for he must and shall have the whole.

April 24.—I think not so much of the terrors of death, as of his commission. This is from the Lord, and though he be a messenger in mourning, he will bring good news. Oh that I may be in a right frame of mind, when this ambassador from the King of kings shall demand an audience! This world is not my rest. I was formed for nobler enjoyments than I am capable of attaining to here. And though the way to my crown lies through the valley of the shadow of death, since it is but a shadow, why should I fear it? The more I contemplate death, the milder his aspect appears. What joy will it give me, to leave this frail and sinful body, to be joined to my glorious Head; and to exchange a life of trouble for life eternal.

Oh my gracious Redeemer, forgive me, I beseech thee, if my earnest desire to be gone is sinful! Endue me with that sweet resignation which may sink my will into thine. I must say, with Mr. Janeway, that the greatest act of patience is, to be willing to live. When I think of that kingdom, that glory, which is reserved for me in heaven, I can scarcely be content to live another day upon earth. The world has no allurements for me. My heart is raised above it. Oh that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest.

June 1.—Dispose my heart, O Lord, to admire and adore thy infinite goodness! Another alarming stroke was needful to humble my pride, and to shew me that, in my best estate, I am but dust. On Tuesday last, I thought indeed the pulse of life would quickly stop. I had not been well for some time, but that day I was

exceedingly ill. Mrs. Langston, in the morning, kindly desired me to go to bed. But as she was herself unwell, and it was a busy time, I could not think of it. At seven in the evening, being much worse, I went into my room. I had no sooner sat down, than I found something uncommon coming over me, and I seemed to be in the agonies of death. My hands and feet were cold and contracted. I was unwilling to alarm the family, but fearing, if I did not, and they should come in and find me dead, the consequences might be worse, I knocked, for I could not move. Miss Langston came up immediately. I begged her not to be alarmed, but I believed I was dying. She called her mamma; they tried in vain to open my hands, which seemed already dead. Mr. Langston, although very ill himself, ran for the doctor. When he came, I had, in some measure, recovered the use of my hands, but the agitation of my whole body was very great. He ordered me to be put to bed instantly, and to have my hands and feet rubbed with a strong decoction of mustard, which had no effect for several days, the numbness was so great. I feared I should lose the use of my limbs; I thank the Lord that fear is now removed, but I still feel the effects of this shock, and expect I shall feel it for some time. Oh that these things may wean me from the world! If my path to heaven was smooth, I fear I should forget the crown of glory. Bodily afflictions, crosses, and disappointments, teach me to long for a better state, where sufferings shall not reach me. My warmest thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Langston, and Miss, for their affectionate and tender behaviour. I am grieved when I reflect on the trouble I have given to this family. But I trust, that my Lord, who has in mercy engaged to pay all my debts, will abundantly repay them; for he has said, "If but a cup of cold water be given in his name, it shall not lose its reward!"

July 1.—(In the country.)—I was delighted this

morning, when walking in the fields, to see the lustre of the drops of dew, which might vie in brilliancy with the finest diamond. But they are short-lived ornaments. An hour or two hence I might look for them in vain. Surely, they are a fit emblem of the best things, which earth can afford. They may have a beautiful appearance, but are not lasting. Merciful Creator, inspire me with a holy contempt of the world, and of all sublunary enjoyments, that I may look at them as I do at the dew upon the grass, as yielding but a momentary satisfaction!

August 12.—Assured of an interest in the blood and righteousness of the Son of God, what can greatly alarm me? I covet not the applause of men. I ask no more on this side heaven, than to live a life of faith and devotedness to God, and to enjoy heart-felt communion with my Lord. Nor can my desires be satisfied with less.

October 1.—Dare I set bounds to thy goodness, or presume to limit thy patience? O my gracious God, I again entreat thee to forgive me, because thou hast forgiven me. Oh, accept (I trust) the penitential sighs of my heart. I may say with David, "Against thee only have I sinned." For though the command I had over my temper, prevented it from breaking out, what pride and passion didst thou see working in my breast! Oh this besetting sin! When shall I conquer it? I abhor it in others, and am often the first to discern it in them: I am sensible that proud persons most resemble the devil. Alas! how often am I like him. Merciful Saviour, be pleased to dethrone this idol. Down with it, down with it, even to the ground. Make me humble in spirit, and holy in life, that I may be truly a follower of the meek and lowly Lamb of God!

November 6.—What can this world afford me, but confusion and disorder? Abiding peace and tranquillity are blessings remote from a state beset with

evils. Yet, the soul that enjoys communion with God, and is reconciled to him in Christ, does find an inward peace in the midst of outward distractions, from an assured confidence in his unchangeable promises and almighty power; and desires to hear no voice but the Lord's, and to walk in no path, but that which he marks out.

Nov. 17.—I have been enabled to lay the case of a very dear friend before the Lord. The prospect I had of seeing the work of God, which I hoped was begun in his heart, increase, is greatly darkened. A spirit of levity seems to have stifled every serious impression. Alas! how many snares are there to entangle young converts! Our best resolutions, unless confirmed by the assistance of God, are but like the morning cloud, or the early dew! How awful is it to draw back, after seeming to set out well, and to bid fair for obtaining the prize! Lord, give the dear youth to see the sublime design of thy gospel! a separation from the world and all its vanities, a surrender of the heart to thee, to be no longer his own, but devoted to God. How dreadful to rest in any condition, in which our everlasting All is not secured! The promises belong only to them who hold out to the end. O Lord, give him to see his danger before it be too late; and to reflect on the sorrow he once felt for sin, and the prayers which he once offered with so much fervency!

In the afternoon, I heard Dr. Wachsell. I was exceedingly struck on going into the chapel, it being the place I had known in better days. Oh that I could forget what I once was, and fix my thoughts on what I now am; a poor outcast amongst men, yet through grace, a daughter of the great King! What then can I desire more? All is mine, for I am Christ's.

30.—Alas! how changeable is the human mind. A very dear friend, one who shall always be dear to me, and who, to speak with the apostle, would once, had it been possible, have plucked out her own eyes to have

given them to me, can now behave with the greatest distance and reserve. The cause I know not; if the fault be mine, Lord help me to see it, and to be humbled for it. It has given me much pain, for I cannot well bear a slight from those for whom I have more than a common affection. May I learn from this, the very important lesson, to put no confidence in man; who, in his best estate, is vanity and inconstancy. Had it been an enemy, it would have grieved me less. But it was thou, my friend, my companion, with whom I took sweet counsel. But must we part in spirit? Impossible! Till death shall close my eyes, I will not cease to pray for you; treat me with what contempt you will. Oh what a mercy is it, that whom the Lord loveth, he loveth to the end. He is an unchangeable friend, that sticketh closer than a brother. Oh that I could depend more upon him, and less upon creatures!

January 22, 1783.—I have lately been in high spirits, having been favoured with a long respite from bodily affliction; and, like the Psalmist, I began to think that my mountain stood strong. But I have been humbled by the chastisement of an indulgent Father: God treats me as a child. He saw the cold and sore throat, which are now upon me, were necessary to prove my faith, love, and obedience. I acquiesce. Deny me not thy gracious support, and I will endure with cheerfulness, whatever thou art pleased to lay upon me. When I awoke the other night, almost choaked, and could neither speak nor swallow, I was unhappy to find my mind disturbed and confused. I hope it was chiefly owing to an acute pain in my head. For still, I bless the Lord, I can say, I am not afraid to die. Jesus is mine, and I am his; what then have I to fear?

31.—Lord, I tremble when I recollect the temptations I have lately endured; and still more, to think of my unbelief, and my ingratitude to thee, in questioning thy wisdom and goodness, as if thou wast accountable

to me for thy dispensations. Shall the thing formed say unto him that made it, What doest thou? Oh that I had but patience to see the end! for then I shall be constrained to say, Thou hast done all things well. I once had worldly prospects, but I placed too much dependance on them. Therefore thou wert graciously pleased to remove them; and ought this to give me concern? should I not rather be thankful, that by these means, thou hast in some measure weaned me from a deceitful world, and imbittered the sweets of life, to make me seek my comforts in thee?

February 17.—Satan tries to sift me as wheat, but Jesus has prayed for me; my trust is in him, therefore I shall not be overcome. The enemy has been touching on the old string,—That I am a mere hypocrite, that my Diary is all deceit and the flights of imagination, that I write from a motive of ostentation, which will sink me deeper in guilt, and add to my condemnation, and that therefore I had better destroy it, and not leave it as a witness against myself. But to thee, oh my God, who knowest the secrets of all hearts, I can appeal, that my motives for beginning and continuing this Diary, are my own edification, and that I may more distinctly admire thy goodness to such an unworthy wretch. When it has answered these ends, my friends may inter it with me in my coffin. But I trust no temptation shall prevail with me to omit writing.

May 1.—I have again exchanged the noise and hurry of the city for my beloved retreat in the country, where I hope to be favoured with the Lord's presence, and to be again happy in the company of a most dear friend. May the Lord sanctify our meeting, and may we one day meet in heaven, to part no more. How beautiful the face of nature appears! The gay landscape around me declares the mighty works of God, and that, from winter barrenness, his power can create new life. Shall I then doubt his power in

raising my dead soul to life, or in forming my body anew, after it has slept in the dust?

May 11.—A letter brought me the mournful news of my dear mother's death. This day fortnight I took leave of her. The messenger arrested her, and in thirty-eight hours she was removed to an eternal state. Lord grant that I may meet her in heaven! Support me, O thou Friend of sinners, under this dispensation. May it be a warning for me to prepare for a sudden death. Then, come when it will, it will lead me to sudden, yea, everlasting glory. Oh, my dear mother, could I have seen you in your last moments, and received your dying blessing! but I trust we shall meet again; I must indulge the pleasing hope; for I cannot bear to part with you for ever.

July 10.—Very hot weather, and at night an awful storm. I thought one clap of thunder, the loudest I ever heard, had shaken our house from the foundation. The heavens opening, the thunder roaring, the house rocking, the windows trembling, methought nothing was wanting to complete the alarming scene, but the quaking of the earth beneath us. One of our young gentlemen was looking at his watch, when a flash of lightning tore the shagreen from the case. What a merciful providence that it stopped there, and did not strike him dead upon the floor. May this singular instance of God's protection awaken in him a suitable return of gratitude. And as he is designed to appear in a public character, may he live to be a useful labourer in the Lord's vineyard!

September 29.—Am I not like a pelican in the wilderness? my dear father, mother, and brother are gone; and I am still left an orphan in this perplexing world of sin and sorrow. Lord, why is this? Thou knowest that I love not the world, nor its vanities. My heart would fain be at rest, my body longs for the grave, and my immortal part is on the wing for heaven. Oh haste, my Beloved, and remove me from a

land in which I never can be happy! Why must I still sojourn so far from my Father's house? But thy time is best. I will wait for it. I can rely upon thy promise, that I shall at last sit down with thee in thy kingdom. What a consolation! Can I, or ought I to desire more?

October 1.—A mere trifle discomposed my mind much: oh that I were as anxious about things of more consequence! I lost something I valued out of my pocket; and missed it just as I was going to church. I could not get the better of my concern during the sermon. When I came home, like the woman in the gospel, I lighted a candle and searched diligently till I had found it; then my heart was glad. Oh that I could always act with such circumspection when my Saviour withdraws his presence from my soul! Were I equally earnest in seeking after him, as I was to find what in comparison is a mere nothing, I should not seek in vain!

October 27.—Set out early for London. But first redeemed some time for prayer, in which my heart was enlarged. Lord, I intreat thee let thy presence go with me; and cover my defenceless head with the shield of thy power. Thou alone knowest the weight that hangs upon my mind. Oh, undertake for me, for I am indeed oppressed!

December 1.—O Lord, my God, am I not thine? I pray thee do with me, dispose of me, for the best. A change of state has this day been proposed to me, and there seems the hand of thy providence in the whole affair. But, O my Saviour, let me ever, and from my heart say, "Not my will, but thine be done." My friends approve it, and I think it my duty to pay some regard to their advice: but a business for life requires deliberate consideration. Lord, do thou direct me. Let me do nothing to offend thee. Rather let prospects and affections be crossed, than become a snare to draw my heart from thee; and let every earthly love be held in due subordination to thine.

December 7.—My friends are very solicitous to bring about this marriage; but if it be not first made in heaven, good Lord grant that it may never be celebrated upon earth; but do thou interpose and snatch me from the snare. Let no prospect, however advantageous, prompt me to do that of which I hereafter may repent. But if the union be of thy appointment, grant me grace that I may fill up my place and situation as becomes a servant of thine, and so as not to bring a scandal, nor even a blemish, upon my profession.

26.—This day removes me from a family, some of whom are dear to me as my own life. May the best of blessings rest upon them all! Hasten, dear Lord, the day when I hope we shall meet in thy presence, to part no more.

January 1, 1784.—O my all-sufficient Friend! I bless the day that ever I became thine. Let thy favour be mine inheritance. I cannot go astray if guided by thee. In thine everlasting arms I am safe; whether I am to have poverty or riches, honour or contempt, all will be in covenant love. I begin this new year, O Lord, with a new and solemn surrender of myself to Thee. Oh, forbid that any new prospects in life should prove the occasion of weaning my affections from thee, whom I am bound to serve by the strongest motives! My heart must and shall be thine.

7.—Last night was spent in prayer and tears to God for his blessing upon the event of this day, wherein I am to change my name and state. I hope I have not been too hasty, the character of the person being so well known; and though I have not been long acquainted with him, he has known me seventeen years.

January 8.—The great event is past and can never be recalled. May I never forget the sacred engagement I have made in the house of God, and in the presence of his people. I have given myself to a

husband; but still the noblest powers of my mind must be devoted to the Lord. O may the Lord bless us with the light of his countenance, while travelling together through this wilderness; and, at last, may we dwell with thee in thy kingdom. There may we, and the dear children,* be admitted, with a "Come ye blessed of my Father!"

January 25.—Once more I have taken my seat in the chapel in which I was confirmed. When I first entered the pew, where I had often formerly sat with pleasure, I was much affected. Oh! what changes have I seen in a few years! May I not add, what a change have I seen of late! Why did I ever distrust thy wisdom, O Lord, and say with Jacob, "All these things are against me?" when thy over-ruling hand, in a mysterious way, was directing the most minute concerns of my life, to work together for my temporal, as well as my spiritual good!

April 1.—I have been very poorly of late, which has reminded me of the instability of all creature comforts. Happy is that soul whose only repose is in Christ! Let sickness or death appear in their gloomy forms, they cannot separate us from the love of Christ! Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors!

April 4.—Received an account of our little Charlotte's death, of the hooping cough. I little thought when I saw the sweet child, but two days ago, that she was so near her end. But we have this consolation, that she is happy, and with her kindred spirits, singing the praises of her God and Saviour. Oh that I may soon join with her in the delightful employment!

May 10.—How apt are the cares of this world to draw the mind from heavenly things! But let me shake myself from the dust, and may every avenue of

* Her husband's children by a former wife.

my heart be open to the impressions of divine grace, that I may be rooted and grounded in the knowledge of my Saviour. My obligations to him are very great, and still he daily affords me new favours. The solicitude I feel to please a beloved husband often upbraids me with the coolness of my affection to my Great Husband, my Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel. I cannot receive kindness from my husband, without making all the return in my power. My affection to him increases daily, and I think to promote his good I could part with life. Can I feel thus towards a sinner like myself, and be less sensibly influenced by the goodness of my Creator? Oh the frailty of the human heart!

October 3.—Was at my Redeemer's table to-day, with my beloved husband. Lord give us grace to live devoted to thee while on earth, and then to sit down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb in glory.

10.—"Call upon me," says my Lord, "in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." In my present situation, to whom can I look for help but unto thee? My apprehensions are at times awakened, and I fear lest in the hour of distress I should prove a coward. But may thy promise and thy power be my support. If it please thee, make me the joyful mother of a living and perfect child, that may be devoted to thee from the womb. But as all events are in thy hand, and I know not how thou mayest see fit to deal with me, may I be resigned to thy will!

November 4.—May songs of praise resound from my heart and tongue for the great deliverance the Lord has vouchsafed to me. I found that word fulfilled, "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children." It was a trying time, but he heard my prayers, and has given me a well formed and living child, (Henry) which I have dedicated, both body and soul, to his service. When the dear infant was laid by my side, I could not help weeping over it, while I prayed that

the Lord would take it under his protection, and give us grace to bring it up for him.

November 25.—Necessary attendance on my sweet babe takes up much of my time. 'Forbid, O Lord, that it should take off my heart from thee! If creature love draws the affections from the great object, our greatest blessings become our greatest snares. Love is due to our relatives, but it must be limited; otherwise, we set up a golden calf of our own to worship, and then we may expect the Lord will remove the idol. For, he says, Give *me* thy heart. When I was single, I could say, "Lord, here is mine; accept it, and do with it what thou wilt." But now my regard for a worthy indulgent husband, and my child, make me tremble for myself, lest I should be too much attached to creatures. Dear Saviour, have mercy on us both; let us not be idols to each other; but may we strengthen each others' hands, so to pass through things temporal, as finally to appear approved and accepted in thy kingdom.

July 20, 1785.—How does the activity of men, in the little affairs of life, condemn my remissness in greater concerns! Rouse thyself, my soul, and pursue thy Christian course with renewed alacrity. The crown of glory hangs over thy head! Be sure thou keep that in thy view, and the world, with all its allurements, under thy feet. Catch not at shadows, but seek realities. Seek with fervency those blessings which will give peace in life and comfort in a dying hour. Then thy conflicts will be rewarded, and what was the reproach and scorn of fools, will meet with the applause of angels. Then my eyes shall behold the Great King in his beauty, and contemplate his glorious perfections, to all eternity.

September 1.—The hand of the Lord has been again upon me, and brought me near to the gates of death. But my faith was not so strong, nor my prospects so bright, as in times past. I felt an unwilling-

ness to leave my earthly comforts. Oh Lord, search the inmost recesses of my heart, and if there be any thing that stands in competition with thee, remove the darling vanity from my breast.

September 14.—I have not yet recovered my health and strength. Alas! what a poor creature am I! what a murmuring and repining spirit have I felt against the God that made me! how are the people deceived who think well of me! I lately asked my dear husband, what could be the cause of my impatience, when formerly I could so willingly submit to the Lord's hand and providence in afflictions. His answer struck me to the heart, and has made me weep many times since:—That he was afraid I did not live so near to God as I once did, and he hoped that he was not the cause. Alas! is not this the very case? Have I the same consolation in prayer, in reading, in meditation, that I have had; or are these not now rather matters of form, than of pleasure? Am not I afraid to dive to the bottom of my treacherous heart? Do not I say, Peace, peace, when the Lord sees there is nothing but confusion? Are not my tempers changed for the worse? Instead of being more humble and meek, am I not haughty and imperious? O Lord, my iniquities are great and many, yet, with all my guilt, I must take up the language of Peter, To whom must or can I go, but to thee? Thou hast had mercy, thou canst have mercy, even upon me. Lord save me, or I perish. Oh wash me from my sins, in thy precious cleansing blood.

The soul that has truly tasted that the Lord is gracious, can find no peace or comfort without the presence of Christ. My late temptations have confirmed this truth to me. Oh that the love of my Saviour may melt and change my heart throughout; that I may no more return to folly, but cleave to him with full purpose of soul!

January 1, 1786.—Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ, the glorious Sun of

righteousness, shall enlighten thee, and cause his light to shine upon thee, with convincing brightness. In myself, like the earth at the creation, I am dark and formless. It is God alone, who by his power can command new life within me. Enlighten me, therefore, O Lord, that I may sincerely repent of all my sins and follies, which are more in number than the hairs of my head, and grant that the last year may put an end to the wanderings of my mind; and that with this new year I may begin again to love and serve thee, with renewed strength.

January 22.—The Lord has again shewn his goodness, in recovering my dear infant from the hooping-cough and small-pox; and, blessed be God, he is perfectly restored to health. May he be devoted to God from his infancy! May he glorify his Maker on earth, and after death sing his praises in a better world.

In the evening I went to hear the minister, whose meeting-house must be pulled down to make way for the erection of a new play-house, the foundation of which has already been laid in blood; a mother and her infant having lost their lives by a building falling upon them.* Were there not places of dissipation enough without this addition? Satan envies the spreading and flourishing of the gospel. It seems his time now, but by and by the scene will be reversed, and the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord, and of his Christ. May success and a blessing attend the minister who is thus constrained to give place; and may he be an instrument of turning many from darkness to light!

April 11.—What shall I render to the Lord for all his goodness? How often have I been cast into the furnace of sickness! The last was indeed a fiery trial. A violent fever brought me to the very gates of death;

* This theatre was afterwards burnt down and then rebuilt; but in a few days it was destroyed by the fall of the roof, in 1828, when several lives were lost.

but they were bolted and barred against me, I believe, in answer to my dear husband's prayers. I believe if the thread of my life had been cut, it would have separated as happy a pair as can be found in the marriage-state; and this dearest of all human ties was very near my heart. Often have I been able to say with the apostle, I desire to depart and to be with Christ. But this time, when I saw him who is so dear to me, sitting by my bed-side and weeping over me, it shook my resolution; and I could not help praying that the Lord would yet spare me, for his sake, and for the sake of my sweet babe. He has been pleased to grant my request. Oh that gratitude and praise may fill up the remnant of my life!

April 29.—I was scarcely recovered from a violent fever myself, when my husband was taken ill with one, which deprived him of his senses for nine days. What I suffered in my mind during those nine days no creature can conceive. My solicitude for him so justly dear to me, the care of a family, and the weight of business which lay upon me, were burdens which I could hardly bear. But the Lord fulfilled his promise, that His strength should be perfected in my weakness. And now He hath put a song of praise into my mouth, for the prospect of his recovery. May he, from his illness, reap the fruits of gracious experience, and be by love constrained to live wholly to thee. O Lord, never let us forget thy loving-kindness to us. In life may we record thy mercy, in death rejoice in thy goodness.

June 9.—Praise the Lord, O my soul. He has again delivered me from death, and made me the mother of another living child, which he was pleased to take to himself in a few hours after the birth. Dare I repine? No: since, after all the illness in the family, he has mercifully spared my dear husband, I willingly resign the lovely infant to him who had a right to take it. The little stranger was born for heaven,

and saw nothing agreeable in this world. It moaned to be released from a body of sin, and to join the infant throng that surround the throne. Happy voyager (as Mr. Hervey writes), no sooner launched than arrived at the haven!

August 1.—How mysterious are the ways of providence! This happy day has brought my dearly beloved aunt to live with us. A few years ago I was as an outcast, almost without friends, and very unlikely to possess the blessings which I now enjoy—a kind husband, a comfortable home, and every thing that can make life agreeable. But my trust was in the Lord, and he has done great things for me; and now, to crown all, he has sent me my much-loved aunt, a Christian indeed, in whom there is no guile. I consider it as a great honour to have a person of her exemplary piety under my roof; and I doubt not, if I behave with that tenderness and respect, which is both my duty, and the wish of my heart to shew her, that a blessing from the Lord will rest upon our house, as upon the house of Obed-edom. It shall be my happy employ to render her every service in my power, that her declining years may be spent in peace.

October 22.—I am sorry to find so much passion and pride still remaining in my heart. This day I grieved my beloved husband, by an imprudent zeal, which he thought did not become me. Though I might be unguarded in some expressions, my intention was good, and I believe I had the word of God on my side. But I confess I was too hasty. I soon saw my fault, and I trust have sincerely mourned for it. I pray that both God and he may forgive me. Oh how very circumspect ought a professor of the gospel to be!

November 20.—I trust I have had a foretaste this evening, of the happiness which will, ere long, commence, when I shall be admitted to the marriage supper of the Lamb. Mr. Meyers drank tea with us, and

on account of my dear aunt's confinement from the house of God, administered to her, and a select company, the Holy Communion. It was a solemn season; and I trust the Lord was with us, according to his promise—that where two or three are met together in his name, he will be in the midst of them. I envy not the people of the world their pleasures and amusements, which will not bear reflection. But to anticipate the joys of heaven, is substantial pleasure indeed!

January 1, 1787.—I desire to be thankful for all the mercies and blessings of the last year. O that a law of gratitude may be written upon my heart, and my future life be a constant course of devotedness to God! May his blessing rest upon me, upon my beloved husband, and the dear children, that we may serve the Lord here and at length be with him for ever! Lord, give me grace to know thee, to know myself, and to know the world aright!

7.—I awoke this morning with a sweet serenity upon my mind, and entreated the Lord to crown this day (my wedding-day) with a peculiar benediction. May the Almighty Friend, who hath hitherto been my helper, give me, and my dear partner, grace to walk together in his fear and love! I would be thankful that the Lord has given me such a husband. With respect to worldly matters, the Lord has been very gracious; may a sense of his goodness fill our hearts with gratitude and praise. May our children be his children, and may my dear infant be taught to love him in early life. I thank God who has given him such a capacity, that it is a pleasure to teach him, though he is but a little turned of two years old. Let not my heart be set too much upon him, for he is indeed an endearing child. If I can give him nothing else, I will lay up for him a good store of prayers, which I hope God will be answering, when I am sleeping in the dust.

June 10.—When I retired this evening for prayer,

my sweet Henry was in the room at play. But when he saw me kneel, the dear little creature came and kneeled by me, and lifting up his hands, watched the motion of my lips to speak after me. It affected me much; and I could not help pouring out my tears and prayers plentifully for him. Grant, O Lord, that if his life be spared, he may be a true and faithful servant of thine! Thousands of petitions have been laid up for him, both before and since his birth. O Lord, forbid, that I should ever bear a child that should be an enemy to thee, and to thy cause! I do not desire great things for him in this world, only remember him with the favour that thou bearest to thy people, and I am satisfied.

September 15.—Hold out faith and patience a little longer, and all shall be well. Sighs and groans shall soon be changed into everlasting hallelujahs. A few efforts more, and the summit of my wishes will be gained. In my Father's house are many mansions, and, blessed be his name, there is one for such a wretch as I. I shall see my Saviour, without an interposing cloud; I shall join the sons of light in his praise, and for ever celebrate the virtues of his blood. O Lord Jesus, thou art my only hope! As a sinner who has nothing to trust in, I flee to thee. If I look to myself, I see nothing but what deserves condemnation; but if, from self, I look to thee, I see only salvation and blessings.

November 26.—Again, O Lord, thou hast heard and supported me, given strength to thy servant, and made me a joyful mother. Oh, that both root and branch (William) may be devoted to thee. My soul was full of trouble, the snares of death compassed me about, but now the Lord has put a new song into my mouth.

December 8.—And is she indeed departed—my aunt, my dearest, most valuable friend! It is too true. Can my tears soon cease to flow for her, who has emphatically been more than a mother to me? Every

thing that bears the resemblance of goodness in me, I first derived from her. She was the instructor of my infant mind, and taught me early to reverence my Maker, and to attempt the paths of religion. It was through her I first had the privilege of hearing the blessed gospel. But I shall see her no more in this world. How did she, with uplifted eyes, breathe out her requests to the Lord, for blessings upon me and mine! Never can I forget her kindness to me in my last lying-in; with what affection she spoke when she was brought into my room, and how she prayed over me and the dear babe. O my beloved aunt, many an hour shall be consecrated to thy memory! Very pleasant thou wast to me in life, and death, I trust, shall not long divide us. She breathed her last yesterday, the 7th, in the 85th year of her age. Her sufferings in her last illness were great. She prayed for support and was answered. From the time she was taken ill, to her death, she was a pattern of patience. Not one complaining word dropped from her lips. A few hours before she died, she took my hand, and looking around earnestly, cried, in a seeming ecstacy, "There they all stand." But her speech faultered, and she could add no more. I apprehend, that (like Elisha's servant and Stephen) she saw the angels, who were waiting to convey her spirit to the regions of peace and joy.

June 26, 1788.—I have taken my dear Henry into the country for the benefit of the air, fearing he is going into a decline. The lively bloom that adorned his cheeks is changed to a languid paleness. Night-sweats, loss of strength, and a visible decay, alarm me. I have been for some weeks in, what Young calls,—the post of observation,—darker every hour. Lord, may it please thee to bless the means used for his recovery, and grant me the happy privilege of bringing him up for thee! I do not desire to see him great; but I earnestly desire to see him good. He is a child of strong passions. Oh, subdue them, and let

the lamb-like spirit of the humble Jesus take possession of his mind! I am sorry to find my heart so much attached to this beloved object, lest thou shouldst deprive me of him, and I be unable to sustain the shock. But thou knowest my frame, and rememberest that I am but dust.

October 4.—My son Henry is returned from the country, restored to health, and my sweet William is gone to take his place. Glad should I have been to have suckled him longer. But I must be silent. The Lord knows best what he has to do with me. Henry has cost me many prayers and tears. May grace make his recovery a blessing to his parents and to himself!

November 12.—Be pleased, O merciful and compassionate Saviour, to hear the prayers of an unworthy creature, who joins with thousands at this time in offering her supplications unto thee, in behalf of our most gracious King, who is said to be dangerously ill. In the midst of judgment, O Lord, remember mercy. It is true we are a sinful people; our transgressions are great, our crimes testify against us; but oh! punish us not according to our deserts. As the hearts, so the lives of kings are in thy hands. We humbly entreat thee to spare his life, for the good of the nation. Under his happy government we have enjoyed peace and tranquillity, and have sat under our own vines and fig-trees, none making us afraid. Continue to us these blessings, we pray thee, by prolonging his valuable life. Rebuke his disorder, and grant that he may come out of this furnace, like gold purified seven times. Sanctify the awful providence to our amiable Queen; wipe the tears from her eyes, and restore joy to her dejected mind, by restoring her beloved husband to health; that they may yet spend many years together in mutual felicity, and late may they be called to resign this earthly crown, and then receive a crown of life from thy hands. Amen.

December 7.—What can I want when I possess

thee, my God! Without thee the whole creation could afford me no comfort; but in thee my highest wishes are answered—my utmost ambition is satisfied. This day I was at the Lord's table, where, I trust, I renewed my covenant, and again gave myself up to my God and Saviour. May he accept of me and mine, as the purchase of his most precious blood. May my future life be devoted to his praise, and holiness to the Lord be written upon my every action. My soul was much humbled when I partook of the bread and wine. I saw myself most vile, and could offer no other prayer for myself and family, but, God be merciful to us sinners! The longer I live, the more I see of the wickedness of my heart. Ah! what would become of me, were it not for the atoning blood of Jesus, to cancel the enormous sum of my transgressions!

December 24.—To thee, O Lord, I direct my prayer, and will look up with humble confidence that thou wilt answer me. Oh that I may copy from my heart thy resignation in Gethsemane, and say, "Not my will, but thine be done!" I am again near the hour of sorrow. With regard to myself, I commend soul and body into thy hands. Be pleased to do with me as seemeth best to thy wisdom. If it be thy will, make me again a joyful mother; and, with submission, I have humbly intreated thee to indulge my wish by adding a daughter to our little family. But, if the child should prove a snare to me, Lord forbid that I should possess it: oh let me not be the mother of a child that should not be born for thy glory! I ask not great things for them here, but oh grant that I, and all belonging to me, may attain to thy heavenly kingdom.

January 28, 1789.—Since life is but short and uncertain, oh that I may be circumspect and careful, how I employ my time! Happy the person who aims to order the thoughts and words of every day, as though it were to be the last day spent upon earth! May this be my aim and care! To a soul thus disposed, the valley

of the shadow of death will not appear very gloomy. It will be brightened by the expectation of being soon introduced to the general assembly and church of the first-born, and to Jesus the great Mediator.

March 13.—Bless the Lord, O my soul! He has again delivered me in the hour of trouble, and made me the mother of a living child (George). I have dedicated him to the Lord, from whom I received him. The Lord saw it not fit to grant my request for a daughter; I acquiesce in submission to his will.

But, O my Lord, my chief, my only friend, what shall I say unto thee concerning myself. I dare not, I do not complain. My sufferings are far short of my deserts. Be pleased, in thy mercy, to grant me that patience which my situation requires. I am, indeed, brought very low. My strength decays daily. But, blessed be my God, he is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever! And I am confident, that if he is pleased to call me hence, it will be a happy change! I shall go from pain to ease, from sorrow to joy, from sickness to health, from death to everlasting life!

March 18.—My faith is put to another trial; and alas! I feel a want of that sweet resigned spirit, which should enable me to say from my heart, "Thy will be done!" It is the general apprehension of my friends, that I am going, if not already gone, into a deep decline. The physician intimates the same! and a cough, a pain in my side, a low fever, and night-sweats, admonish me that they judge rightly of my case: so that my sweet babe is ordered to be taken from my breast, and sent to another nurse. This is a painful stroke for a tender mother to bear; but I trust the Lord will support me under it, and influence the heart of the nurse to treat the child with tenderness.

Lord, what is man? What are we, when thou layest thine hand upon us? How soon do we wither and perish, like the flowers of the field!

The apostle says, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men the most miserable!" But he says, likewise, "That if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And that, "When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall his people appear with him in glory." Our Saviour himself declares, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me shall never die." Shall I then be afraid to let my body return to dust? No, rather let me rejoice that I shall be released from a world of sin and sorrow, and translated to the mansions of eternal joy.

But here lies my weakness, of which the enemy takes advantage. The thoughts of parting with my husband, and leaving my dear children, without being able to cultivate their tender minds in the paths of religion and virtue. But is not my God able to take care of them without me? Yes, he is. I am myself a monument of his goodness, and why should I distrust him? Oh, he has been a good Lord to me, in all his characters, offices, and providences! And he has promised his people, to be the same to their seed after them. Courage, then, my soul, endure patiently his rod, and he will soon turn thy sorrow into joy, thy mourning into songs of praise.

May 16.—To satisfy my husband and friends, I have been awhile in the country, but have found little benefit either from air or exercise. I had the advice of a physician there, who agrees with the rest, that my disorder is a consumption, and that, without the greatest care, my life is in danger. Be it so. I shall appear in glory, with Christ, who is my life. I only wish my affections were more weaned from my husband and children. But when I see one who is so dear to me, tenderly sympathising over me, weeping tears of love, and afraid to express his apprehension that our union must soon be dissolved—this is too

much for mere flesh and blood. Nothing but grace can enable me to stand upon this ground. Break off, O Lord, this darling fetter from my heart, and my heaven is already begun.

May 19.—As many of my friends wish me to have the advice of Dr. Myers, I have this day applied to him. He apprehends that I have not been rightly treated; and that I may yet recover. As he thinks my disorder is not a consumption, but a great inward weakness, owing to my having suckled my child too long, I have put myself under his care. I hope I can adopt the language of Dr. Young,

> Come life, or death, is equal; neither weighs,
> All weight in this—Oh! let me live to thee.

May 26.—One affliction seldom comes alone. My eldest child is so exceedingly ill, that I fear his life is in danger. But if the Lord should be pleased to take him, I feel myself perfectly resigned to his will. There is little prospect of my living to see him brought up,—and it will be a matter of joy, to think that his course is so soon finished, and that he has gained the prize of victory without entering upon the field of battle.

June 13.—I am still under the care of a physician, but he gives me no hope. Indeed, it would be both cruel and in vain to flatter me now, for my own weakness informs me, that I am going apace. I bless my God, I can now say, "Thy will be done!" I can give up my dear husband and children, with every earthly connection, into his hands. He will take care of them. My husband's trial is great. I feel more for him than for myself. But heaven will make amends for all! Oh, how I pant and thirst for the happy hour, when my Father will send his angels to convey my spirit to rest!

"There remaineth a rest for the people of God. I know that my Redeemer liveth. O death, where is

thy sting? Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness! When I walk through the valley I will fear no evil; thy rod, and thy staff comfort me. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord!"

I bless God, I have not one fear concerning dying. That Almighty Lord, who has so wonderfully preserved me to the present moment, will not forsake me in my last extremity. No; when flesh and heart fail, He will be the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever!

And will Jehovah condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join,
Heaven is secure if God is mine!

N.B. The paragraphs dated the 13th of June, were found upon a detached piece of paper, and were probably the last she ever wrote. She obtained her long desired release from sin and sorrow on the 28th of July, 1789, aged thirty-seven years.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY MRS. ALTHANS.

The Letters numbered 1 *to* 4 *were written to her Husband and Children in the year* 1789, *and delivered to them after her decease.*

No. I.—TO HER HUSBAND.

My most dearly beloved,

I FREQUENTLY hear of the death of one and another in child-bed, which fills my mind with apprehensions, for what am I better than they, that I should expect more favour from the Lord?

The sun of prosperity has shone upon me for five years, and I have been blessed with one of the best of husbands, which makes the thought of the parting stroke most sensibly painful to me. If it were not for the great realities of religion, I could not give up the

beloved of my heart. All the powers of my soul are at work, when I think what your feelings will be in the trying hour of separation. But, my dearest, grieve not as without hope; when a few more years have finished their course, I trust, through the merits of the great Redeemer, that we shall have a happy meeting in our heavenly Father's house. Then parting, sighs and tears, shall be no more. Then, I humbly hope, we shall be for ever united in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

The Almighty, who by a chain of providences brought us together, and only lent me to you for a short space, has an undoubted right to recall me, when he pleases. Very pleasant hast thou been to me in life, and in death we shall not be long divided. You will shed a tear to my memory, when you reflect on the many, yea, I may say, very many happy hours we have spent, and the endearing conversations we have had together. But the subject is too delicate, I must not dwell on it. Those seasons are now past. They are vanished, like the morning cloud or early dew. Nothing now presents itself to me, but sorrow, anguish, weeping friends, the gloomy appendages of death, and an opening grave.

This is a dreary prospect; but, blessed be God, here it ends. Beyond the grave, the scenes are bright and happy. My reconciled God in Christ Jesus will receive me, place a crown of glory upon my head, and fix my abode for ever among the sons of light. Angels wait their commission to conduct me to the New Jerusalem above, where, with a golden harp, and a palm of victory, I shall shine a monument of mercy.

There shall I wait the happy period of your arrival. Let this consideration restrain your tears,—your sincerely affectionate wife is not dead, but sleepeth. You may commit my body to the ground, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. When you are performing the last kind offices of affection, I shall be

rejoicing before the throne of God, drinking of the rivers of pleasure that are at his right hand.

If I should leave a helpless infant, you will take care of it, and let it be brought up, with the rest, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I am not solicitous to have my children great, but it is my earnest wish and prayer that they may be good. My beloved, press forward, a glorious prize awaits you. Be faithful unto death, and you shall obtain it. If you see me in my coffin, rejoice over me, and say, What was mortal the worms shall destroy; but her soul, arrayed in the robe of the Redeemer's righteousness, lives, to die no more. Death is swallowed up in victory. We fall, we rise, we reign!

May the God of my youth, the protector of my advancing years, and the support of my now declining days, keep you under the shadow of his Almighty wings! May he be your guard and guide through life, your comfort in the hour of dissolution, and your portion and happiness throughout the ages of eternity. Your affectionate wife,

In life and death,

M. M. A.

No. II.

My most dearly beloved,

When you are reading these lines, there will be nothing left of me but a cold lump of clay. I bless God for having heard and answered my prayer; for, you know, I have often expressed a desire that my immortal spirit might take its flight before your's. Long may you live for the sake of your dear family, to bring them up in the fear of the Lord! Let me intreat you not to sorrow as one without hope, for be assured that I am happy. I know that the enormous account of my sins is blotted out by the precious blood of my

crucified Redeemer, who came into the world, to call, not the righteous, but such sinners as I am, to repentance; and he has declared, "That where he is, his people shall also be." So that I am only transplanted from the church militant into the church triumphant, to join with that general assembly in praising the riches of redeeming grace and dying love.

I hope you have no doubt of the sincerity of my affection to you. Heaven is my witness, that your temporal and spiritual welfare has been the subject of my incessant prayers; and, I trust, they will be answering when I am sleeping in the dust. If the disembodied spirits may be favoured with the knowledge of things done below, and are still interested in the concerns of their dear relatives, as I have some reason to think they will be, how gladly shall I accept the pleasing employ, of attending you as an invisible guardian angel, to warn you of dangers, and lend you aid in every season of distress. My first care should be to wipe the tears from your beloved cheek, to soothe the wound my removal has made, and to help you to triumph over your loss with the fortitude and resignation becoming you as a child of God.

Time is short; in a few revolving years, at most, your silver cord of life will be loosed, and your golden bowl broken: then, when every earthly comfort shall fade, you will know the worth of redemption by the sufferings and death of the Son of God. Oh that when flesh and heart shall fail, you may find him your strength and portion! If so, what a joyful meeting shall we have, to part no more, in his presence, where there is fulness of joy, and where all tears shall be wiped away!

I thank you for all the kindness you have shewn to me, a most unworthy creature. You have indeed been a tender and affectionate husband to me. In you I have found a bosom friend, and my cares have been reposed in your beloved breast. My earthly happiness

has been too great. I acquiesce. He who gave me life has a right to take it. I go to permanent happiness without alloy, where sorrow can find no entrance.

And now, with all the solemn appendages of death in my view—the gloomy grave, and an eternal world, into which I am about to enter, I lift up my hands in supplication for you. May the blessings of the Eternal Jehovah rest upon you! May his presence be your light and your strength, to direct and support you through all the changes of this mortal life! And when you are bidding adieu to all in this world, may his Almighty arm be your defence, and may his heavenly messengers convey your departing spirit to the unsullied regions of eternal peace! Adieu, till we meet to part no more. The Lord bless you!

Your affectionate wife,
M. M. A.

No. III.—TO HER HUSBAND'S TWO CHILDREN BY A FORMER WIFE.

My dear Frederick and Charles,

THE ties of relation between us are broken, and you will see her no more, who has very imperfectly fulfilled to you the duty of a mother-in-law. However, I would hope that some of the instructions you have received from me, will make an abiding impression upon your minds.

I now address you in the sacred language of scripture, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." It is recorded to the honour of king Josiah, that he sought his God while he was yet young. Samuel, likewise, was called early to acknowledge the God of his fathers. These instances are left upon record for our instruction and encouragement, that we should go and do likewise. And God has said, "They that seek me early shall find me." By seeking the Lord in early life, you will escape many

temptations that you will otherwise be exposed to. Do you ask me, how you are to seek him? Read the Bible with attention, and pray over it. The path you are to walk in will then appear more and more plain.

Believe in that Almighty Being, who created the world and all things in it; who gave you your birth, and has preserved you to the present moment; and who will, if you confide in him, not only support and guide you through life, but will be your strength and portion in the hour of dissolution, when flesh and heart shall fail.

Believe in his Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, who condescended to take our nature upon him, and to die for our sins, that we might die unto sin, and live to the praise and glory of his holy name. He who is the truth has declared, that, Whosoever believeth in him, shall be saved, shall live for ever.

Believe in the Holy Spirit, who will enlighten your understanding, instruct you in the ways of true religion, and enable you, by a life and conversation agreeable to your profession, to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. But if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his. It is the religion of the gospel alone, my dear children, that can regulate your affections, refine your tempers, and make you appear amiable in the sight of men. For then they must admire your conduct, even if they disapprove of your singularity. For a Christian must be singular, because his walk is not with man, but with God. Let me therefore intreat you to be faithful to God, even unto death, and he will give you a crown of life.

And now, my dear Frederick, I request you to behave with dutiful respect to your honoured father. He has been a good father to you. Endeavour to alleviate his present affliction, by the utmost attention to his person and business. And if you see him wear the aspect of sorrow, desire him not to grieve for me, but rather to rejoice that I am delivered from the miseries

of mortality, and have my fixed abode with the saints in light.

And now, my dear children, I bid you, for a time, farewell. That God may be your guide and protector in youth, and to the end of life, is the dying prayer of

Your affectionate mother,

M. M. A.

No. IV.—TO HER OWN THREE CHILDREN.

My dearly beloved Henry, William, and George,

WHEN you are capable of reading these lines, the hand that wrote them will be mouldered into dust. If God had prolonged my life it would have been my delight to have instructed you in his fear, and to have cultivated in your infant hearts, reverence and gratitude to your Creator.

But the Almighty, who cannot err, for wise ends has appointed a separation. He is about to take me from this vale of sin and misery, to celebrate his praise, and to admire his glorious perfections, in his heavenly kingdom. I cannot leave the world without bequeathing to my beloved children a few instructions, —my dying advice; which, so far as agreeable to the word of God, I humbly beseech him to give them grace to value.

You have a father, who, I am sure, loves you, and if it please God to spare his life, will do his utmost to have you brought up in the christian religion,—a blessing for which you can never be sufficiently thankful. I entreat you, yea, I charge you, as you shall answer it at the dreadful day of judgment, that you love and serve your God in sincerity and truth; otherwise, she who brought you into the world with sorrow, will at last rejoice in your just condemnation.

I admonish you to love the Bible, to read it with attention, and to pray that God would enlighten your understanding, that you may know and approve the glorious

truths which that blessed book contains. To reading add meditation. Do not read it as a history, in which you are no way concerned. But remember, it is the word of Him, who is not a man like yourself. It contains the sacred oracles of truth. It is the word of a God who is perfect and holy in all his ways. It is the book by which your heart and actions will be tried. Try yourself by it repeatedly, and endeavour to make yourself well acquainted with its contents. It is recorded to the honour of that eminent Christian youth, King Edward the Sixth, that if, at any time, he let the Bible fall, he would take it up with reverence and concern, as having treated the word of his Creator with disrespect.

But, my dear children, to reading and meditation, you must add fervent prayer. Consider yourselves, as you really are, sinners by nature and practice. In sin you were conceived and brought forth. By the disobedience of one man sin entered the world, and death by sin, as you may read in the third chapter of Genesis. But by the obedience of One, many are made righteous. This One who took compassion on Adam's lost race, is no other than the Son of God, who dwelt, from eternity, in the bosom of his Father. The Prince of peace was the sinner's only friend, who gave his life a sacrifice for sin. He gave his life a sacrifice for you, my dear children, if you do but believe in him. Oh, reject him not, but give up yourselves a willing sacrifice to his service. You will find his ways to be ways of pleasantness, and all his paths peace: a peace which the world knows nothing of; which it can neither give nor take away.

I entreat you to honour and obey your dear father. Honour your father and mother, is the first commandment, with promise. And the apostle says, "Children, obey your parents in all things." I do not mean only, that you are to obey his commands; you ought, likewise, always to reverence his person and character, and make his interest the object of your attention.

Should you be entrusted with the concerns of his business, punctually fulfil the trust reposed in you, with diligence, alacrity, and delight. Ingratiate yourself into his favour by the most endearing and observant behaviour, and always, whether in his presence or absence, behave towards him with that respect which is his due.

If he should again enter into the marriage state, I lay it as an injunction upon you, that you treat your mother-in-law with dutiful respect. Try to win her affections; and if you gain them, make it your study to secure them.

Love your brothers. You are the youngest in the family, therefore it is your place to submit to them. Let not envy or malice reign in your hearts; but endeavour to live in peace and harmony with each other. Thus, shall you be blessed of the Lord, and be made a comfort to the family to which you are united.

Again, I intreat you to be lowly in heart and life. Pride banished angels from happiness in heaven, to the lowest depths of misery in hell. The scripture declares that whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, but whosoever humbleth himself shall be exalted. A proud person is an ignorant one. Seek therefore of the Lord the true knowledge of yourself, and then be proud if you can. Imitate the character of our Lord and Master, and you will be a pattern of humility. Despise not the poor, but administer to their necessities as far as you are able. Save your pocket money, and dedicate it to the Lord's poor; and He will abundantly repay you. A cup of cold water, given in the name of a disciple, shall not lose its reward.

Love retirement, and be more fond of being alone than of letting your tongue run in company. Thus you will improve your mind, and be qualified to act either in public or in private life.

Love your enemies, if you should have any. Be not bitter against them; if you cannot turn their hearts, pray for them. In this way you will heap coals of fire upon their heads, and constrain them to admire your conduct.

Follow not the vanities of the present age. I charge you not to love the card-table, nor to frequent play-houses, balls, assemblies, or any of those scenes of dissipation, by which, as by so many baits, satan takes advantage to entangle deluded mortals. These amusements will afford you no comfort in a dying hour. Resist the devil, therefore, and he will flee from you. Wear the sword of the Spirit, the word of God, in your own defence, and keep it bright by repeated use; and then you need not fear, either the displeasure of men, or the rage of devils; for who is he that can harm you, if you are followers of that which is good?

Be not ashamed of the cross of Christ; it is the Christian's glory; it is the power of God unto salvation. But whosoever will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer affliction. Love the people of God, and cultivate an acquaintance with them. They are the excellent of the earth, and it is for their sakes that the world is upheld. But, my dear children, you must not consider all those as the people of Christ who make a profession of his name. He had but twelve apostles, and one of them was a devil. Many call him Lord, to promote their own ends, to whom, in the great day, he will say, "Depart from me, I never knew you." Be not content with the shell, but seek for the kernel of true Christianity. Let redeeming love be the principal object of your study. Search for those treasures of wisdom and knowledge which the angels desire to look into. This happy knowledge will qualify you, if not for offices and dignities upon earth, for a most honourable advancement in heaven. Contemplate the perfections of the Son of God. An habitual remembrance of his agonies and dying love, will be as a golden altar, from whence you may take a coal to enkindle the sacred flame of love in your own breast.

Love the house and public worship of God—that you may say, with David, "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in

the tents of the wicked." Go not with unhallowed lips into the sanctuary, but let your heart and voice join in singing the Saviour's praise. Keep the Lord's day holy; let no work be done by you in it, but what is absolutely necessary, and such as you will be able to answer for at the great day. I mean especially when you shall be your own masters. Devote the Lord's day to religious exercises, to public worship, private reflection, reading, and to earnest prayer for yourself, your family and friends, the nation to which you belong, and the world at large. Pray for that happy time when the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord, and of his Christ. Be not fond of visiting on this holy day, but rather of retirement. Every Lord's day thus sanctified, will promote your advantage and comfort in time, and your meetness for the eternal sabbath.

I have one thing more to add. I was always fond of writing, from a child. And when the Lord, in mercy, was pleased to awaken me from the carelessness of my natural state, and to shew me that nothing short of Himself could make me happy, a dear minister, to whom I have been indebted for many spiritual benefits, advised me to set down remarks on the state of my mind, from time to time. I have followed his advice, and it has been attended with a great blessing to me. Yea, in this sweet employment I have spent many a pleasant hour, when thousands were sleeping in their beds.

The manuscripts I have by me, and I leave them as a present to my beloved children. Read them with attention. They contain nothing but simplicity, and (I trust) truth. They are not adorned with elegant language. That was not my aim, as they were written for my own use, and chiefly when I was under the afflicting hand of my merciful heavenly Father, whose ways are in the deep waters, but who, in the end, doeth all things well.

I would wish you, my children, in this particular, to follow my example. Be not fearful of undertaking it. I began in much timidity, but the Lord strengthened me. So he will you, if you confide in him, and if your motive is disinterested. I have often thought of correcting the whole, but have not had time, otherwise you would have seen it in a better garb. You will find likewise some thoughts and reflections, which I began, but which also, for want of time, I have left unfinished. These I likewise recommend to your perusal, and wish you to complete them. And I pray the Lord to afford his blessing.

And now, my dear and much loved children, nothing remains but to bid you a last farewell.

May the blessing of the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, rest upon you. May he pour plentifully into your hearts the riches of his grace, that you may grow up as the cedars of Lebanon! May you be trees of righteousness, of the Lord's own planting! May you be adorned with every grace of the Holy Spirit, that all around you may see that you belong to Jesus! May your will be sweetly sunk in the will of God! May you be sincere penitents, true converts, and sound believers! May you be dead to the world and all things in it, and your life be hid with Christ in God.

At length, may you finish your course with joy. When dying pangs come upon you, when death's cold sweat bedews your face, and the soul sits, as it were, upon the quivering lips, ready to take its everlasting flight, may you then, rejoicing in the Redeemer's complete atonement, and triumphing over death and his sting, be conducted by angels to the bright realms of eternal day. There I trust to meet you, and the rest of our dear family, and to unite with you in admiring and praising the adorable perfections of our God and Saviour. Till that blessed period, adieu.

Your affectionate Mother,

M. M. A.

No. V.—A LETTER TO A FRIEND ON HER MARRIAGE.

My very dear friend, June 28, 1784.

Give me leave to congratulate you, and believe me that I sincerely wish you all the happiness that this world can afford in a married state. A state which has received the benediction of the Almighty, and was instituted by him in paradise.

Like me, my dear friend, you had been long drinking the bitter waters of affliction; but now, like ships driven about for a time upon the tempestuous ocean, we have escaped the wreck of the seas, and, to all human appearance, are safely arrived in a peaceful haven. Let us bless God for his distinguishing mercy to us, and for verifying his promise to be a Father to the fatherless.

We are, I trust, both united to men who aim to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour. Too many who have the form, are destitute of the power of godliness. Let us not rest, till we experience the reality of the influence of the gospel on our whole deportment; in subduing our sinful passions and refining our tempers. Thus shall our conduct appear amiable in the sight of men, and meet with the approbation of the God whom we serve. I cannot help offering you a few words of advice, which, God is my witness, I desire to follow myself.

1. By the most affable, affectionate behaviour, endeavour to secure the esteem, the friendship, and the love of your husband. If you get these three links fast, nothing but death can dissolve your union. That affection is sure to be lasting, which is founded upon esteem and real friendship, and a desire to promote each other's good.

2. Try to find out, as soon as possible, the disposition of your beloved; and when this great point is obtained, make it your whole study to suit your own temper to his. A man in business may meet with many rubs and crosses that we are unacquainted with. It is our place to sooth his mind under his

disappointments. And if a cloud is seated upon his brow, instead of upbraiding, or making tart reflections, we should endeavour to dissipate the cloud, by the most engaging and endearing behaviour; and, at a proper time, when calm reason has regained possession of his mind, we may attempt a mild and gentle exhortation. This will sink deep, and give our admonitions importance. It will make us appear valuable in the eyes of our husbands, and they will be induced to shew us that respect, which, in this day, but few men pay to their wives.

3. Prefer the company of your husband to that of your dearest friends. Have no private separate interest in view. Be frank and open-hearted, and let nothing that is of real consequence be concealed from him. Whatever trust is reposed in you, be inviolably secret and faithful. Love your own habitation, and never appear better pleased than when at home, and engaged in the domestic affairs of your family. Do all in your power to make your husband love home likewise, and prefer your company to any other. Thus shall you, hand in hand, travel over the rugged paths of life in peace. The world will look to you, as to an example worthy of imitation. You will answer the end of your creation; and the Lord God himself will behold you with complacency, and give his blessing to all your undertakings.

4. Be zealously careful of your husband's reputation. Suffer him not to be spoken of slightly in your presence. If his conduct should in any instance be blameable, it is your part to cast a mantle of love over it, and to bury his faults in silence and oblivion. By exposing him you would expose yourself.

5. The last thing I would mention, and which, for its great importance, I reserve to the last, is PRAYER. Never give sleep to your eyes, till you have committed yourself and your husband, to the care of the Great Shepherd and Guardian of his people. At the throne

of grace, erected for unworthy sinners, make your requests unto him who has promised to hear and answer prayer. Intreat for a blessing upon his person, family, and all his connections. The Lord has promised to bless us with all suitable temporal blessings, if we ask in faith. And He is not, like man, unmindful of his word. Heaven and earth may, and shall pass away, but the word of God abideth for ever.

I must yet add one thing more. Now you are placed at the head of a family, let your behaviour to your servants be gentle and kind, that they may both love and respect you. And remember that you have also a Master in heaven, with whom there is no respect of persons.

I have many more thoughts upon my mind, which at present I cannot set down. So far as the hints I have offered are agreeable to the word of God, may you have grace to follow them.

I have little to say concerning your duty as a parent, till you shall be honoured with the name of a mother; which, if you should ever be, I hope you will make it your study and pleasure to bring your children up in the fear of God, that they may be a comfort to yourself, and a blessing to society; so that both they and you may reap the fruits of your faithful care and watchfulness over them. Dedicate them, like Samuel, from their birth to the service of God, and He will take care of them as they grow up. Many parents make great rejoicings at the birth of a child: but, alas! how few wrestle, like Hannah, with God, in their behalf! Many are solicitous to heap up large fortunes for their children; but let it be our ambition and aim by the abundance of our prayers to secure to them a large inheritance above the skies. May the Lord give his blessing to you, and to what I have written. Adieu.

Yours, &c.

M. M. A.

No. VI.—TO ANOTHER DEAR FRIEND.

My beloved friend, April 29, 1784.

I HOPE, by this time, your eyes are quite recovered and your health re-established. May all your powers and faculties of body and mind be unreservedly devoted to him, who devoted his life a sacrifice upon the cross, to save your precious soul from falling into that pit from whence there is no redemption!

What obligations are we under to serve God in sincerity! Many pretend to it, by a splendid outward profession, who yet are strangers to the great design of the Christian religion! Let us, my beloved friend, from a principle of love, feel ourselves constrained to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour; that our very enemies may be forced to confess, that we are Christians indeed. And if we are Christians we may look down with a holy disdain upon all that the world accounts great.

The grandeur of a court, or a crown, with all the pompous attendants of earthly majesty, are baubles, compared with the real dignity of a child of God. Here indeed, we may be treated as mean and contemptible, but our inheritance is yonder, above the moon and stars. Do we want royal robes? behold, the garment of a Redeemer's righteousness is provided. Arrayed in this, we shall be justified, accepted, and honoured, in the presence of a holy God. Are crowns and sceptres desirable? In the mansions of eternal glory, we shall reign as kings and priests, and be crowned with light and immortality. The highest earthly titles could not preserve us from death; but our union with the Lord Jesus Christ secures to us a never-ending life, and all the happiness our utmost capacities can receive. Does not your heart say with mine, "Hasten the time, dear Lord, when I shall cease to sin, and be with thee for ever."

Next Sunday, being the first in the month, I doubt not but we shall be present in spirit at the table of our Lord. Oh how condescending is he, thus to fa-

